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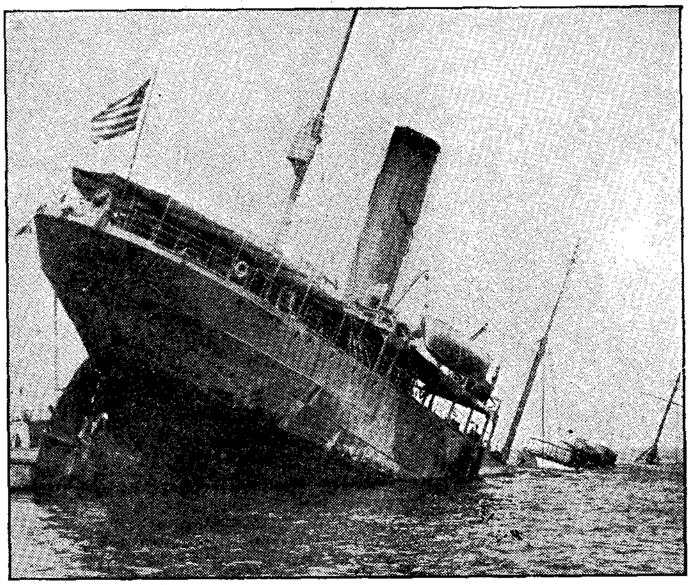
TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

"U"-BOATS REDUCED TO WAR ON OUR COASTING SMACKS

TWO CONFESSIONS OF FAILURE are seen by our press in the raid of several large *U*-boat "cruisers" on the helpless little schooners that ply up and down the Atlantic coast. "Those *U*-boats wouldn't be fussing around with schooners if they could get a transport," remarks an astute writer in the New York *Evening Sun;* and another in *The Wall Street Journal* observes sagaciously that the submarines "are here because the *U*-boat campaign in European waters has completely failed to interrupt the flow of American troops and supplies to France." Indeed, one of the *U*-boat captains let fall the information to one of his captives that the submarines had been here two months, and had been told to produce results or return home. Hence evidently the outburst of destruction against the small fry of our Eastern waters. Only one large steamer was bagged. What was the object of this dispatch of a *U*-boat squadron across three thousand miles of ocean to almost certain destruction? To dismay and terrorize the American people as preparation for a German peace drive, to impress Mexico and stimulate pro-German propaganda there, to check the rush of American troops and munitions to the battle-front, to force the recall of American destroyers from European waters for home defense, and to bolster up the declining confidence of the German people in their Government's *U*-boat policy—these are some of the purposes American observers detect. Captain Gilmore, who spent eight days as a prisoner on one of these far-ranging submarines after it had sunk his schooner *Edna* off the Maryland coast on May 25, describes this undersea raider as three hundred feet long, with a crew of seventy-six men, two six-inch guns, and the ability to submerge in forty-five seconds. From May 25 to June 4, the recorded toll of this and other *U*-boats operating from the Virginia Capes to the New Jersey coast mounted to more than a dozen ships, mostly small schooners, but including the passenger-steamer *Carolina*, whose crew and passengers, about 350 in all, were turned adrift in open boats a hundred miles from land, with the result that many perished in a storm.



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"OUR FLAG WAS STILL THERE."

Near the mouth of Delaware Bay, on June 3, the tanker *Herbert L. Pratt*, was damaged by a mine laid by a German submarine. She ran ashore before she sank, has since been raised, and will soon be in service again.

But whatever the motives and expectations behind Germany's audacious extension of her submarine warfare to a zone three thousand miles from the home bases, the reaction in this country is not likely to afford her much comfort. It is true that the ports of New York and Boston were closed for a few hours when the presence of *U*-boats off our coast was first officially established, and that New York City dimmed its lights as a precaution against bombing airplanes which might have arrived by the undersea route. New-Yorkers were even instructed by the Police Department that when the sirens and whistles announced such an air-raid they should "immediately open the windows of their homes or offices and go at once to the cellar of the premises." But these precautions, our papers make clear, were not prompted by any spirit of panic. Our psychological reaction is more truly revealed in the fact that the day after the arrival of the *U*-boats became known naval recruiting in New York surpassed all records since the United States entered the

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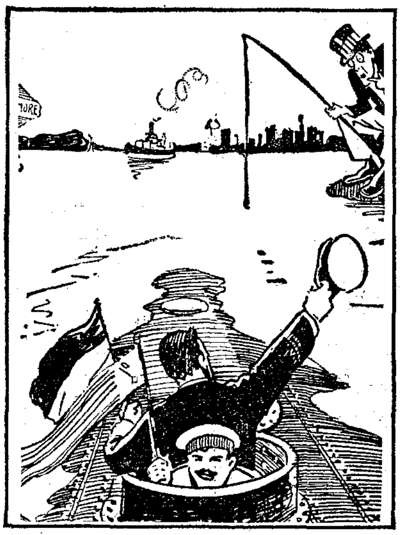
war. And on the same day New York made its first systematic effort to round up unregistered enemy aliens. This patriotic reaction is recognized and reflected in an appeal by German-Americans to "all Americans of German birth" to hold a tremendous demonstration "which will show our fellow citizens that in this hour of danger there is but one single great united people." This appeal, as published in the *New-Yorker Staats-Zeitung* and the *New-Yorker Herold*, says in part:



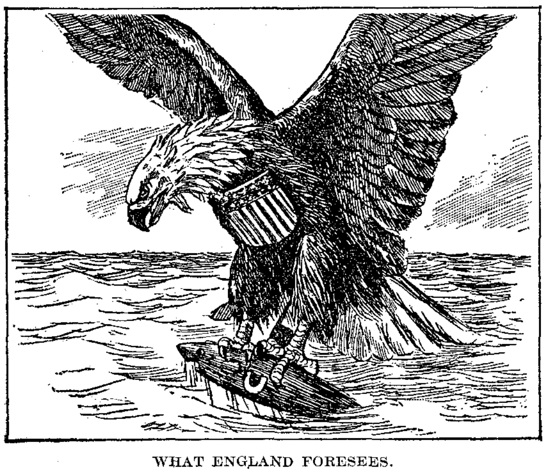
"WELL, AMERICA, WHAT SAY YOU NOW?"

—From *Der Brummer* (Berlin).

> "While hitherto the theater of war has been three thousand miles away, it has now been brought tangibly near to us. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at if a powerful, deep emotion has gript the American people—an emotion which is certain to manifest itself in a flaming-up of patriotism and in an even firmer and even more unreserved support of the Government than that which has already existed.
>
> "Americans of German birth have been equally placed in a state of the highest excitement by the appearance of the *U*-boats. In this hour, when the danger has come nearer, they feel themselves more than ever one with the whole American people. More than ever before do they realize that it is the new home to which belong their first and last thoughts; that it is the new home to which they are devoted and which they must help to protect and defend. . . . . . .
>
> "Now is the time to show clearly and convincingly how gravely those erred who believed that the loyalty of Americans of German birth could be doubted!"

Thus the *U*-boat visitors, as the Boston *News Bureau* remarks, "add the finishing touch to a process already well accelerated—the war-waking of America." "The closer the war comes to us," affirms the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "the more firmly shall we resolve to make an end of the German military power, and in that resolve we shall never weaken." The New York *Tribune* welcomes the raiders as an added incentive to American achievement, and the New York *Evening Post*, noting the entire absence of flurry or panic on the part of press and public, remarks that the news "simply left most people saying: 'Well, they are here at last.'"

If Germany hoped to cause the recall of some of our destroyers she is doomed to disappointment. Secretary of the Navy Daniels assures Congress and the country that we have enough ships on this side to deal with the situation without any interruption of our present naval program. While the *U*-boats have demonstrated the possibility of a long-distance campaign against our coastwise trade and of sniping operations against unprotected seaboard towns and cities, remarks one military expert, "they have not accomplished anything worth while in a military sense; they have not disclosed any ability to sink troop-ships or to break through our convoy system." The only change they have caused, it seems, is that we now convoy our troop-ships all the way across instead of having our war-ships meet them in mid-Atlantic.



WHAT ENGLAND FORESEES.

—Gould in the London *Westminster Gazette*.

It is not surprizing, notes the New York *Times*, that after we have been at war with Germany for nearly fourteen months we should find the *U*-boats at our ports. We were prepared for this by the visits of the *Deutschland* and by the raid of the *U-53* against Allied shipping off Nantucket in October, 1916. Nor were these our only warnings, says *The Times:*

> "In September last Copenhagen reported that Germany was fitting out *U*-boats of 1,500 tons and 340 feet long, with hull space for 'forty torpedoes and a large number of shells and mines.' Moreover, she was building submersibles, larger than the *Deutschland*, which could carry oil and be used as tender or mother ships. The Spaniards, who may claim a more intimate acquaintance with visiting German submarines than other neutrals, have even declared that 'the latest large German undersea boats are so well equipped that they are able to go around the world without having to replenish the fuel-supply for their motors.' This strains credulity, but there is reason to believe that in order to operate on the American Atlantic coast it is not necessary for the enemy to have a base in the West Indies or on the Spanish Main. Sir John Jellicoe was quoted about a year ago as saying that the Germans could not undertake a submarine campaign in our waters without establishing such a base. Probably he would no longer adhere to that view. A British nautical periodical recently heard of a flotilla of six German submarine cruisers of 2,800 tons' displacement, which were to carry six-inch guns and to have the protection of an armored conning-tower. These dreadnought *U*-boats were to be ready for business this spring."

Disease germs may form part of the cargo of the raiding *U*-boats, Washington correspondents tell us. Thus one dispatch quotes several naval officers as saying that survivors of the *U*-boat attacks should refrain from giving away as souvenirs any of the food or other articles given them by the *U*-boat commanders. It goes on to say:

> "While not desiring to cause undue alarm, it was officially pointed out that a German submarine carried disease germs into Spain, apparently those which caused the strange epidemic similar to the grip, now raging there. This fact, coupled with the strange conduct of German commanders toward *U*-boat victims, was regarded as suspicious.
>
> "'German commanders don't do things that way,' said one official to-day. 'It is unparalleled in German submarine history that a *U*-boat should give food and water to its victims.'"

It was a German *U*-boat commander who murdered the women and children of the *Lusitania*, the New York *Tribune* reminds us. And "to force women and children into an open boat and leave them to their fate at sea is still murder, an atrocity unimaginable until Germany began her frightfulness at sea."

There is "a Mexican end" to the strategy of the Atlantic coast submarine attacks, according to some observers. Thus passengers on an American steamship which recently reached New York from Mexico report that *U*-boats have been carrying messages between that country and Germany. And in a Washington dispatch we read:

> "Two objects are supposed to tempt German operations in Mexico. The most immediate, and most closely identified with the new submarine venture on Atlantic coast shipping, is the attempt to shut off all crude-oil shipping for the British Navy from Tampico. The second is the effort to use Mexico, not merely to embarrass the United States in its war against Germany, but actually as a starting-point for major operations against the United States in case the turn of European events would make it possible.
>
> "Germany wants a Pacific naval base, and wants to retain her South-American interests. Both might be accomplished under proper conditions through Mexico."

TEN YEARS FOR CRITICISM

THE TEN-YEAR JAIL-SENTENCE given to Mrs. Rose Pastor Stokes by Judge Van Valkenburgh is taken generally by the press as a proof that the new Espionage Law has teeth in it, and is called a timely warning "to the whole tribe of pacifists and obstructionists," yet there are many regrets that the first notable victim should not have been a more dangerous enemy of the commonwealth. Some of Mrs. Stokes's former associates who have themselves been conspicuously loyal upholders of our war-aims are even willing to indicate the individual whom they would prefer to have seen fall foul of the new law. Mr. John Spargo does not consider Mrs. Stokes "either a pro-German" or "a traitor to America," but simply a "misguided idealist." He admits that such persons may do great harm, but he does not see how the national interest is served by punishing their "foolish and petulant utterances" with "ferocious" prison sentences "while millionaire newspaper-owners can in safety carry on an insidious attack upon our morale." Mr. William English Walling declares even more plainly that unless a certain newspaper publisher can be legally convicted, "all lesser offenders ought to go free." He continues, as quoted in the New York *Tribune:*

"I HAVE AT NO TIME OPPOSED THE WAR."

But Rose Pastor Stokes was sentenced to ten years in jail, under the Espionage Law, for utterances adjudged disloyal.

> "Mrs. Stokes is entirely free of his prewar connection with Germans and his postwar connection with the pro-German criminals in Ireland, or the self-appointed agents and allies of Germany in Russia. She has not echoed day by day every one of Berlin's attacks on our chief military ally; she has not stirred up hatred against Japan and Mexico, thus lending herself to the same purposes fostered by German intrigue."

Others deprecate the Stokes sentence without venturing to offer any substitute for the sacrifice. *The New Republic*, for instance, thinks that this conviction may do more harm to us than to Germany. As it states the case:

> "A woman writes a letter to a local newspaper in which she associates the war-policy of the American Government with profiteering. If no attention had been drawn to it, it would have been read by a few thousand people, dismissed by nine-tenths of them as silly, and accepted as gospel by an exceedingly small minority who already had the same idea fastened firmly in their heads. The Government decides to prosecute. The offending words are read by millions instead of by a few thousand, and all people who have any disposition to believe them are the more likely to yield to the disposition, resenting suppression. The prosecution and the conviction increase an existing difference of opinion about American participation in the war instead of ameliorating it, and it raises a barrier against the increasing support of the war which the President's policy was winning among Socialists."

The point of view of the wing of the Socialist party which considers the war against capitalism vastly more important than the war against Germany is represented by Mr. Berger's Milwaukee *Leader*. It calls the prosecution of Mrs. Stokes "political persecution"; it represents her as being "utterly opposed to 'Prussianism'—in Prussia and everywhere else"; it insists that she was "exercising her rights under the Constitution of the United States and under the spirit of freedom of speech for which this nation has always stood," and declares that if she should actually go to jail "it would be an infamous thing."

In contrast with such views are the declarations from more conservative papers that Mrs. Stokes has received a just sentence. The New York *World* believes that "the Espionage Act was intended for the restraint of just such offenders." Mrs. Stokes, it says, "has followed for years the business of agitator, and because in time of war she preached discontent with the Government's course and attacked the good faith and honesty of its aims in the war, she is entitled to no special privileges of immunity." *The World* would remind "any other persons of Mrs. Stokes's opinions" that "this is not the right season to spread disloyalty." Mrs. Stokes, according to the Brooklyn *Eagle*, "typifies a species of obstructionist that in the aggregate far outnumber the pronounced enemy sympathizers." These people, "mostly pacifists of the Socialist school," are set down by *The Eagle* as being in all cases "public nuisances."

The conviction of Rose Pastor Stokes in Kansas City and of W. E. Mead in Seattle, and the I. W. W. trial in Chicago, please the Portland *Oregonian*, since they show "the Government to be waging war in the courts on several forms and varieties of treason and sedition." The Oregon daily continues:

> "Motives of the accused vary slightly, but the immediate purpose in each case was to prevent successful war by the United States against Germany. Mrs. Stokes charged that the Government was 'for the profiteers.' Mead said the war was a capitalistic war, and the I. W. W. said much the same things. The first discouraged men from fighting in the American Army, the second from fighting in the Canadian Army, and the third not only discouraged enlistment but expelled members who enlisted or obeyed the draft, and it made war on the United States by its destructive practises in the hope of destroying the Government."

In passing sentence upon Mrs. Stokes, Judge Van Valkenburgh, of the Federal Court for the Western District of Missouri, sitting at Kansas City, declared his belief, as quoted in the Kansas City *Star*, that Mrs. Stokes's utterances were "part of a systematic program to create discontent with the war, disagreement with the causes and justice of the war, loss of confidence in the good faith and sincerity underlying the conduct of the war and its ultimate aims, thereby to cause withdrawal of support at home and relaxation of effort and effectiveness in the field."

In her remarks to the court, Mrs. Stokes repeated the explanation that when she had declared herself "not for the Government," because "the Government is for the profiteers," she had been referring to "the Administration." She said she honestly had feared the dominating influence of the "war-profiteers" over the Administration. And while she believed she had a right to criticize the war-aims of the Government, she wished this understood: "I have at all times recognized the cause of our entrance into the war, and I have at no time opposed the war."

Mr. J. G. Phelps Stokes, a zealous advocate of the Administration's war-policy, was unable to be with his wife when she was sentenced, because of military duties connected with his membership in the New York State Guard. He tells the press that Mrs. Stokes was grossly misunderstood, and adds:

> "Mrs. Stokes is not and never has been opposed to active participation in the war by the American Government. On the contrary, she has constantly held that the war must be pushed by the Allied forces until the autocratic powers of Central Europe are overcome and until the foundations of democracy are effectually secured."

Mrs. Stokes is still at liberty on bail and her attorneys intend to carry the case to the higher Federal Courts.

THE LAW AND THE PROFITS

SINCE A "REGULAR WAR-WHOOP" from "somebody with a loud voice" on the subject of profiteering was called for by a Western writer, the President has spoken so effectually that the Washington correspondents agree that conscription of war-profits will almost certainly furnish the principal part of the new war-taxes. A year ago the radical element in the Senate were defeated when they attempted to raise the funds necessary to carry on the war by levying chiefly on those who are making money out of it. But President Wilson's denunciation of profiteering in his address to Congress on May 27 has been taken to mean in Washington that he has "swung himself into line for the principle which the so-called radicals proclaimed themselves almost a year ago." And, we read in a New York *Sun* dispatch, "with the backing of the Administration a sizable majority can doubtless be obtained for almost any schedule on tax-rates on war-profits which the country can stand."

Under the existing law, correspondents note, the profits tax gives about 30 per cent. of the total yield, but it is expected that at least 70 per cent. of the yield under the new measure will come from levying on profits. Chairman Kitchin, of the House Ways and Means Committee, has pointed out that more than $3,000,000,000 could be raised on incomes and excess profits in addition to the present levy.

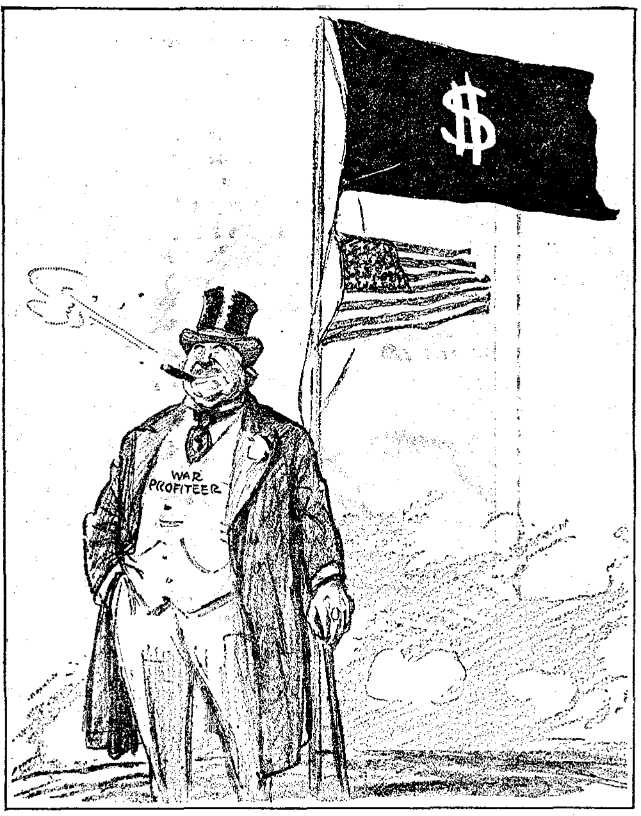
Conservative Eastern dailies suggest that a goose which lays such golden eggs ought to be kept alive as a revenue producer. "Profits which stimulate production should be maintained," says the New York *Times*, "both for the sake of the production and for the sake of the revenue."

But the demand for the slaughter of this particular bird would seem to indicate that in many quarters it is regarded as a bird of prey rather than as a necessary barn-yard fowl. Our readers are, of course, familiar with the denunciation of profiteering which has been heard in Congress since the beginning of the war and has been voiced by the more radical section of the press, particularly in the West. Senator Borah, of Idaho, summed up these arguments and pleas in his Senate speech of May 31. Mr. Borah took as his text these words of the President:

> "The profiteering that can not be got at by the restraints of conscience and love of country can be got at by taxation. There is such profiteering now, and the information with regard to it is available and indisputable."

Mr. Borah asserted that the President had made an immediate attack on profiteering with the weapon of taxation the most pressing duty before Congress, described the profiteer as "the man who is taking advantage of his country's condition, of its perilous situation, to gather extraordinary profits, and to increase enormously and unjustly and unfairly his individual and private gain," and declared that Congress should see that the money collected from the people "does not go to a miserable scavenger of civilization"—

> "Let us act at once, and if the facts are here a law can be framed that the profiteer shall disappear as the blood-sucking tarantula upon the American people."



HIS FLAG

—Kirby in the New York *World*.

AS OTHERS SEE MR. KITCHIN

ON THE DAY after Congress had heard President Wilson explain carefully that the nation's needs at this "very peak and crisis of the war" demanded the prompt preparation of a new war-tax law, Mr. Claude Kitchin rose in his place in the House of Representatives, to assert with all seriousness that the President and the Secretary of the Treasury acted primarily in response to pressure from a "lobby" of newspaper publishers who wished the zone-rates of second-class postage repealed or modified. To a considerable portion of the press this charge seemed at first too absurd for comment, especially in view of the President's convincing reasons for his position. And why, the Springfield *Republican* would ask Mr. Kitchin, "should Mr. McAdoo, after boldly discharging all the railroad presidents in the United States, suddenly become afraid of a lot of newspaper publishers?" But ridiculous as Mr. Kitchin's remarks appear to some editors, it seems to others a matter of grave concern that such a "petty" and "stupid" insult should be offered to the President and Mr. McAdoo by the Democratic leader of the House of Representatives. Mr. Kitchin "does not approve of the war, or the President, or anybody or anything but himself, and in carrying out his program of petty spite he does not hesitate to insult the head of the nation by ascribing to him motives of cowardice and self-interest which would be discreditable in a fourth-rate ward politician," is the way *The Herald* (Rep.) of Grand Forks, North Dakota, describes the position taken by this leading member of the President's party in Congress. Mr. Kitchin's remarks will the more certainly bring a "thunderous rebuke from public sentiment" in the opinion of the New York *Times* (Dem.), because it is considered simply another reflection of a spirit which has been manifested in all the things Mr. Kitchin has said "since he was forced into supporting the war he disapproved." While this "lobby" speech has led editors of all parties to a close scrutiny of the war-record of "the statesman who put Scotland Neck on the map," to use a Cleveland *Leader* (Rep.) phrase, it is significant that the most scathing denunciation has come from editors of his own party and section. The present Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives is characterized by the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* (Dem.) as an "obstructionist" and a half-hearted follower of the Administration's war-policies. In his latest "hysterical outburst" he reached such "heights of foolishness" as to persuade the Virginian editor that "his days of usefulness in the House, granting he ever had any, are over, and for the sake of a disgusted nation and his betrayed constituents he should resign." And another Southern newspaper, the Macon *News* (Dem.), echoes the demand for Mr. Kitchin's resignation in these stinging words:

> "One of the many things which the plain men back home can not understand is why lukewarm supporters of the war are allowed to remain at the head of some of the most important committees, and of the House and Senate. If Mr. Kitchin is

still so bitterly opposed to the war that he has to make faces every time he is called upon to devise ways and means for carrying on the war, he should resign from the committee. If he is so tired of Washington in 'the hot, intolerable summer' while our boys are—as the President says—doing their part uncomplainingly in the trenches, then he should resign from Congress, go home, and nurse his chronic grouch to his heart's content."

Editorials from such influential Democratic papers as the Charleston *News and Courier*, Birmingham *Age Herald*, and Louisville *Courier-Journal*, reflect similar opinions. And the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* at the same time points out a reason for Mr. Kitchin's attitude and warns of the danger in such leadership:

> "Leader Kitchin is the same man who more than a year ago said to Mr. Baker, of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer:* 'You newspaper men forced the war, now you have got to pay for it.' A group of Congressmen started out deliberately to punish American newspapers for a display of intelligence and patriotism in resenting the attitude of Germany. The papers did shame them from an avowal of Chinese pacifism. The papers forced them into voting as Americans. The Kitchin quality of leadership is responsible for the absolute unpreparedness of America to stand up equal to other nations. The non-preparedness policy is a contributing cause to the slaying of thousands of Americans before America can be ready to win a victory. Kitchin knows that the papers know this, and hence his unfounded and petulant charges."

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CLAUDE KITCHIN,

The Democratic Congressman whose duty it is to take charge of the preparation of a new war-tax law which he considers both unnecessary and "unwise."

Republican and independent journals in Northern and Western cities are no less certain that Mr. Kitchin has proved himself singularly unfit for the place he holds. The Duluth *News-Tribune* (Rep.) wonders why the chairmanship of the committee which will have the most to do with framing a new revenue law to raise $8,000,000,000 should be given to "a man whose chief characteristic is the number of kinds of an ass he can make of himself." But the Syracuse *Post-Standard* (Rep.) is ready with the explanation that "he is a sorry product of the Congressional system, under which seniority becomes the single rule for advancement."

Editorial comment on Mr. Kitchin's "lobby" accusation may be better understood when we note just what the gentleman from North Carolina said. President Wilson made his eloquent and cogent demand for immediate financial legislation on May 27. On the 28th Mr. Kitchin took ten minutes of the House's time to volunteer the information that he would obey orders in wartime, but that he still had his doubts as to the necessity for those orders. He asserted that Secretary McAdoo had changed his opinion on the subject, partly because he "gave undue weight to the opinion of Treasury officials, and was convinced it was necessary to have this legislation at this session." Mr. Kitchin continued, as *The Congressional Record* reports his speech:

> "I do not think that Secretary McAdoo even thought about the press, the newspapers, and magazines one way or the other. However, I do believe that, way back, hidden somewhere, unseen by most of us, there was an influence of one of the shrewdest and most powerful lobbies that ever infested the hotels or the corridors of this Capitol, which made itself felt with some in whose judgment the Secretary of the Treasury had great faith. I know that such a lobby has been maintained here by the big publishers. Its committee has had interviews with me. It was determined by the publishers at the first of the session that the session should not close until they had had a chance to put to a vote in Congress the question of either a repeal or a modification, or a suspension of the operation of the postal-rate provisions of existing law. . . . I know that they planned that if they could not get it in some pending bill, one way or another, they would insist on a revenue bill which they believe would give them their chance. . . . . .
>
> "I understand their game. . . . Here it is: They are going to try to put the repeal of the postal provision or the suspension of its operation upon whatever revenue bill is passed here. . . . . . .
>
> "That is their game, and, gentlemen, I warn you, see if that is not the path they take. I am going to watch and see who is going to help them play that game and let you see what a prophet I am. I serve notice on them and the House now that, if the Speaker's judgment shall assign me as one of the conferees, there will be one who will not help them play that game, but will use all of his power to thwart it."

Mr. McAdoo has written to Chairman Kitchin explaining that Treasury needs alone forced him to call for new revenue legislation, and assuring the Congressman "that no one near me or in whose judgment I have the slightest confidence has been influenced by any newspaper lobby or any other kind of lobby; that I have not been approached directly or indirectly by any such lobby, and that if I had been, it would not have made the slightest impression on me." The same thing, Mr. McAdoo insists, applies to his loyal, industrious, and patriotic associates, and it is for their sake that he asks Mr. Kitchin to "make appropriate correction." This Mr. Kitchin has declined to do.

Mr. Frank P. Glass, president of the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, and George McAneny, of the association's postal committee, have issued statements denying the existence of a newspaper lobby and pointing out that the newspaper publishers have openly sent their representatives to attend public hearings before Senate committees. Mr. Glass adds that the section of the conference committee's report providing for the special postal tax on periodicals was "sneaked" in without a hearing and without discussion, and "it is well understood that Mr. Kitchin had a large hand in that indefensible course."

Mr. McAdoo, Mr. Glass, and Mr. McAneny hardly needed to make such statements to convince the press, for Mr. Kitchin's assertions do not seem to have been taken seriously by many of the newspapers of the country. "Absolutely without basis of fact," is the Minneapolis *Journal's* (Rep.) phrase. "False and preposterous" it seems to *The Daily Oklahoman* (Dem.), of Oklahoma City. The publishers' lobby, the Indianapolis *News* (Ind.) thinks, exists "largely in the imagination of the Tar-Heel statesman." In Oregon, the Portland *Journal* (Ind.) finds Mr. Kitchin's "goblin story" ridiculous. In California, the San Francisco *Chronicle* (Rep.) declares: "the statement was false, and to make it was the mark of a demagog." In Utah, the Salt Lake *Tribune* (Rep.) finds Mr. Kitchin's charges hardly worthy of serious notice—"it is very much as if he accused the President of waging the war not to make the world safe for democracy, but to provide head-lines for the daily papers and articles for the magazines, or as if he said that the Government had taken charge of the Pullman-car service to see to it that the colored porters wore clean shirts." And across the continent the Albany *Journal* calls it "absurd," while the Baltimore *Sun* observes that Mr. Kitchin's talk "sounds like that of a crazy man."

Even those who are inclined to believe that there may have been some such lobby as Mr. Kitchin spoke of agree with the Newark *News* (Ind.) that the fact does not make him "any more competent to frame a sensible tax than he was when he mixed up and wished the present hybrid 'war-tax' on the nation."

THE CHILD-LABOR DEFEAT

A "REACTIONARY" DECISION is the verdict passed upon the decision of the Supreme Court upon the Child-Labor Law, both by the Springfield *Republican* and the New York *Evening Post.* It will be recalled that this Federal statute forbade "interstate shipment of industrial products from plants in which children under fourteen years of age" were employed or in which children over fourteen and under sixteen years of age worked more than eight hours a day or more than six days a week. This law the United States Supreme Court, by a close decision of five to four, has held to be unconstitutional and an infringement of the doctrine of State rights. In rendering the decision, Mr. Justice Day said:

> "Over interstate transportation or its incidents, the regulatory power of Congress is ample, but the production of articles intended for interstate commerce is a matter of local regulation. If it were otherwise, all manufactures intended for interstate shipment would be brought under Federal control to the practical exclusion of the authority of the States, a result certainly not contemplated by the framers of the Constitution."

In such a close decision the view of the minority of the Court acquires importance, and it is diametrically opposed to that of the majority. Mr. Justice Holmes, who, with Justices McKenna, Brandeis, and Clark, formed the minority, in delivering his judgment, holds the rights of the States in no way infringed:

> "The Act does not meddle with anything belonging to the States. They may regulate their internal affairs and their domestic commerce as they like, but when they seek to send their products across the State-line, they are no longer within their rights. . . . The public policy of the United States is shaped to the benefit of the nation as a whole. The national welfare as understood by Congress may require a different attitude within its sphere from that of some self-seeking State."

In commenting on the decision, the Springfield *Republican* says the Supreme Court "has struck a blow at social reform and economic justice which must be deeply deplored," and adds:

> "Unrestrained selfish interests are a drag upon the reform because in the competition of sections for manufacturing supremacy greed will seek to maintain a cheap labor market wherever it can. In its broader social bearing, also, child labor is distinctly antisocial, and the court has ignored social and national welfare in order to sustain a narrow view of the privilege of contract and the individual's right to work."

Perhaps the harshest criticism of the Supreme Court's decision comes from the New York *Evening Mail*, which is far more concerned with the human aspect of the Child-Labor Law than any question of State rights. *The Mail* holds that altho the decision may be good in law, the nation will take such steps as will render that law null and void:

> "It seems inconceivable, and yet it is a ghastly fact, that the twenty-year effort to secure a national law—as also to secure State laws—protecting the health and education of children compelled to work in mills, factories, or mines, has met with more intense opposition at Washington and in the various State legislatures than almost any other measure proposed. . . . . . .
>
> "The decision just rendered, however, will not long stay the merciful and protecting arm of national power; the victory of sordidness over our little ones will not long endure. A nation that will give its blood and money on the battle-field for the freedom of mankind throughout the world will surely find a way, despite five to four decisions, to release from slavery the children of its own hearthstone."

On the other side, the New York *Times* comes out with a strong defense of the right which each State possesses to regulate its own affairs:

> "The Child-Labor Law decision recites that there is a law on the subject in every State. Therefore, it is to be presumed that every State has regulated the subject in the manner it prefers. Certainly if any State has not regulated the subject to its satisfaction there is nothing to prevent its doing so. The objection to Federal regulation is partly that such regulation is unnecessary and confusing, but chiefly that it is contrary to our political institutions, which, after all, are worth preserving. The critics of the Supreme Court who politely remark that the decision 'increases their contempt for the court' are more zealous than judicious. . . . . . .
>
> "For those whose motives in opposing child labor are genuine—based on considerations of humanity, not merely on dislike of competition in the labor market—the decision opens the way rather than closes it."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

WHY not get to the bat before Bill does?—*Los Angeles Times.*

ONE enemy alien in a war-garden is worth two on the tennis-court.—*Wall Street Journal.*

THE American boys took the "Can't" out of Cantigny.—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

THE Rhine cities no longer hold public jubilees over the bombing of London and Paris.—*Boston Herald.*

ANY railroad president can tell you that Mr. McAdoo is a first-class railroad fireman.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

THERE is a general disposition to doubt the reports of von Hindenburg's death, but no doubt as to where he went if he did die.—*Dallas News.*

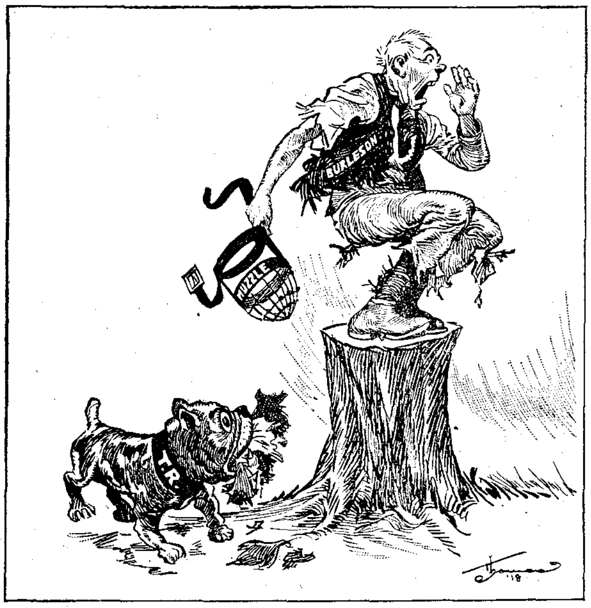
COINCIDENT with the increase of tanks at the front is an unmistakable tendency of the times to reduce the number at home.—*New York World.*

THAT Kansas man who says he would rather be shot than salute the flag should be permitted to exercise his preference.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

THIS war won't end right until the "toot" is taken out of Teuton, the germ out of Germany, and the stolen land out of Deutschland.—*Cleveland News.*

FOR bombarding a Red-Cross hospital the iron cross is hardly an adequate reward; the wooden cross would better fit the case.—*Springfield Republican.*

To get at La Follette's attitude of mind when he made his speech, says his attorney, what he did not say is as important as what he did say. Just about, we should conjecture.—*Chicago Tribune.*



"IT CAN'T BE DONE, MR. WILSON."

—Thomas in the Detroit *News.*

LEONARD WOOD, but they won't let him—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

CANTIGNY was Yanked away from the Germans.—*New York Evening Sun.*

IN matters of national finance he is a Kitchinette.—*New York Evening Post.*

HOW would it do to sanctify French hospitals in the eyes of Hun bombers by painting beer-signs on the roofs?—*Dallas News.*

PLEASE, Mr. Garfield, send around some of your heatless days now.—*Washington Herald.*

THERE is only one yellow peril, and we know how to deal with him through the Exemption Boards.—*Wall Street Journal.*

THE Prussian war-machine must meet the fate of all machinery that falls into the hands of a reckless driver.—*Washington Star.*

PERHAPS Mr. McAdoo will now raise the wages of the public so that it can pay the increased wages of the railroad men.—*Indianapolis News.*

WHEN a convention of Quakers goes on record for a continuance of the war until won it certainly can be called unanimous.—*New York World.*

IT looks as if the ten-cent decrease in coal-prices might be in danger of getting lost in the 25 per cent. increase in freight-rates.—*Indianapolis News.*

GENERAL MARCH has made a demand upon Congress for large amounts of small guns. Would seem that Congress could supply the demand.—*Los Angeles Times.*

WE have a theory that an enterprising man who could go to Russia and establish a string of free-lunch counters could be elected czar without opposition.—*Emporia Gazette.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

THE SINN-FEIN-GERMAN "PLOT" AND THE EVIDENCE

IF IT IS TRUE, as charged, that Sinn Fein has been implicated in a conspiracy with Germany, it will chill American sympathy, as noted in a recent article in these columns quoting American opinion. But the American newspapers quoted asked proof of the plot before condemning the Irish radicals, and several London papers are making the same demand. The trial of the arrested leaders "should be as public as the circumstances permit," argues the London *Daily Express*, for this reason: "Prove these people guilty in open court and Ireland will listen to them no more. Keep the interned without trial, and half of Ireland will believe them libeled innocents." The London *Daily Chronicle*, too, declares that "it is not enough to say that there is a plot," for "so deep-seated is the suspicion of the Government that Irish public opinion will want more than this to convince it of the reality of the conspiracy."

NO BLOOD TAX

Photographed by the International Film Service.

A "NO-BLOOD-TAX" PARADE IN IRELAND.

Anticonscription parades like this are being held all over Ireland. Meanwhile the Government has not put the law into effect, but the Lord Lieutenant has started a "voluntary-recruiting" drive.

To comply with the demand for proof, the British Government has issued through the official Press Bureau a long statement which reviews the Irish political situation since the beginning of the war, and while it discusses in some detail the rising of Easter Week in 1916, there is more assertion than evidence regarding the alleged plot at the present moment. The most salient paragraphs of this official statement run:

"For some considerable time it was difficult to obtain accurate information as to German-Sinn-Fein plans, but about April, 1918, it was ascertained definitely that a plan for landing arms in Ireland was ripe for execution, and that the Germans only awaited definite information from Ireland as to the time, place, and date.

"The British authorities were able to warn the Irish command regarding the probable landing of an agent from Germany from a submarine. The agent actually landed on April 12 and was arrested.

"The new rising depended largely upon the landing of munitions from submarines, and there is evidence to show that it was planned to follow a successful German offensive in the west and ~~was to~~ take place at a time when Great Britain presumably would be stript of troops.

"According to documents found on his person, de Valera had worked out in great detail the constitution of his rebel army. He hoped to be able to muster 500,000 trained men. There is evidence that German munitions actually had been shipped on submarines from Cuxhaven in the beginning of May, and that for some time German submarines have been busy off the west coast of Ireland on other errands than the destruction of Allied shipping.

"It will thus be seen that the negotiations between the executive of the Sinn-Fein organization and Germany have been virtually continuous for three and a half years. At first a section of Irish-Americans was the intermediary for most of the discussions, but since America's entrance into the war the communication with the enemy has tended to be more direct. A second rising in Ireland was planned for last year, and the scheme broke down only because Germany was unable to send troops.

"This year plans for another rising in connection with the German offensive on the Western Front were maturing, and a new shipment of arms from Germany was imminent.

"An important feature of every plan was the establishment of submarine bases in Ireland to menace the shipping of all nations.

"In the circumstances no other course was open to the Government if useless bloodshed was to be avoided and its duty to its allies fulfilled but to intern the authors and abettors of this criminal intrigue."

Mr. Lloyd George also reiterated in his speech at Edinburgh his assertion that the Government possest irrefutable evidence of a conspiracy on the part of the Sinn-Feiners, tho he completely exonerated the Nationalist leaders of any complicity in a plot. He said:

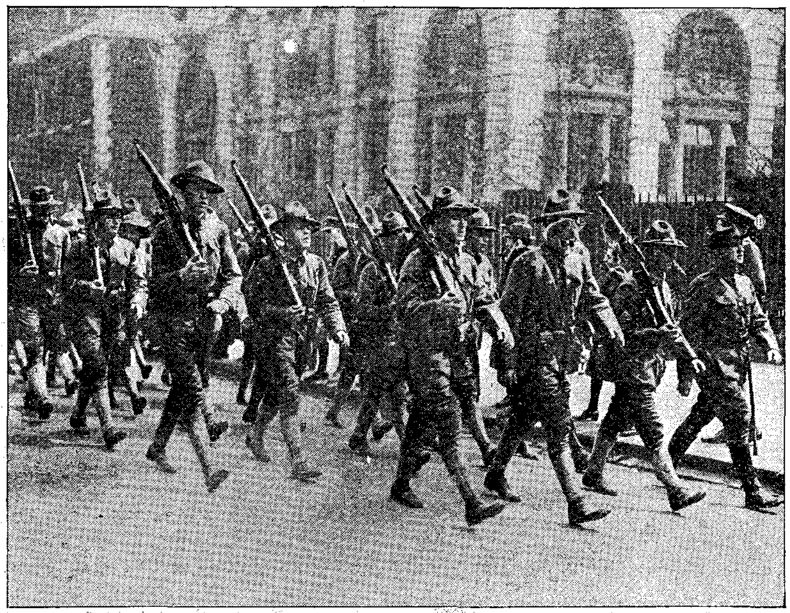
"All the indications in our possession point to the fact that the blow was timed for the moment when the German High Command deemed its preparations to crush the British Army in France had reached the culminating point. Had we shirked stern action without delay we should have deserved impeachment.'

"Let me make one point clear: The Irish Nationalist leaders had nothing to do with it. They were not even cognizant of it. Of that I am convinced from the evidence. I am, therefore, not in the least surprized at the doubts they exprest as to its existence."

Over against this statement we have the absolute denial, published in most of the Irish papers, of the Rev. Malachi MacBranan, which runs:

"As a priest and a member of the Sinn-Fein Executive for the past year, I give you my word of honor that the Government's *official statement that negotiations have been carried* on between the Sinn-Fein Executive and Germany is a falsehood, and that a German invasion was never discust by the Sinn-Fein Executive Committee."

Two varying schools of opinion respecting the Government's revelation are illustrated by editorials in the Dublin *Irish Times*, the Unionist organ, and the Dublin *Irish Independent*, the Nationalist journal. The former thinks the evidence is conclusive, and that Sinn Fein stands convicted of a treasonable conspiracy. The latter declares the Government's evidence is almost purely negative. "The Government's revelations," says *The Irish Times*, "must satisfy all impartial men that Germany has been in association with disaffected persons in Ireland since the beginning of the war." *The Irish Independent* says that the Government has made an *ex-parte* statement and that the accused have been allowed no opportunity to make their own defense. "The vague general charge," it says, "is met by the Sinn-Feiners with an emphatic denial of the existence of any plot. It is thus made a question in regard to which British and Irish opinion may reach widely diverse conclusions." Mr. Dillon's organ, the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*, after a long and detailed examination of the Government's statement, says, "No one could truthfully describe it as evidence and no impartial mind will accept it as justification for the extreme action which the Government has taken."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OUR BOYS MARCHING THROUGH LONDON.

Turning to the English papers, we find opinion in the British capital as sharply divided as in Dublin. The London *Daily Telegraph* thinks that the Government's explanation will satisfy any reasonable person, and adds:

> "The proof is complete—not only complete, but continuous. . . . The Government did its duty, and public opinion will now demand that the ringleaders of the conspiracy be tried and punished without delay, and that there shall be no more pitiful surrender to sentimental clamor for amnesty for the others. The feeling which will be aroused in Great Britain and America by the exposure of this black treachery will be one of angry and contemptuous disgust."

The London *Daily Mail* says the official statement is convincing by its very moderation and emphasizes the assertion that plotting is going on in America. It continues:

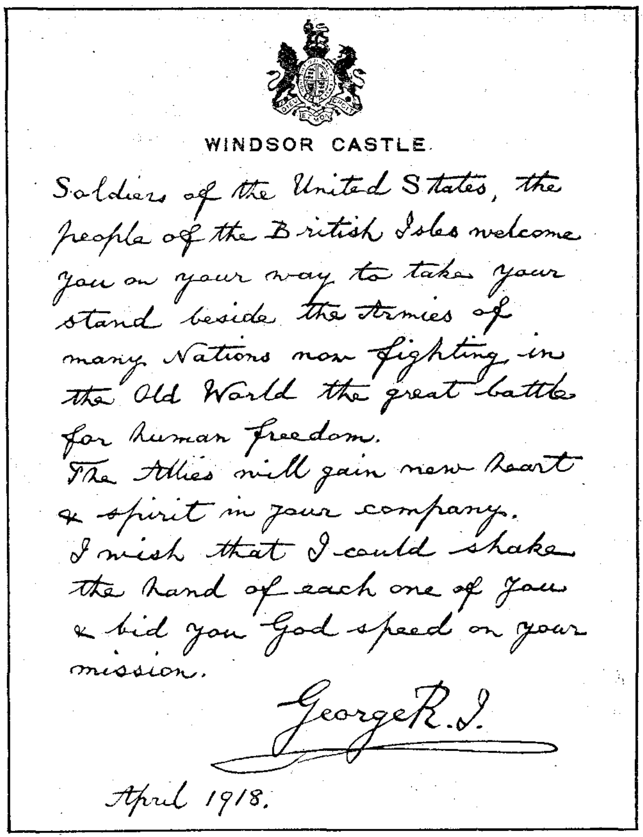
> "This, we are perfectly confident, is the state of affairs which American opinion will immediately pronounce intolerable, and which the United States Government will do its utmost to eradicate, for the Sinn-Feiners were aiming at the establishment of German submarine bases on the coast of Ireland, whence they might prey on the lives of American soldiers crossing the Atlantic to the battle-fields of Flanders. They are aiding the enemy of the United States to use the most deadly weapon against the American Army and Navy—the weapon which, if it succeeded, would paralyze America's effort and strew the ocean with America's dead."

The Irish correspondent of the London *Times* is convinced of the existence of the plot, and thus writes to his paper:

> "Moderate Irishmen, both Unionist and Nationalist, believe firmly in the existence of the plot and believe that the internment of the Sinn-Fein leaders was necessary as an act of public policy. They hold that the Government, which alone knows all the facts, must be left to decide whether the prisoners shall be put on trial now or kept interned for an indefinite period.
>
> "When the question is raised in Paliament and fierce accusations are hurled at the Cabinet it will be well to remember that no sane man in Ireland has any doubt of the existence of a German plot. It has been maturing many months, and Irishmen know many things which have been kept hidden from the British public. Outrageously pro-German speeches have been made at public meetings throughout the country. Collection of arms and high explosives by Sinn-Fein agents has been systematic and notorious. Hundreds of Irishmen on the southern and western coasts could tell strange stories of the activities of German submarines.
>
> "It has been obvious during the last month or six weeks that the plot was coming to a head. This was so plain that every Irishman was quick to see the military significance of the appointment of Lord French as Viceroy. The fact that the plot has been scotched just at this time, it may be said truthfully, causes profound satisfaction and relief to the majority of Irishmen."

Characterizing the Government's statement as "profoundly misleading," however, the London *Daily News* is not satisfied with the evidence adduced and says that the discussion of the rising in 1916 is wholly irrelevant at the present moment. *The News* proceeds:

> "Evidence much more specific than mere proof of German and German-American machinations is needed if the Government's action is to be vindicated. As far as the present document is concerned such evidence is clearly not forthcoming. . . . If the evidence can not be published the least that can be demanded is that it should be examined by competent, impartial judges, in whose findings the public would have implicit confidence."


WINDSOR CASTLE.

Soldiers of the United States, the people of the British Isles welcome you on your way to take your stand beside the Armies of many Nations now fighting in the Old World the great battle for human freedom.

The Allies will gain new heart & spirit in your company.

I wish that I could shake the hand of each one of you & bid you God speed on your mission.

George R.I.

April 1918.

THE KING'S WELCOME.

Each American soldier marching in London got this letter from George V.

APPRECIATING OUR EFFORT

FRANKLY PLEASED with what we have done so far in the war, the British papers are outspoken in their appreciation. Secretary Baker's announcement of 500,000 men actually in France and Secretary Daniels's promise of 1,000,000 before the year is out are hailed as a sign of victory. The Manchester *Guardian* writes:

> "Mr. Baker's announcement that there are now more than half a million American troops in Europe will give people an idea of the reality of the American support in the war. . . . A statement of the amount of the American naval support now in Europe would probably surprize ordinary people much more. It is not so many months since an eminent German publicist wrote: 'We do not fear America's wooden sword.' That may be so, but we shall soon see whether they will fear America's bombs and bayonets."

The Guardian extolls both the generosity and the wisdom of America in brigading her troops with those of her allies:

> "It would be idle to pretend that an improvised army can be armed at all points like those that have seen nearly four years' service; experience has no substitute, and the advantages which are gained by an army where staff-work for a national war has been the subject of long and systematic study are not to be overtaken as quickly as an army can be trained. But the Americans have their advantages.
>
> "We have heard much on this side about the generosity with which America has put her pride behind her and agreed to the use of her troops not as an autonomous army but in detachments among the Allies as they may most be needed. It is certainly a proof of large-mindedness, but less has been said about that aspect of the matter in America than in this country. The Americans think less of professional pride and jealousy and more of the realities than we do, and the fact is that the American Army stands to benefit very greatly in its early service in the field from the closer possible cooperation with those who have been through the hard mill of the last few years. The Americans, desiring their men to accomplish the most in their power with the least of unnecessary sacrifice, appreciate this, just as they have always realized that the single command is another means to the same end.
>
> "We see endless cause for thanks in the full cooperation of America in the war, for America can exert an enormous influence for good, in the making both of war and of peace. She has not the social and military prejudices which strike at efficiency in war nor the interested aims which bar the way to peace, and in both fields her position and the reasons for her intervention enable her to speak with an impartiality and detachment which few of her allies can boast."

The London *Daily Chronicle* reports a speech by General Smuts appreciative of America's effort. In it he says:

> "The American Army is speeding up as it has never done before. America's soldiers are coming no longer in thousands and tens of thousands, but they are coming in their hundreds of thousands every month. . . . The submarine campaign occurred because the Germans felt sure that the American Army could never reach Europe, and while the submarine drove the Americans into war, it can do nothing to prevent them coming to Europe."

Even in Germany they are gradually waking up to the fact that we mean business, and the *Berliner Tageblatt* admits that our Government is driving the country at a great pace. It says:

> "It is essentially a war carried on with the business calm of the American, and now that the decision has been taken with all his creative energy, the danger does not lie in a European international form of hate. It lies rather in the political tenseness in the country, in the purposeful coolness, in the all-embracing organization, and the typical calm with which the American is devoting himself to the task of relieving the Allies, who would otherwise break down in the matter of supplies, while at the same time raising a great army."

GERMANY'S DYING INDUSTRIES

THE "SPLENDID ISOLATION" that Germany has contrived to engineer for herself has a few disadvantages which the people of the Fatherland are just beginning to discover, and they are looking anxiously into the future and constantly asking, "What will be our relations with America after the war?" We glean from the press that this question is asked not only in the industrial centers but at the great shipping ports as well, and the general opinion seems to be that America will "use every effort to harm German interests" by barring Germany from all the raw products she bought from us before the war. As usual, the German papers indulge in bombast rather than fact, and grandiloquent threats are made as to what the Fatherland will do to us if we don't behave ourselves after the conflict. For example, the Berlin *Deutsche Zeitung* says:

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HOW LONDON CHEERED OUR TROOPS.

> "If America sells us no cotton, she shall get no potash, which is a fertilizer almost indispensable to impoverished agricultural land. Germany has a world-monopoly of potash. If America gives us no gasoline and no grain, she shall get no dyes, no drugs, no glassware, no optical instruments—in fact, nothing that Germany has exported to the United States in the past.
>
> "It is not yet known in Germany to what extent the United States will depend upon us for such imports after the war, but we may generally assume that none of the other belligerents nor any neutral country will be able to take our place as a producer of all the goods that America used to buy from us."

After all this sound and fury, it is refreshing to turn to the official *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* and learn that, despite all the boasting, Germany will have practically nothing to export when the war is over. The economic pressure which we and our allies have exerted upon Germany through the blockade is so severe that factories are everywhere being shut down through lack of raw material. Here is the official organ's sorry tale:

> "Out of 1,700 spinning- and weaving-mills, only 70 are still running at high pressure, while in the boot and shoe industry 1,400 factories have been amalgamated into 300. In the oil industry 15 factories working at high pressure have been formed out of the 720 works previously existing. In the silk industry the number of spools has been reduced from 45,000 to 2,500."

This state of affairs is terrifying to the economists of Germany, and we find Dr. Helfferich, once Vice-Chancellor of the Empire and previous to that a director of the great Deutsche Bank, making this pessimistic address before the National Import

Trades Association. According to the *Frankfurter Zeitung* he said:

"We must not overlook how systematically and successfully Great Britain has carried out the program of her economic war. By breaking all the laws relating to contraband and blockade, she has cut us off from our overseas traffic with the outer world. By her institution of black lists, by her intimidation and violence, and by her application of the thumbscrew of hunger, she has also restricted the economic intercourse of our neutral neighbors with us. By sequestrations and forced liquidations, by the abrogation of treaties, by the robbery of our patents, by the destruction of our settlements, by the squandering of our stocks of goods, and by every kind of chicanery and oppression, Great Britain has sought everywhere within the range of her power to destroy our economic interests. All these measures aim at the extermination of German trade and German labor.

"If the final peace does not return to us what our enemies have taken and destroyed in the outside world, if it does not restore to us freedom in our work and our spirit of enterprise in the world, then the German people is crippled for an immeasurable period. We demand restoration for all violation of the law and for all acts of destruction. We demand indemnification for all damages done, and we meet the plan of differentiation with the demand for the most-favored-nation treatment and equal rights; the plan of exclusion with the demand for the open door and free seas; and the threat of a blockade of raw materials with the demand for the delivery of raw materials."

Dr. Helfferich's demands may look very well on paper, but the difficulty that confronts him is how is he going to get us to accede to them. Down in Vienna they appear to be a little more clear-sighted than they are up in Berlin, and the *Arbeiter Zeitung* recognizes that Dr. Helfferich and his demands are so much empty wind. Here is the situation as the *Arbeiter Zeitung* sees it:

"However big the victory is to-day, and however big it may become, it can never do what the cheap mouth-heroes of the Hinterland expect of it. It may, possibly it can, break the war-spirit of the French or make England and Italy more disposed to accept a peace by understanding, but no victory gained on land can make England and the United States defenseless or force them to lay down their arms or bring them, like Russia, into the position of a completely conquered nation which has to accept unconditionally the terms of the victor—nor can any Power do this as long as the British Fleet rules the waves.

"And even if Hindenburg's genius and German bravery won a complete victory on land, even if the English Army fell into our hands to the last man, and France was disarmed and had to submit to Germany's terms, even then England and America could not be compelled to the capitulation that the Pan-German word-heroes prophesy daily. Even then they would blockade our coasts and the war would continue at sea. And even if they could not or would not do that, even if peace was concluded and all the battles ended, they would still have a terrible weapon to use against us. Our domestic economy can not exist permanently without the wheat, the copper, and the cotton from America, the nickel from Canada, the cotton from Egypt and India, the phosphates from the North African coasts, the rubber from the English tropical colonies, Indian jute, and the oil-plants of the South Sea Islands.

"There will be a scarcity of all these things after the war and there will be great competition for them. If England and America do not deliver to us these raw materials after the war, then we as conquerors are conquered."

GUNNER LEWIS—When Germany's famous ace, Baron von Richthofen, was shot down at the head of his "flying circus" the official Wolff Bureau told us that the lucky shot was fired by a certain Gunner Lewis. The *Kölnische Zeitung*, however, tells us that this hero is a myth. It says:

"The Wolff Bureau's report attributed the shooting down of Baron von Richthofen to Gunner Lewis, and a number of German journals have helped the gallant gunner to wide-spread fame—much to the detriment of a British airman who also claims to have fired the shot. To whomsoever the honor may belong, it certainly will not be Gunner Lewis, for he owes his existence only to a mistake in translation. The bullet was fired by a Lewis gun. Gunner Lewis, however, will adorn a modest place in the history of the war where he will be able to converse about the dangers of too rapid translation with General Staff—his greater colleague of the war of 1870."

THE ARAB VIEW OF ZIONISM

INTENSE INTEREST IS SHOWN in the Arabic papers in Egypt in the official announcement of the British Government that a "national home" is to be created for the Jews in Palestine. Just what this "national home" may mean is a bit of a puzzle to the Arab journals, tho most of them take it to mean the creation of a Jewish state. The editor of *Al-Hilal*, the leading Arab paper in Cairo, writes:

"The nation most affected by the creation of a Jewish state in Palestine, after the Jews themselves, is the Arab nation. For it is in the heart of Arabdom that this new state will be situated. All around it are Arab communities, which, altho differing to a certain extent in religion and civilization, are nevertheless bound by a common language and common traditions.

"What is even of greater concern than this question of neighborhood is the question of the Arabs living in Palestine itself. What is to be the condition of these Arabs, whether Christians or Mohammedans, in the midst of Zion, and what attitude will the coming state hold toward them?"

The Arabs both within and without the Holy Land need have no apprehension of a Jewish state, says *Al-Mokattam*, the Arabic daily at Cairo, if this new state is under the British flag or, at the least, under British protection. It writes:

"By granting the Jews of all lands the assurance that their long-cherished hope will be realized, Great Britain has conferred upon them a right that nobody can dispute, so long as the British flag is hoisted in the East and the West and on land and sea. . . . The British Government, which is the champion of right and justice, has also granted similar assurances to two other nations, the Arabs and the Armenians. But there remains a question of paramount importance concerning the prospective Jewish state—a question which has been carefully handled by the wise and far-sighted Lord Rothschild—namely, the future relations of Arabs and Jews, and the duty imposed upon the Jews to take into consideration the interests of their neighbors. This is, indeed, a very intricate question, which requires most careful attention; for so long as men are men, their feelings, passions, and inclinations can not be disregarded. And it is no easy matter to fulfil the condition required by the British Government, unless guaranties be given for its maintenance."

The Cairo *Ahram* sounds the same note:

"Zionism has passed from the realm of aspiration to the realm of international politics, and while politicians have conceded to the Jews their long-cherished wish, they have also brought to their attention the many difficulties that face them, the first and most important of which is the question of their relations with their neighbors, and especially the Arabs and the Armenians, who have similar aspirations to those of the Jews, that is, the aspirations of all peoples who have long been opprest."

With the elimination of the Turk, the Jews and the Arabs will agree cordially in Palestine, in the view of the Cairo *Akhbar:*

"The Jews might have been content with Turkish rule, but the present war has shown them the undeniable truth of the incapacity of Turks and Germans to uphold Zionism and realize their national aspirations. It is for this reason that we have seen Jews in Cairo and Alexandria hold meetings and make demonstrations to show their perfect solidarity with the Allied cause. It is rather useless to add that the guiding principle in internal Turkish politics has always been 'Divide and rule.' That was the cause of the internal dissensions among the various communities living in Palestine. But this régime will surely end with the passing of Turkish sovereignty over that land, to be superseded by a new régime of mutual respect and confidence."

Al Omran, the Cairo Arabic monthly, publishes an interview between its editor and the Grand Rabbi of Egypt. At the interview this Jewish leader said:

"As for us Jews, we do not want Palestine for glory or wealth; our share of both, thank God, is quite ample: we were the first people to worship one God, and, besides that, our material riches are more than abundant. . . . I may also add that from a purely pecuniary point of view, we do not expect to gain more in the land of our fathers than we do in the many countries where we are dispersed; but we long for that land because God wants us to worship him there."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

HOW WE ARE FIGHTING THE SUBMARINE

THAT SOME "WIZARD" will suddenly abolish submarine warfare by a miraculous invention is highly improbable. It must be fought with all available methods, adapting them to the particular circumstances under which the enemy is met. We shall win by using ingenuity, good judgment, patience, and self-control. Courage goes without saying; and Americans have never lacked any of these qualities. The various ways of fighting the *U*-boat are described and illustrated by Joseph A. Steinmetz, president of the Aero Club of Pennsylvania and member of the Submarine Defense Association, in an address first printed in *The Journal of the Engineers' Club of Philadelphia*, and now issued in separate form as a pamphlet. Mr. Steinmetz first quotes the Secretary of the Navy as saying:

> "'The idea that the submarine will be overcome by a miraculous invention is not now seriously considered. The more intimate knowledge the civilian obtains on this subject, the more convinced he is that the submarines can be conquered by persistently hunting him down by the weapon of which he is most afraid. This is the armed service-boat, equipped with all the latest scientific devices and typified in the modern torpedo-boat destroyer. Foreign naval authorities have frankly stated their admiration of the degree of perfection of American designs.
>
> "'In regard to the protection of ships against torpedo attack, the undeniable evidence of recent months of submarine activity has demonstrated that the immunity of a vessel depends very largely on its speed and maneuvering ability. There is a possibility that some artificial means of protecting cargo-carrying vessels may be found practicable. In no other field have so many suggestions or so many duplicate inventions been presented to the Board.'
>
> "The Secretary said that the thought on submarine defense may be subdivided in three groups:
>
> "1. Any methods to accomplish the destruction of submarines, involving their detection and destruction after detection.
>
> "2. Means of avoiding submarine attack, involving instructions for merchant vessels, proper handling of vessels, camouflage, smoke-screens, and other confidential information known to American naval authorities.
>
> "3. Protection of ships against torpedo hits. . . . . . .
>
> "This subject, which is occupying the public mind as is no other, divides itself into a number of problems, the most important being the following:
>
> "(*a*) Means of discovering the approach of a hostile submarine and locating it so as to permit of prompt action for combating its attack.
>
> "(*b*) Protection of cargo-carrying ships by nets, guards, and screens.
>
> "(*c*) Protection through decreasing the visibility of vessels.
>
> "(*d*) Methods of destroying or blinding a hostile submarine.
>
> "(*e*) Mines, their use and control.
>
> "(*f*) Torpedoes, use and counter-defense."

Among means of discovery, the writer enumerates the aeroplane, which may be used not only for this purpose, but also for attack, the kite observation-balloon, towed from a battle-ship, sound-recording devices of various kinds, and many forms of telescopes and search-lights. He says:

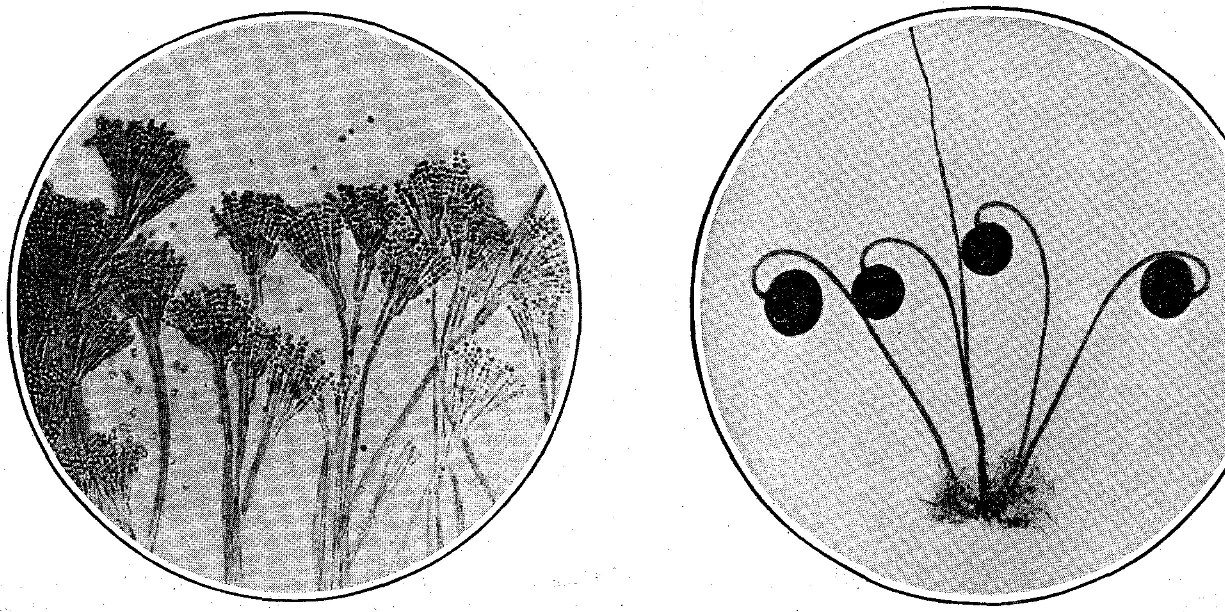
> "The fact that a moving torpedo leaves in its wake a stream of air-bubbles caused by the exhaust-air from its propelling engines offers, under favorable conditions, one means for discovering the approach of a torpedo. This evidence is, however, difficult to detect in a rough sea or at night, and, furthermore, the bubbles do not reach the surface of the water until after the torpedo has traveled toward its target a distance of from 50 to 200 feet. The war-head torpedo weighs approximately 2,500 pounds and travels about 10 to 15 feet below the surface of the sea at a speed of 25 to 40 miles.
>
> "We have a record of a British coastal dirigible, while flying in company with a convoy of merchantmen, having sighted the track of an oncoming torpedo and a moment later observed the crash of the explosion on the target. An enemy submarine, taking advantage of the state of the sea for concealment, had with great daring dived beneath the armed escort and boldly torpedoed her victim.
>
> "The weather was rough and rapidly getting worse; the dirigible picked up the torpedo wake and followed back along the dead-line to its source, and located the submarine as a dim green shadow stealthily submerged. The airship hovered over the sinister cigar-shaped form vaguely outlined, and released numerous depth bombs and destroyed the submarine."

Protection by nets or screens is very popular with inventors, but so far no device of this kind has met with practical success or with official approval. They are all heavy, hard to keep in place, unmanageable in a heavy sea, and interfere with speed, which in itself is a large element in the ability of a vessel to avoid submarine attack. In general the "torpedo-net" and its successors are something that naval men are trying not to develop, but to get rid of. Protection through invisibility is more practical. It takes two chief forms—the smoke-screen and camouflage by painting, with both of which the public is more or less familiar. The "fog-cloud" of steam and the low-visibility hull are devices of this class.

The submarine may be destroyed or blinded by the rapid-fire gun or the depth-bomb. The latter is in favor because its explosion is effective anywhere in the vicinity of the submarine, whereas the gun must make an actual hit, and the *U*-boat offers a small target. The submarine's periscope may in favorable circumstances be "blinded" by spreading heavy, black oil on the water, altho effective devices for nullifying this are said to be in use. Floating mines and ordinary torpedoes are, of course, effective when they can be brought to bear.

Why are not the submarines penned up, or destroyed, before they can get into the open? Speaking before the gallant and successful Zeebrugge and Ostend exploits, Mr. Steinmetz replied as follows:

> "The submarine bases are very strongly protected by land batteries, aeroplane observers, and large areas of thickly mined waters extending to such distances that the largest naval gun can not get within range of the bases. In spite of these protections, there is now going on a continuous attempt on the part of the Allied navies to entrap or otherwise defeat the submarines as they emerge from the protected areas. Nets are laid and as promptly removed by the enemy, whose trawlers are in turn attacked by our destroyers. The design of these nets and the detailed arrangement of their fastenings and attachments offer a broad field for invention, but it should be remembered that they must be capable of being used in waters in which there is a tidal current running from two to five miles per hour. Many suggestions for 'bottling up' these bases have been offered, but, as will be realized, it is not desirable to publish information which would indicate even in the smallest degree this country's plans.
>
> "Ambitious plans have been presented suggesting a great bomb-curtain sea-net, strung in sections miles long and pendent 200 feet deep, to close the North Sea from Scotland to the three-mile limit off the Norway coast.
>
> "The difficulties are stupendous and the cost would be tremendous, but many important engineers and the scientific and technical press express hopes that it will yet be done.
>
> "This great net would be float-supported, and at the cross-wires of the 20- to 30-foot meshes there would be attached explosive contact bombs to destroy any submarine that would nose in.
>
> "Many suggestions are made for ships of unusual form to



Illustrations by courtesy of "The Scientific American," New York.

PENICILLIUM GLAUCUM. RHYZOPUS REFLEXUS.

TINY WEEDS IN THE LIBRARIAN'S GARDEN, MAGNIFIED 100 TIMES.

provide for safety in case of a torpedo or mine exploding near or against the hull.

"The modern tank steamer used to carry fluid cargoes, such as petroleum products or molasses, is a good example of this design, which has been in general use for many years.

"The explosion of a near-by submarine mine or torpedo frequently tears great rents in the ship's plating, in some cases opening a jagged hole ten feet or more across, but the destructive effect on the hull of a ship caused by the explosion . . . may be greatly diminished by special hull construction.

"The incompressibility of water gives the required fulcrum to the explosion. . . . It, therefore, follows that the destructive effect would be minimized in direct proportion to the non-resistance of the fulcrum. To accomplish this desired result, an ingenious method is under patent which provides perforated pipe-line outlets parallel to the ship's keel and connected up to the high-pressure steam-line.

"Upon approach of a torpedo the steam is switched into the outlets and the rising zone of bubbles displaces the sea-water and creates a froth mass of reduced resistance tending to dissipate the force of the torpedo explosion.

"In making reference to various patents and applications of devices, it is only intended thereby to illustrate types and general methods that the engineer and inventor may know in part what has already been done. Even tho some of these references may be to the 40,000 misconceived devices examined and unused, they have been helpful to the national cause by the patent fees expended upon them and as guides and guards to the inventors yet unborn."

HOW LIGHTNING HELPS DRY THE EARTH—Many authorities recognize the fact that the earth is slowly losing its moisture. How this can occur is partially explained, we are told by C. F. von Herrmann, in *Science* (New York), by the action of electrical discharges in decomposing water vapor. One of the component gases, hydrogen, is very light and rises to the upper limits of the earth's atmosphere, where it is ultimately thrown off. This loss of hydrogen means in the long run a loss of water. The decomposition of the earth's moisture, with final loss, is also brought about by other agencies, notably the effect of the light-rays of the upper part of the spectrum. Mr. von Herrmann quotes a writer in *Umschau*, Dr. Karl Stoeckel, as saying:

"It is believed that the ultra-violet rays of sunlight which fall upon the water vapor suspended in the lower strata of the earth's atmosphere decompose a small part of it to produce hydrogen, which rises to great heights."

On this Mr. von Herrmann comments as follows:

"*I do not think it has been pointed out before that the earth's* surface must be continuously losing hydrogen through the decomposition of water vapor by every flash of lightning. Pickering and others have recognized the hydrogen lines in the spectrum of lightning, and the larger works on meteorology mention the fact that lightning flashes decompose some water. . . . The hydrogen formed by every lightning-flash rises rapidly to the upper atmosphere and is lost to the earth.

"Considering the frequency of thunder-storms during the summer season in both hemispheres and at all times in the equatorial regions, the loss of hydrogen in this way can not be considered as insignificant. As long as conditions upon the earth remain such as to render thunder-storms possible, the slow desiccation of the earth must continue."

BOOKS AS GARDENS OF WEEDS

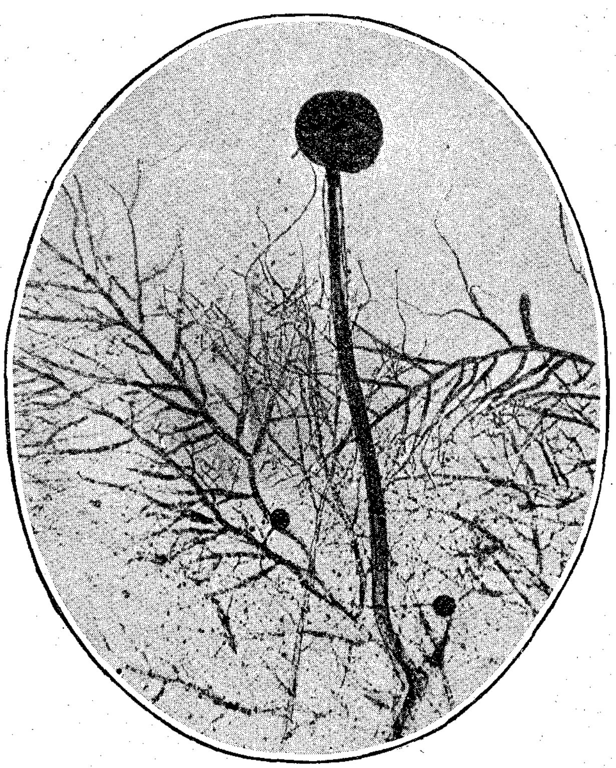
PLANTS THAT FLOURISH in books have been studied by Dr. Pierre See, who has recently told the Paris Academy of Sciences of his discoveries. The plants are varieties of mold-fungi of a low order. When crowded together they produce spots and blemishes on the leaves, which show the characteristic color of the fungi. The fact that these spots are due to microscopic vegetation was discovered more than thirty years ago by a Hungarian botanist, Jules Schaarschmidt, who scraped the surface of old paper money, and, transferring the deposit into a drop of water under a microscope, was able to establish the presence of plant growth. We quote from a descriptive article contributed to *The Scientific American* (New York, April 27) as follows:

"Dr. See has not been content with so superficial a glance. In observing closely, under high magnification, each spot of an old book or of a more recent volume which has been sojourning in a damp place, these are seen to be composed of two parts—a rather dark central nucleus, generally made up of the vegetative members technically known as the mycelium, and a lighter peripheral zone of more or less rounded contour, colored by the secretions of the fungus and ordinarily, through diffusion of the pigment, visible on both sides of the sheet. Likewise the molds are found in stages of vegetation varying widely according to the circumstances under which they have been living.

"Here, for example, is a book printed in 1913 and left for several months near a wet wall. If we turn the leaves, we observe in certain places on page 28 a greenish-yellow discoloration due to perfectly developed *Chætomium*. The spots on page 29 came from contact with the preceding ones when the book was closed. Continuing our indoor botanical expedition, we discover, upon certain pages, some rose-colored spots caused by *Fusarium*, while the tiny points scattered about the surface of the paper represent *Alternaria* reduced to a form of encysted preservation. Other species of book molds, like *Stachybotrys*, give spores which reveal themselves in the form of a black powder when the paper is torn. All these germs do not proceed from a late infection, but exist in the raw fibers of the paper-making material; for when we examine freshly manufactured paper, either by a direct light or by looking through it, we see here, too, spots of different forms, which are sometimes even sensible to the touch.

"When found upon ancient volumes dating several centuries back the lower fungi are dead and desiccated; they may then be differentiated by simple examination only in case it is a matter of *Chœtomium* or of *Acrostalagmus*, both of which leave a permanent characteristic spot. But if one herborizes in more recent volumes one will there discover mycelium elements still living and capable of developing into considerable areas.

"So Dr. See, a gardener of a new sort, has systematically cultivated mycelium collected from various sources. It is necessary to have his 'seeds' as aseptic as possible, under pain of seeing his small 'beds' overrun by all sorts of 'weeds' . . . common molds. For his cultures he uses various media—carrots or potatoes, licorice, gelatin, paper, or wood; and he keeps them in tubes, in boxes, and in other small 'greenhouses' of glass. Frequently he employs licorice roots, with the corky bark peeled off to lay bare the yellow sapwood whose tissues contain glycyrrhizin, a sweet substance very favorable to moldy growth. Before 'planting' he heats the culture in an autoclave to 120 degrees, maintaining this temperature for an hour, in order to kill the parasitic spores."



MUCOR MUXEDO—ANOTHER BOOK FUNGUS.

One hundred times life-size.

ELECTRIC HEAT UNECONOMICAL

WHERE COAL AND WATER-POWER are both available, the coal should be used for heating, while the water should operate power-plants. The idea that electricity can be used profitably for heating on a large scale is negatived by Arthur V. White, consulting engineer to the Canadian Conservation Commission, writing in *Industrial Canada*. At a meeting of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers, held in Toronto in March, the question of electric heating received considerable attention. As Mr. White figures it out, one cent will pay for 3,412 heat-units produced electrically and for 14,000 units from the combustion of coal. If his calculations are correct, the economic use of the electric current would seem to be undoubtedly in the development of power. Writes Mr. White:

"In the city of Toronto there are about 80,000 homes which, during the winter months, consume an average of about ten tons per home—thus making a total consumption of 800,000 tons of anthracite. The total consumption is probably nearer 900,000 net tons, but we shall make the allowance of about 100,000 tons for cooking and other special heating purposes used outside the winter months.

"Now, to supply from electrical energy the heat equivalent of the 800,000 tons of anthracite, at the time of the maximum rate of consumption and on the basis of 50 per cent. recovery, there would have to be available, at a conservative estimate, 1,500,000 electrical horse-power.

"If we take the population of Ontario at 2,500,000 and apply the same average fuel consumption as has just been taken for Toronto, there would have to be available no less than 7,500,000 electrical horse-power to heat the homes of Ontario during the coldest weather.

"For purpose of further illustration, it may be assumed that a low maximum demand of electrical energy to heat an eight- or nine-roomed house in Ontario, such as would ordinarily use nine to ten tons of anthracite coal for the winter season, would be from fifteen to twenty horse-power—it would probably be nearer thirty horse-power, and, under certain conditions, would be a still greater quantity.

"Considering, then, the 80,000 homes on the basis of approximately twenty horse-power, we derive, again, about 1,500,000 horse-power as the estimated electrical requirement for simply heating the homes of Toronto. This takes no account of lighting, other heating, or power demands. It should be noted that the figures here presented are conservative, and doubtless the quantities required might be substantially greater.

"Now, taking the 2,000,000 tons of bituminous coal used annually in Toronto, and assuming that 500,000 tons of this are used for heating, we would require nearly an additional 1,000,000 horse-power of electrical energy to replace this half-million tons, so that in reality our estimate of the heating requirements for Toronto—and this takes no account of power requirements—becomes 2,500,000 horse-power.

"Again, if we assume that of the bituminous coal 1,500,000 tons are used for power purposes to produce power generated from steam, under conditions which would probably require some fifteen or twenty tons—it may even be thirty tons—of coal per horse-power year, then about 50,000 to 75,000 electrical horse-power would replace for power purposes the power developed from one and a half million tons of bituminous coal.

"We have here simply been illustrating our argument from conditions appertaining to a community like Toronto.

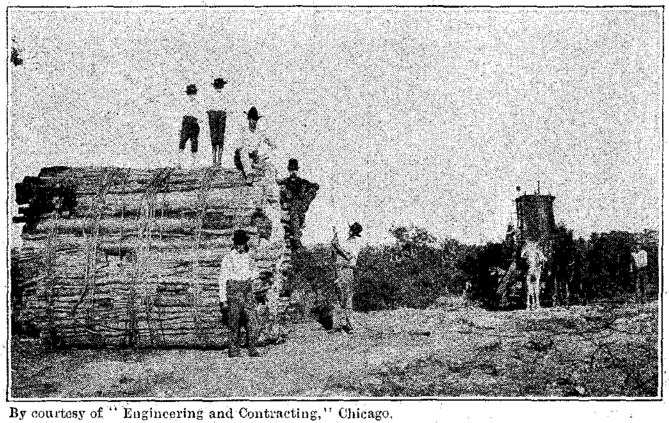
"Canada uses annually about 4,500,000 tons of anthracite coal, of which we shall assume 4,000,000 tons are used during the winter months. On the basis of the assumption just presented—viz., that it would take 1,500,000 horse-power, at a time of maximum demand, to supplant the heat now derived from 800,000 tons of anthracite—Canada, to replace the 4,000,000 tons of anthracite coal, would require to have available 7,500,000 electrical horse-power.

"Electricity is being used to a considerable extent for cooking and other domestic purposes. Such uses will doubtless increase. It is estimated that if, at the present time, Toronto were to do its cooking by electrical ranges, it would require electrical energy to be available at a demand rate of 225,000 horse-power. Probably, this quantity could be reduced by change in diversity factor with such a large connected load.

"If electrical energy is to be used wholesale, then it is more efficiently employed for power purposes; and the fuel, such as coal, oil, gas, etc., is more profitably employed directly for heating purposes. The total estimated potential water-power of Ontario is about 6,000,000 horse-power, and of Quebec the same amount. The development in each province is about 750,000 horse-power. If the electrical energy already developed in the whole of Canada, amounting to about 1,800,000 horse-power, were all available for heating it would prove insufficient to replace the fuel used in Ontario by but half a million of its population."

THE MIND OF THE SAVAGE

IS A SAVAGE mentally inferior to a civilized man? "Perhaps," answers Ellsworth Faris, of the University of Iowa, writing in *The American Journal of Sociology* (Chicago), "but if so, it will have to be proved on other grounds than those formerly held sufficient. The old arguments are discredited." The old sources of error, as stated by this writer, are, the assumption that all persons who are different must be inferior, unwarranted generalization from isolated instances, acceptance of the point of view of ignorant travelers, the tendency of a native to invent an explanation rather than confess ignorance, and, finally, ignorance of language and its correlative knowledge; for the writer assures us that familiarity with civilized languages may entirely incapacitate a scholar for making inference from the languages of savage tribes. Many are the mistakes that have been made by scholarly students of savage customs; in many cases, Mr. Faris thinks, just because they have been scholarly. He writes:



By courtesy of "Engineering and Contracting," Chicago.

A 35-TON BLOCK OF GRANITE WHICH WAS ROLLED EIGHT MILES.

"The emotional life of the uncivilized peoples has been written about with a great deal of assurance by many anthropologists. The older view was that primitive men, being midway between man and brute, were characterized by a sort of activity more nearly like primitive reflex action. They were less highly evolved, and therefore less able to have emotions connected with the more remote possibilities. They were supposed to be impetuous, like children, noisy, excitable. And yet we were able, on the Kongo, to write contracts for a year at a time and keep large numbers of servants and workmen constantly employed with as little trouble among the laborers as we would expect to encounter here at home. They were said to be characterized by improvidence and a lack of the feeling of ownership, but the Kongo natives eat cassava as the principal article of breadstuff, and this requires fully nine months in which to mature—quite as long as wheat and longer than any other of our ordinary foodstuffs.

"The inhibition of impulses is supposed to be one of the best indexes of mentality. Feeble-minded children are unable to choose between two offered objects, because they can not apparently suppress the impulse to seize the nearer. The savage has been said to be under the same limitation. And yet it is altogether probable that he would be the first to accuse the white men whom he knows of just this fault. The white man comes into the tropics with exaggerated ideas of the importance of getting things done on schedule. When people do not move as fast as he wishes he often loses control of himself and raves and fumes quite like a spoiled child. The African would be able to insist that it is the white man who has no control of himself.

"The tabus of savage life are many and complex. They are habitually well observed. And when it is remembered that the tabus are prohibitions on practises that are attractive and which the agent wishes to engage in, it will be seen that it requires some mastery of the impulses to be able to resist.

"As to imitativeness, it is not at all apparent that the savage is more imitative than others. We adopt the ways of the people in the group which we admire and which we are trying to attain to, but with the ways and methods of another group we do not concern ourselves. The savage will adopt a new garment of civilization when he has commenced to admire the group of civilized men with whom he has been associated, but there are many irreconcilables in every group of primitive people who flatly refuse to touch any of the accursed foreigner's things. . . .

"The most positive statements of the psychology of the savage have been made with reference to his reasoning power. It seems a very natural and defensible conclusion that, since exact science, as we know it, does not exist among them, they have an inferior ability in reasoning. At least they lack a sufficiently developed reasoning faculty to meet the needs of their life.

"It will, of course, be apparent that the modern experimental method which originated with Galileo and his generation did not originate independently among the present-day savages. But the power of forming hypotheses to account for difficulties is as readily observed among them as among us.

"The quantitative conceptions have entered but slightly into their life. Cloth is measured by fathoms, the outstretched arms of the seller sufficing for a measure, but there is no measure of weight. The volume of oil that is sold is measured by the potful, but there is no rigid standard of size. . . . . . .

"The hypothesis that has been forming, therefore, in recent years concerning the mind of so-called primitive man, meaning the uncivilized races of the present day, is that in native endowment the savage child is, on the average, about the same in capacity as the child of civilized races. Instead of the concept of different stages or degrees of mentality, we find it easier to think of the human mind as being, in its capacity, about the same everywhere, the difference in culture to be explained in terms of the physical geography, or the stimuli from other groups, or the unaccountable occurrence of great men. But this is only a hypothesis. It has not been proved. It may well be that differences in anatomical structure can be correlated with differences in mental capacity. One would suppose that the size or weight of the brain could be so correlated. The difficulty is in finding a crucial test. To measure the achievements of the tribes in their own habitat is inconclusive, and to import youths into our schools is to fail to isolate the years of childhood which recent psychology considers the most potent in their influence on the after-life."

Much light could be thrown on the problem, the writer believes, by going to the villages and making detailed mental and physical tests. A little was done with the natives who were at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904, but the tests were inconclusive because these natives were too few and selected on the wrong principle, and because the tests were merely for sense-organ acuity, vision, color-blindness, and auditory ability. The investigators were ignorant of the language and had to rely on interpreters or the use of "pidgin English." We read in conclusion:

"If an expedition could be made to the equatorial Kongo in charge of one who could speak the language readily and who was also trained in psychological technique, and if records could be obtained of the mental and physical ability of, say, one thousand or fifteen hundred properly distributed individuals, it would be possible to be far more positive on the general question than we are at the present time. Some thought of organizing such an expedition has recently been indulged in, and the plans were outlined in detail in the early part of 1914, but the outbreak of the war postponed everything. When peace comes, it may be that funds can be secured and the expedition conducted, and if so it will be possible to write with much more certainty concerning the mind of primitive man."

ROLLING A GRANITE BLOCK—A novel method of transporting a thirty-five-ton block of Texas granite to the railroad is described and illustrated in *Engineering and Contracting* (Chicago). Says this paper:

"The quarry from which this granite was taken is situated eight miles from the town of Llano, the nearest railroad-station. A poor road and weak bridges connected the two. Furthermore, there were no wagons in the vicinity capable of handling this weight, so that it was decided that the only practical method of transporting the stone was to roll it to the railroad. This was done by tying small logs to the stone with wire rope, which acted as a tire and as protection to the block. The motive-power was supplied by an engine mounted on a truck which followed the path of rock. The block was moved forward by unwrapping a wire rope which had been previously wrapt around it, by winding the other end on the drum of the engine. The friction between the block and the rough road prevented it from traveling faster than desired down the grades. Several streams were crossed, but no unusual difficulty was experienced. When the block reached its destination it was finished to size seven feet square by 10 feet before being placed on the railroad-car. Its final resting-place is the Terry Ranger Monument on the Capitol grounds in Austin, Texas."

TELEPHONING TO A TRAIN

A SUCCESSFUL TEST of telephone communication between a train-dispatcher's office and a moving train has recently been made by the Canadian Government. This has been accomplished before, but the present device embodies some features that are said to make it usable in a practical way. The track is used as the conductor, and the electrical current reaches the moving train through its wheels. The test, as described in *Railway and Locomotive Engineering* (New York, May), was made between Moncton and Humphrey's station, New Brunswick, on the Canadian Government Railways. The apparatus was devised by a New York firm and a representative of the United States Government was present. Communication was set up not only between the dispatcher and the train, several miles away, but between the conductor and the engineer of the same train, and it is declared feasible to make a moving train a regular station on the lines of a city telephone exchange. Says the authority named above:

"During the test, which was very complete, the conversations were carried on between the moving train and the dispatcher's office in a clear and distinct manner.

"The engine was cut off from the car and proceeded a mile down the track by orders telephoned from the conductor to the engineer.

"The engine was then stopt by telephone orders from the conductor, who was on the car, and instructed to come back and couple up again. Then an order was given by the conductor to back up the train and take on the flagman, who had gone back to flag.

"Before backing up, a telephone message was sent to the dispatcher's office, asking if it was safe to back up, and the answer by telephone from the dispatcher was that this would be all right.

"After backing up to the flagman, the order was received from the dispatcher's office to go ahead to Humphrey's and cross over to the other track and come back to Moncton. Before reaching Humphrey's a second telephone-message was received from the dispatcher countermanding the previous order to cross over, but to return to Moncton on the same track, as the train was protected from the rear.

"All these instructions were transmitted by telephone from the dispatcher's office to the conductor on the car and by him transmitted to the engineer by telephone, while the car was running, showing that it is perfectly feasible to control a moving train by telephone from the dispatcher's office at a distant point.

"Communication was also established between the moving train and the city telephone service. The Canadian Government Railway officials express themselves as thoroughly satisfied with the practicability of the whole test, the equipment used, and the highly important work which was then, and can always be done by this means, of reaching a train which is usually, under such circumstances, completely out of the range of control and entirely beyond help.

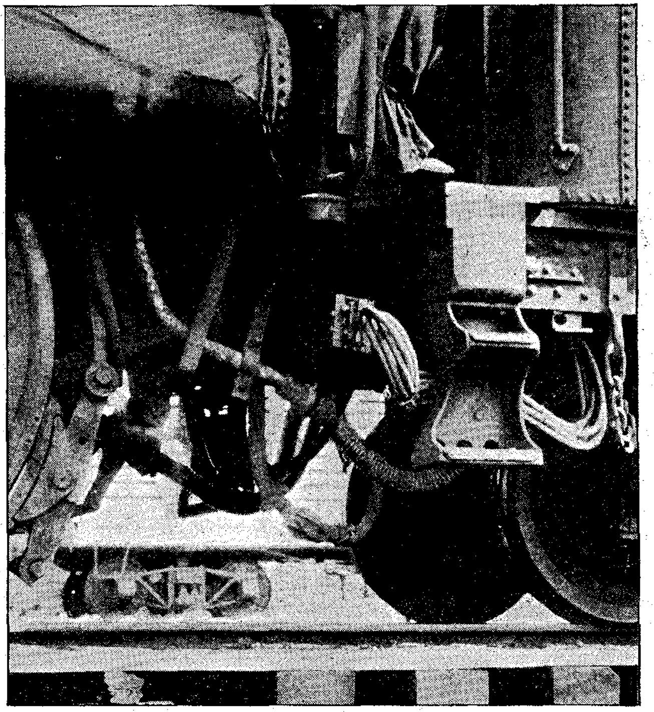
"Not only is the startling statement made, but it has been verified that communication is possible to establish between a moving train and the city telephone-service, which makes it possible for one to talk directly through the telephone in one's hotel-room to some one on a train one hundred miles away running sixty miles an hour."

The material used in installing the railway telephone is declared not to be at all costly, but to consist of standard goods found in any well-equipped electrical supply-house throughout the country and to be easily applicable. We read further:

"Telephone wires are attached to the front and rear trucks of any form of cars now in use on the various railroads. The wires are attached to the engine and to the tender. The voice-transmission takes place through the wheels and down to the rails, where it runs along and is picked up by the engineer, conductor, or dispatcher, whichever party the signal indicates the message is for.

"Just here a most interesting and exceedingly useful feature of the whole scheme of telephoning to a train by means of track circuit and wheels, axles, and train-wires should be mentioned. It is this: The block signal system divides the track into sections, and each section can be reached separately. In this country an accident might destroy a section or a 'block,' but the block on each side of the mutilated one could be reached by telephone, and a train in front or behind the wreck could be spoken to as if nothing had happened. This feature, excellent as it is for us, might be of priceless value in France, where the United States Government has miles of railway behind the Allied line.

"Here, mistake, inadvertence, or accident may destroy a sectional block of track, and we would find the telephone with this feature of the highest utility. Not so, in degrees of convenience only, in France. There the enemy of liberty, free thought, and strong development constantly endeavors to break the continuity of the line. If evil fortune permits him, with some high explosive, to destroy a 'block' of track, he but hampers a bit of the line, because the telephone can reach trains on either side of the damaged portion. Thus are those who have enslaved science and made her work for ignoble ends, and prostituted the knowledge God has given us as a reward for hard labor and conscientious thought—these men are beaten at their own game by applied science, and it is from this country that the new thought and impulse come.



By courtesy of "Railway and Locomotive Engineering," New York.

THE TELEPHONE CONNECTION BETWEEN ENGINE AND TENDER.

It is now possible "to talk directly through the telephone in one's hotel room to some one on a train one hundred miles away running sixty miles an hour."

"It is not for us to prescribe a course of action to the Government or to say that this or that remedy is infallible. We offer this suggestion, however, that the Government look into this whole matter of telephone connection to a moving train and the adjunct that goes with it, of reaching trains separated by an impassable area, or trains in distress, or those that as they proceed may pick up information priceless to the Army.

"If not used here at present, the telephone will some day be so used, but its utility for military lines looks to us to be of the highest value to-day, when freedom stands with its back against the wall fighting for the right."

WAR-TIME-FOOD-PROBLEMS

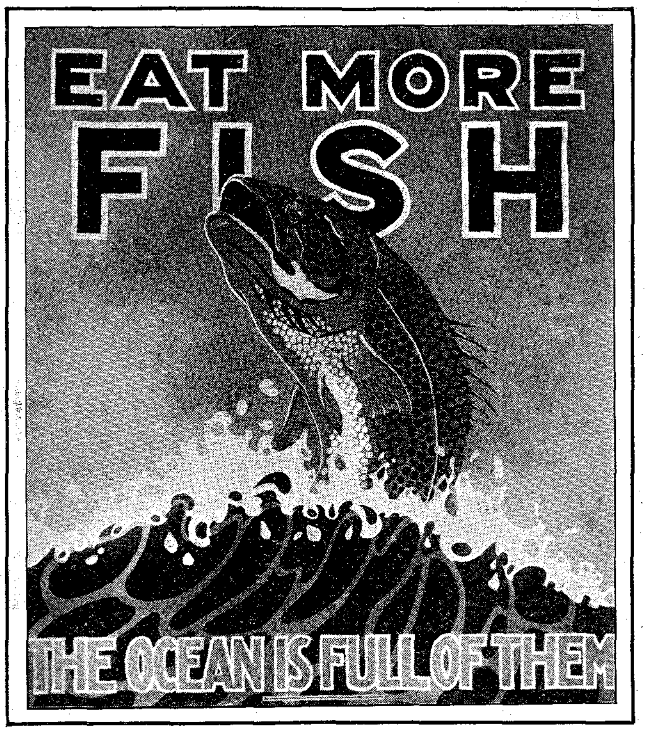
Prepared for THE LITERARY DIGEST by the UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION,
and especially designed for High School Use

THE FISHING INDUSTRY TO-DAY

WHENEVER ANY WRITER, in any age, has wished to give an idea of vast numbers, numbers too vast to be exprest by figures, he has always fallen back on one of five comparisons: the stars of the sky, the leaves of the forest, the sands of the shore, the birds of the air, or the fish of the sea.

One would be hard put to it to say which of these indicates the highest number; but certainly the fish of the sea deserve to be called "innumerable." There have been cases where a ship has sailed for over twenty-five miles through waters the surface of which was literally alive with fish, *of one variety only.* And when you stop to think that this was but one small group of fish among all those which roam and school in both surface and bottom areas, it is easy to understand how impossible it is that commercial fishing should dangerously deplete our total supplies of edible salt-water fish.

Such is the great natural storehouse of fish. One of the food-problems in these war-days, therefore, is to tap the resources of the sea and bring to our tables an adequate supply of sea-food.


EAT MORE
FISH
THE OCEAN IS FULL OF THEM

SEASONAL SUPPLIES—In the previous article it was explained that edible fish are of two classes—migratory and ground fish, so called because they inhabit and are caught in different sea areas. The very name "migratory" gives an indication of the habits of that class of fish. During the winter months these migratory fish leave the shore waters and do not return till late spring. That is the reason why, from December to May, such deservedly popular varieties as mackerel and bluefish are not to be caught. They are simply not to be found, any more than one ordinarily finds a hibernating animal during the winter months.

With the varieties of ground fish the case is somewhat different. During the winter months such ground fish as cod and haddock are still to be caught. But it is out of the question to keep such catches up to spring and summer levels, for the very simple reason that the storms and intense cold of winter make it humanly impossible to undertake fishing on the same scale as in the warm-weather months.

Such matters, then, determine what is called the seasonal supply of fish. In brief, all northern varieties of migratory fish are not available to capture between December and May, but the consumer may purchase frozen the surplus catch of the mild-weather months. Ground fish, on the other hand, may be had fresh caught all the year round, but in winter the available supply is necessarily somewhat curtailed.

HANDICAPS AND REMEDIES—With the entry of this country into the war, the normal channels of fish-supply and distribution immediately became somewhat obstructed. This was in considerable measure due to the diversion of men and vessels from the fishing trade to active war-service. It was a not unnatural consequence of the war, for our naval operations immediately felt the need of both trawlers and shore vessels and the fishermen who had manned them. Such a happening was altogether to be expected, but at the same time it necessarily resulted in diminishing, for the time being, the resources essential to keeping up a large fish-supply to this country. That was one great reason for a shortage in the supply of salt-water fish last winter and early this spring.

But already conditions have improved materially. It is true many trawlers were taken out of the fishing business. But new trawlers have been, and are being, built. And to-day, because of the fact that our fishing ports have begun to offer free admission to Canadian vessels, a number of Canadian trawlers are bringing their catches to our markets. Added to this is the probability that some Scandinavian trawlers may soon be acquired for use on this side of the Atlantic.

All these changes tend to increase the fish-supply. And there is still another. For many years a number of our coastwise States, especially along the Atlantic, have had certain laws restricting the possible maximum catch of migratory fish. These laws were directed sometimes against non-residents, sometimes against certain kinds of fishing gear. Occasionally they stipulated certain closed seasons on some fishes.

THE FUTURE OUTLOOK—All these reasons contribute to the probability that there will be increased supplies of fish available to the public during the coming months. And any such abundance, altho modified by our increased demands, will, from the nature of all trade, produce a tendency to reasonable prices on most of the varieties.

Of course, fish is by nature to be classed among the most highly perishable of all the food-products. And for that reason it is dependent upon well-ordered transportation facilities if the fish markets of the country, and particularly the small cities and towns, are to be abundantly supplied with fish which the public can buy at reasonable prices. Whereas our meat-supplies are transported largely in car-load shipments and originate almost entirely from the few large packing centers, our fish supplies must come from hundreds of relatively small fishing districts in far-flung fishing areas and from scores of minor distributing markets. Also many of the finest varieties of salt-water fish are comparatively small in size, delicate in flesh fibers, highly perishable. They will not stand extended transportation and must be distributed and consumed within a relatively short radius of the district in which the fish are captured. The natural consequence of all these difficulties is that over 75 per cent. of the total fish-production is transported in less than car-loads and largely by express shipments.

Accordingly, any such abnormal transportation conditions as existed often in the past year would be liable to have an unfavorable effect both upon supplies of fish and retail prices.

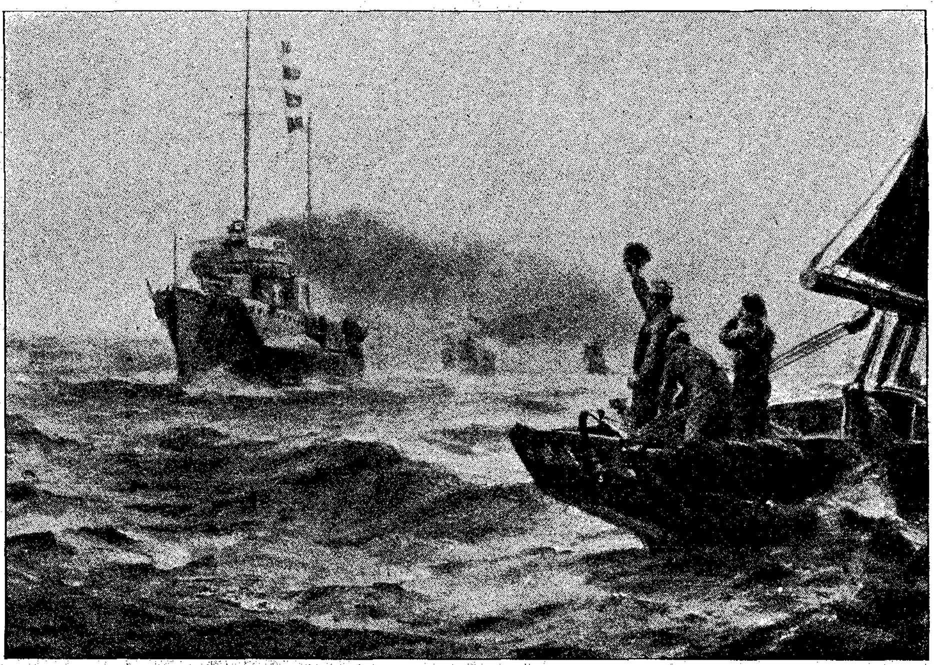
THE PUBLIC'S DUTY—The licensing system (fully described in THE LITERARY DIGEST of December 8, 1917) as applied to wholesale distributers of fish has worked well. The difficulties which led to the decrease of fish supplies in the past have many of them been removed or made less obstructive. The fish-supply bids fair to be more abundant in the future, and such abundance should influence prices toward levels which are not unreasonable.

"You must catch your fish before you eat it." Very true. *But if the fishing industry of this country does its part in catching the fish, and supplying it at fair prices, it becomes the public's duty (and privilege) to eat it, now more than ever before.*

LETTERS - AND - ART

WAR-ART IN ENGLAND

ONLY THE SPANIARD GOYA could properly paint war; anything in the frightful drama now being enacted that should be depicted with a less "mordant" brush would be an anticlimax. This, in view of the pictures presented in the British Royal Academy, is the conviction of Mr. Egan Mew, the critic, who writes in the London *Bystander*. But the Royal Academy is a British institution and, like all such, is invariable. It opens its doors with the regularity of the seasons. May would as soon think of not putting forth its swallows, whatever might be happening on the Western Front. Paris has this year awakened to the possibility of reviving her annual exhibition, but the "Salon" is only held in the Petit Palais instead of the prewar Grand Palais, with its miles of canvases. Lacking a Goya, Mr. Egan Mew would prefer to forego art dealing with the battle-field, for, as he says, "to paint the trivial incidents of the movements of doomed men, to depict with artistic cunning the movements of victory or defeat, to attempt the anecdote, seem to me now, and always, to belittle the preposterous cataclysm of the shock of arms." But he settles back with the wearied reflection, "the public of all ages have always demanded such a sort of picture from their painters, and this year artists give freely of subjects connected with the outward showing of the war, but hardly of the awful spirit with which it is inspired." The London *Times* is hardly more satisfied with the picture that forms the focal point of interest this year; but sees another that merits perhaps some of the praise that Mr. Mew would bestow only upon Goya:



"HAIL, COLUMBIA!"

In the Royal Academy Exhibition Mr. B. F. Gribble thus celebrates the first appearance of American destroyers in European waters as participators in the war.

"First there is Mr. F. O. Salisbury's panel for the Royal Exchange, 'The King and Queen Visiting the Battle Districts in France.' It is hung in the place of honor in the large gallery, and people shrug their shoulders as they pass it, meaning thereby that one must expect such things to be painted, and displayed in the Royal Exchange. But that is mere fatalism misapplied. Art is not the weather; it is a product of the will of man; and there is no reason why the artist or the public should will such things. Mr. Salisbury might have given us a splendid parade picture, or a reality; he has done neither, but produced something like a scene on the stage acted by bad actors. Perhaps that was demanded of him; but if so, the demand should be changed. We are all made more serious by the war, and our seriousness ought to find some expression in our art.

"The other picture is Mr. Walter Bayes's 'Under World,' a scene in a tube during a raid. A few years ago so large a picture, painted and conceived thus, would have been impossible in the Academy; and now it makes all the other pictures in the room look like chromolithographs. And why? Because, tho it has obvious faults, it is something really conceived and really painted. The figures are drawn, in paint, not to look like people as one sees them in a tube when one is bored with mankind, but to express the strangeness of the event, the *malaise*, the strained nerves, the queer contrasts. It will tell posterity, not how one particular tube looked at a particular moment during an air-raid to a commonplace observer, but how people's minds were affected by it. And this expression of the essential results, as it always must, in beauty. Look, for instance, at the group on the right, a woman, half-undrest, leaning over a baby. There is a sudden, surprizing tenderness in it. We congratulate the Academy on having hung the picture."

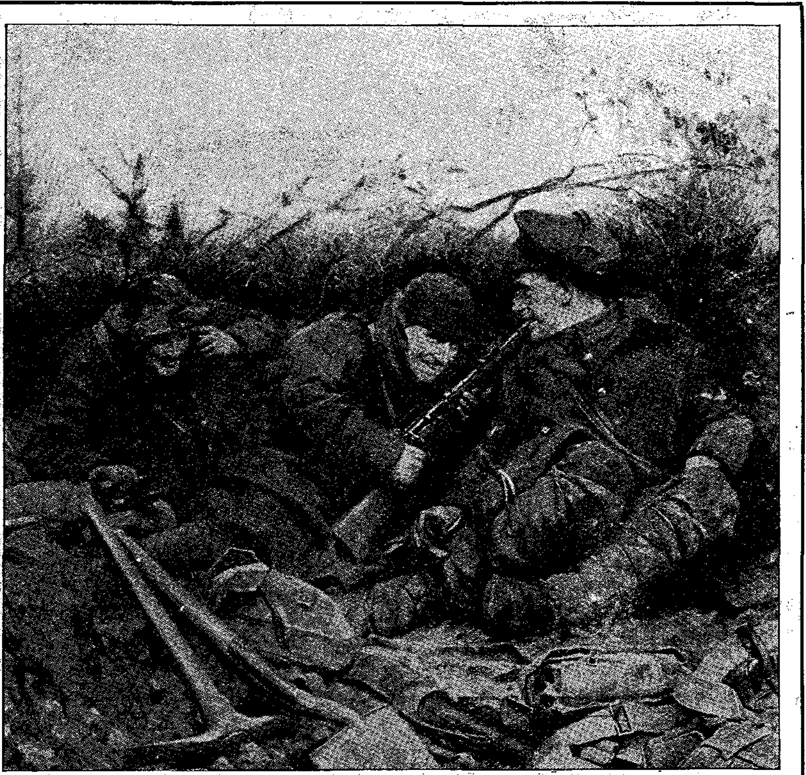
The Ally as well as the enemy is not overlooked in the subjects of the present Academy show. Mr. Bernard Francis Gribble sends a picture called "Hail, Columbia!" which "depicts the first division of American destroyers to arrive in European waters." Then, Mr. Francis Barrand, in "Officers and Gentlemen," shows, as *The Westminster Gazette* (London) puts it, "Junkerdom in a French château, a just requital for the absurd pictures popular in 1870 of Prussians displaying all the domestic virtues in similar circumstances." The same journal notices an exhibition in another gallery of war-pictures by William Rothenstein, who visited the Fifth Army "just in time to record his impressions of the Somme battle-field before the German eruption a month ago, a circumstance that gives to his exhibition of paintings a peculiarly moving and melancholy interest." We read:

"It was a fortunate choice that sent an artist of so delicate a susceptibility to paint these scenes of ruin that already seemed to have taken to themselves a mellow aspect of antiquity and remoteness from the present violence of war. This, at any rate, is the aspect in which Mr. Rothenstein saw them. He has brought back from the old Péronne front an image of war that is infinitely valuable because it presents the emotions of an observant and sensitive spirit unaffected by preconceptions of violence. The impression of tranquillity produced by these pictures may seem paradoxical until it is realized that material destruction obeys its own laws of harmony, and that where violence has passed peace and dignity reassert themselves through its very agency. Other artists who have been to the front have given us pictures of war more vivid and more turbulent. Mr.

Rothenstein can not but see the abiding promise of the future in the devastation of the present. It is an admirable thing that we should be able to gain this dual consciousness of war through the eyes of artists, and we may be glad that they do not lay on poetry and romance with a trowel, as the painters of old wars did, but that they give us instead a heightened consciousness of reality raised to tragic and noble issues. Mr. Rothenstein's pictures are mostly of ruined churches and farms, of great guns disguised like serpents, of the tumbled confusion of shattered streets. He is a delicate colorist, and the exposed inner walls of buildings provide him with agreeable effects. Some fine drawings of Indian officers and troopers are interesting examples of sympathetic portraiture, drawn with a finely sensitive line."

THE FAULT IN GERMAN BOYS' BOOKS

"SPIKING THE CATCHER is Germany's way of playing the game." Such a phrase probably needs no explanation to the thousands and more who are wondering if General Crowder's mobilization order is going to put an end to baseball by taking all the professional players. If that is done we are not likely to lose our ideals of sportsmanship; but Germany, it appears, never had any, and so, in Mr. William Heyliger's baseball phrase, she "can't understand why the bleachers are jeering at her when she tries to steal home by spiking the catcher." Mr. Heyliger is a writer of boys' books and understands the psychology of the genus for which he ministers. German writers, he charges, have provided no special literature for boys and have inculcated in them no ideals of sport, hence it is easy to understand how she finds willing subjects in her manner of conducting war. Mr. Heyliger made a recent speech before the Booksellers' Convention in New York and created a special impression by his interpretation of Germany's misdeeds. While it may not cover the whole case, it is regarded as "none the less sufficient so far as it goes, and supported by the facts." Mr. Heyliger's words are reported in the Boston *Transcript* by a writer who later sought him out for further observations on the same theme. He told the booksellers:



THE ROYAL ACADEMY ANECDOTAL PICTURE.

The title, "Got 'Im," to the picture painted by Alfred Priest, suggests a gruesome reality back of the source of the Tommy's hilarity.

> "Men whose experience with boys has been broad and deep say that if the fundamental truths of honor and fair play are to be presented to boys, they must be interpreted in terms the boys can understand. They understand school, they understand their sports. If a writer, through the thrill and tension of a story, can make them see the meanness and the taint and the tarnish of a victory without honor, is it not fair to suppose that they will carry this ideal with them through life? . . . Consider for a moment that Germany has no national sport. Consider that German boys have no books dealing with fair play and with boyish standards of honor in competition. Perhaps this is why Germany to-day stands convicted of the foulest crimes against decency and fair play. The Anglo-Saxon cry of 'a fair field and no favor' has no counterpart in the German tongue. Perhaps we would be dealing with a different Germany if German boys had been taught that a crooked victory was something to be despised, and if their juvenile literature had driven that lesson home to them."

When Mr. Heyliger was sought out by James Walter Smith for further reflections he displayed his penchant for baseball in the frequency with which the "fan lingo" came into his talk:

> "You see this war, to me, is just like a game of baseball. But it's a game in which the two teams are not properly matched. The one team is playing the game fairly and squarely—out to win according to the decent rules of the game. The other is out to win at any price. They have no conception of fair sport. And they're up to all sorts of foul play. The only thing that can be said in their favor is that they don't know any better. They haven't been trained to understand the spirit of fair play.
>
> "It would have been different if the German boys of the past had had a juvenile literature. But they didn't have it. And they have no boys' sports. No doubt there are some Germans at the front to-day who have a knowledge of tennis and golf, but they are a limited number. Besides, I don't mean tennis and golf and such like sports. I mean sports like baseball and football and cricket, in which American and English boys begin to take an interest from the moment they begin to walk. The Germans have never had these. They don't know what boys' games mean. The only thing in which they are trained to take an interest from their youth is athletics. The *Turnverein* is their only place of exercise. The object, of course, is obvious. It is to turn men into fighters. It is the glorification of muscle, the adoration of the brute man.
>
> "Oh, yes, there is a sport. It's dueling. But what a sport! I don't know what the conditions are at the present time—whether the authorities sanction dueling or not. But I do know that in the past every German boy when he gets out of the primary school looks forward to the day when he will fight his first duel, and get a slash across his face. You know the pictures of those bandaged cheeks. They are emblematic of the Germany before the war—the scarred, cut face of Germany, just as the scarred, cut face of Belgium is the emblem of Germany of this day."

German boys, of course, read books, but they are books on heroes and legends, "all conducing to hero-worship." There is nothing in any of these, so Mr. Heyliger charges, which "can lead the German boy to a proper understanding that life is something better than a display of physical prowess." Contrariwise:

> "In Anglo-Saxon countries our boys start with a different conception of life. They get this through their books and their games. A great deal of it comes through baseball and cricket. Every American boy, for instance, knows that baseball must be played cleanly—that there's no fun in winning a foul game. In football he knows that if he fouls, it isn't he who's punished. It's his whole side that pays the penalty. This makes him understand that the team-work must be clean as well as himself individually. The Germans have no conception of this sort of thing. It's because they haven't the games, and don't know the underlying rules of fair sport as practised by others. Even

among the Germans who learn baseball in this country it's very difficult at first to make them understand the unplayed inning in a nine-inning game. They can't understand that the last half of the ninth is often unplayed, not because it would be no use to play it anyway, but more because the victors have no desire to rub in the defeat of their opponents.

"I have heard it said that you can't play a game of golf or tennis with a German without being up against petty deceptions or tricks. They seem to love to cheat. I don't know about that. But I do know that cheating is one of the things that every red-blooded American boy who plays American games, and reads good juvenile literature, quickly learns to avoid. The boy learns that any unfair advantage in a game is tabu—that all the fun of the game is in the hot clash of wills, the struggle to gain an entirely honorable victory over an adversary. The German starts the game, as I have said, with a different idea. It's 'get home' with her, even if you spike the catcher at the plate."

It's a different psychology that seems planted in the German, and even aviation, with all Germany's successes, hasn't brought in to her the "honorable side of the game." We have plenty of evidence of the truth of this charge:

"Look at the crimes she's committed—crimes against the fair name of sport. Look at the times she has left sailors to drown after attack by submarine. The cases are too numerous to mention. All due to the fact that the Germans have not been brought up to give the other fellow a fair chance. Do you remember that Santiago story of years ago about the Spanish sailors who were going down with their ship? Our jackies were just on the point of giving a cheer of victory when the captain said: 'Don't cheer, boys. Those fellows are dying!' Well, a German wouldn't begin to understand that. It wouldn't begin to get beneath the skin of his psychology.

"I must admit that, when aviation began to play such an important part in the war, I thought I detected a change in the German attitude of sportsmanship. You see, aviation was a new game—to both Germans and their opponents. It was not a game in which rules learned long years beforehand could enter into consideration—when human action could be directed by them. So, when the German aviator, Boelcke, wrote that letter home to his father telling of the heroism of an English airman who, helpless and out of the fight, was trying to stabilize his machine by standing out on the framework, I thought I saw the first sign of a German conscience in sport. But, no; it was a wish father to the thought. Later came out the story that when Boelcke saw his helpless opponent, he swooped down upon him and sent him to his death. If there is a moral in this record it must be remembered in connection with those fine stories of the tributes which British airmen have paid to their enemies, and, in particular, to the wonderful story of Richthofen's death and the ceremonies over his grave. These stories could never have been written had not the British been brought up on the playing-fields in the spirit of fair-play.

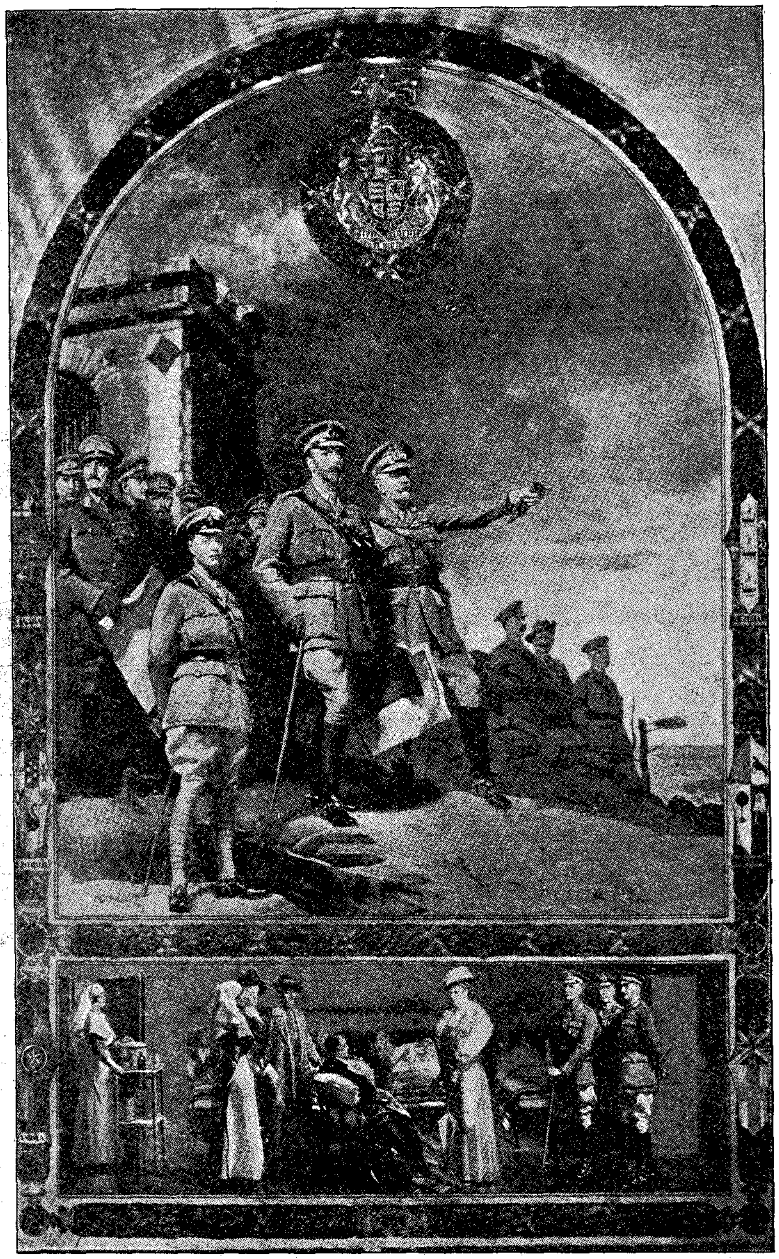
"Germany can't see it—simply can't see it. If she could, the world would get the benefit. So the whole game must go on to the finish—fair play against foul—until Germany is shown that her sort of game is not worth the effort and the price."

Of the writer who is here quoted we learn:

"William Heyliger is a well-known boys' writer. Not a German, tho his name is. Born in New Jersey—lives in New Jersey. During the past seven or eight years has written a number of clean boys' stories. Among them 'Bartley, Freshman Pitcher,' 'Bucking the Line,' 'Captain of the Nine,' 'Strike Three,' 'Off Side,' 'Against Odds,' and several others. His titles show where he gets his inspiration—direct from the playing-fields of the American boy. And his books show that his inspiration is for the eternal good of the boy. At the heart of each of them are fair play and honor."

A LONELY WHITMANITE

IF OUR AMERICANISM is tested by the touchstone of Whitman, there isn't much of it to be found in books. One devotee, indeed, discovers all the attempts of our younger writers to write "Whitmanesque" to be only "pitiful." The real thing can't be done, he declares, and even "a respectable parody which suggests the Whitman manner" is impossible. The writer with a Whitmanic abbreviation of his first name is Bert Love, and he claims to speak from "a measurably extensive reading of Whitman and his self-accepted imitators ranging through more than a quarter of a century." In all that time he hasn't found one who "got" old Walt "either in manner or in spirit." He wails also that he has met only one face to face whom he could admit to that inner circle of the *cognoscenti*, and she is now dead. She was a New England woman, "soul-steeped in the old poetry and the new; herself a poet who never wrote a line in verse, but lived lyrics and epics." In *Reedy's Mirror* (St. Louis) we read more of her:



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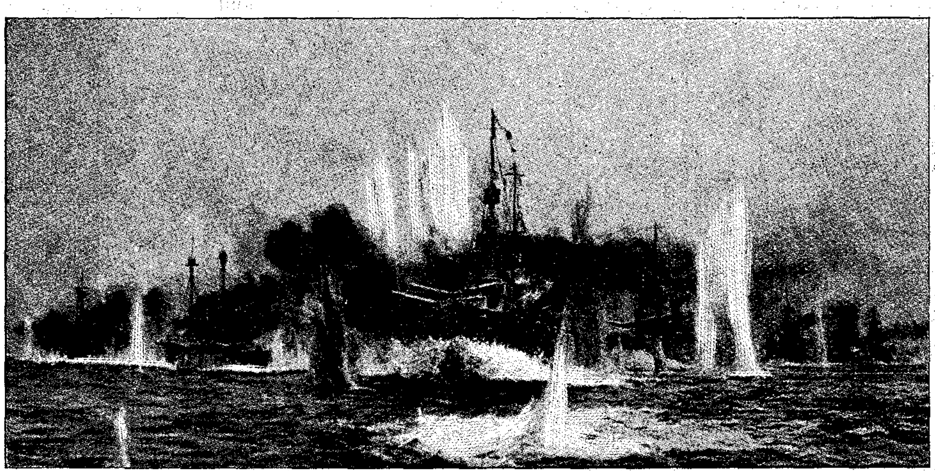
THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR.

The place of honor in the Royal Academy, London, this year is given to this representation of the visit of King George and Queen Mary to the battle districts of France. It was painted by Mr. Frank O. Salisbury for the Royal Exchange, London.

"A soul was hers unstained by vulgarities, not leashed to pruderies, but swinging free and virgin in the high firmament of human sympathies. Beyond any other person whom I have known, she knew Whitman and understood him. Vivid memories do I hold of her comradeship and of days in her truly hospitable home, always with a few of the worth-while books upon the library-table and in hand; of unforgetable hours there with Julia Ward Howe and Edward Everett Hale, two rare old persons who never aged; and of her appreciative account of the visit of dear old John Borroughs, of Slabsides, whose coming I missed. Both she and Burroughs being ardent Whitmanites, twin souls communed at that board and broke post-prandial bread of heavenly manna at the flaming fireplace.

"There was also a September Sunday afternoon when a small group of us, including this wide-minded New England woman, loafed upon a huge granite boulder left by some ancient glacier along the shore of the Thames River in Connecticut, one member of the party chanting the 'Song of the Open Road.' . . . When her husband, some years ago, wrote me that she was dead, a light faded out of the heavens, and the darkness seems dreary still. In all the world she was the only person I have known long and intimately who shared with me a passion for the real splendors of Walt Whitman; here and there a sporadic flash, but never otherwise the steady gleam."



"WINDY CORNER, MAY 31, 1916."

An incident perhaps better recalled in England, but carrying its obvious impression of war at sea. The canvas is by W. L. Wyllie, R.A., exhibited in the Royal Academy.

From New England Mr. Love went to New York and sought in editorial sanctums as well as the coast of Bohemia that skirts the famous confines of Greenwich Village. Much less did he find his Walt in the latter place, tho he sojourned with those who claimed to hold his memory embalmed:

"In New York I spoke of Whitman to a long-time editor, a man of much reading, and got a shock that stunned me; he was, in some respects, my best friend.

"'Too much sex stuff,' he said; 'what's the use?'

"I found that he had read only the 'sex stuff' in Whitman! Of the real Walt he knew nothing.

"In a large city of the Middle West the editor-in-chief of a long-established daily newspaper of national repute, a man who could quote long passages of the wonderful lyrics of Sidney Lanier from memory of their first reading years before, whose knowledge of poetry in the mass was much wider than the average in his profession, gave me another shock. I had quoted a bit of Walt to him, applicable to the point under discussion.

"'Do you read Whitman?' he demanded, turning upon me with a stare of accusation.

"'I do,' I confest, boldly; 'he is my Bible.'

"'Don't you know that Whitman had five illegitimate children?' he catapulted against me, then changed the subject.

"But the severest shock was reserved for a later time. There was of my acquaintance a young woman of superior physical charm and highly individualized mentality. She had won two or three university degrees. She went through books—even the dust-dry tomes in a law library—with devouring swiftness. She told me that in college she had had two passions—psychology and poetry. I hinted at Whitman.

"'Oh, I am so glad you know him!' she cried, 'for I want to know him myself; but I never have read Whitman.'

"Gallantry as well as the questing of my soul for a chum in Whitmaniac *camaraderie* constrained me to send her my 'Leaves of Grass' copy. A little later I found her sitting cross-legged upon a soft-seated divan, reading the 'sex stuff' in Walt! And she got no farther. She was no simpering and silly maiden, mind you, but a degreed and traveled woman of well-nigh thirty."

It was at the Walt Whitman Fellowship dinners that this Whitmanite met his saddest Waterloo:

"With the devoted and Boswellian Horace Traubel in command in the seat of the MacGregor—a zealous and a jealous conservator of Whitmania—present company remains unchummed save by the gentle wraith of the New England seeress who sat beside him at one of those feasts in the old Brevoort at the foot of Fifth Avenue until he, with Richard Le Gallienne, Michael Monahan, and another, was driven to the basement bar and to drink in protest of the drivel offered by some of the 'devotees.'

"'Yet no one doubts the sincerity of these faithful followers,' writes the author of a twelve-year-old Bostonese book just read. 'Whitmanites really like Whitman, albeit they protest too much. It is difficult to read him and not like him. Unfortunately the many find it impossible to read him. Whitman prepares his feasts, throws open his doors, and bids all enter who will. A few come and by their shrill volubility make it seem as if the dining-room were crowded. The majority do not trouble to cross the threshold. They have heard that the host serves queer dishes; it has even been reported that he is a cannibal. This, or something very like it, has been Whitman's fate. A taste for Whitman's work must be acquired.'

"Like a taste for olives? Or for caviare? Or for limburger? No; like a taste for orbit-swinging stars, and for Milky Ways, and for infinitudes unventured!"

OUR NEW SLANG—Speech in America has begun to take on war-modifications, observes the New York *Globe*, just as it has in every country taking part in the conflict. So far we are mainly borrowers:

"'Slacker' is as thoroughly acclimated here as in Britain. Long ago we learned to 'do our bit,' and now we are 'carrying on.' Also, like our English brethren, we 'join up'; but they shouldn't forget they lifted the redundant 'up' from us, and before that amiable touch used to rag us about it no end. As yet 'blighty' is a stranger over here, but doubtless it is not to many of our boys 'over there.' In our slang the Germans are indiscriminatingly 'Huns' and '*Boches*'—one borrowed from Britain and the other from France.

"For French and English speech are influencing each other. A twelvemonth ago an American writer found it necessary to explain the French word 'camouflage' to the gentle reader before employing it as the title of a short story. To-day it is a fixture of our popular speech and has almost driven 'bluff,' whose equivalent it is not, from the language. The British War Office immediately adopted the French word '*communiqué*' for its daily statement of military events, and the American High Command has followed suit, tho purists were for proving that 'statement' or 'report' would be preferable, being at once English and shorter. . . . Into both English and American journalism is creeping the use of the word 'gesture' for 'act' or 'expression,' in imitation of the French use of '*geste*' (gesture) in that general signification. It might interest these eager imitators to know that the French usage they ape is not of the best, and that before the war the fastidious Paris *Figaro*, which had several times a week an interesting column on French usage and linguistic peculiarities, was engaged in a crusade against that very use of '*geste*.'"

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

47,000,000 GIVE $170,000,000 TO THE RED CROSS

THE RED CROSS fund mounts to a figure nearly two-thirds in excess of the original sum asked for. From Washington it was announced on June 2 that the total was $166,439,291, with indications that when all reports are tabulated "a $70,000,000 oversubscription of the $100,000,000 goal will be shown." Mr. Henry P. Davison announces that more than 47,000,000—nearly half the total population of the country—have contributed. Compared with last year, 42,000,000 new givers appear as an evidence of what a year's experience of war has taught our people. A significant passage in Mr. Davison's statement reads:

"Not only did every Red-Cross division in the country oversubscribe, but one, the Gulf, turned in more than three times the amount of its quota, while five others, the Atlantic, Mountain, Northwestern, Southern, and Southwestern, more than doubled their allotments. The Insular and Foreign Division quadrupled its $300,000 quota. Every State attained its goal, five more than tripled it, and sixteen others and the District of Columbia more than doubled their allotments.

"The supreme feature of this achievement is to be found not in the amount of money subscribed, but in that it came from every part of the United States—from its cities, its towns, its farms, its factories, from the rich and the poor, regardless of sect, color, or political creed.

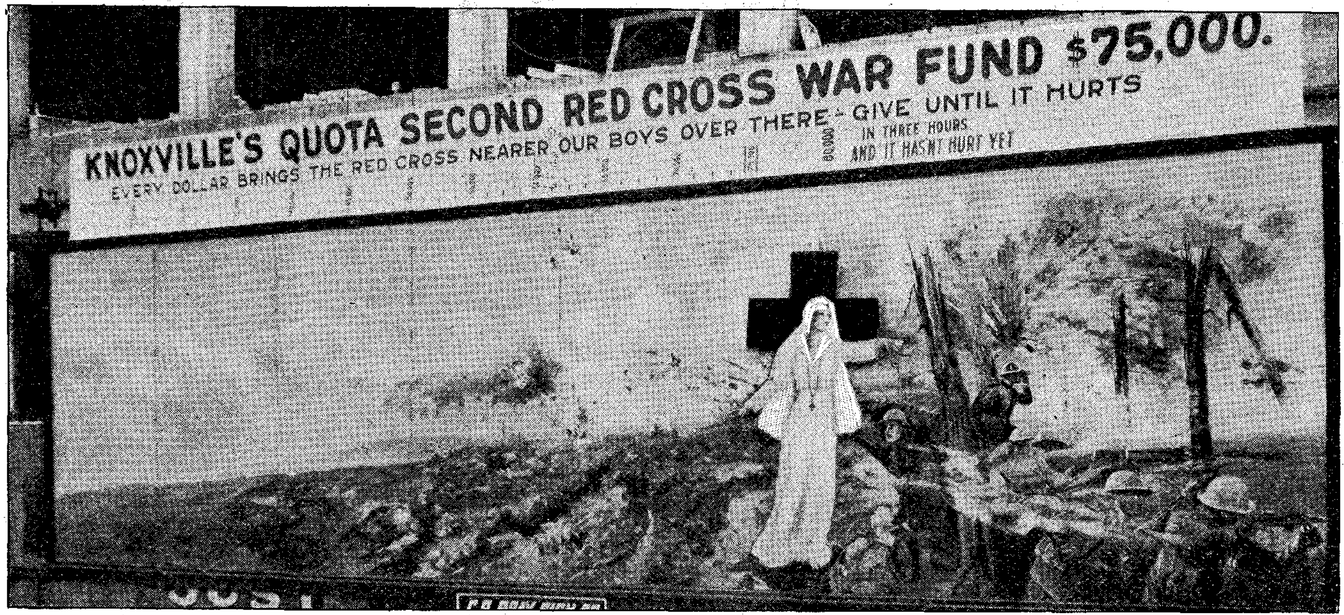
"This manifestation of loyalty and sacrifice by the people of our country brings to the Red Cross War Council a renewed consciousness of the sacredness of its trust. It will stamp indelibly on the minds of our soldiers and sailors more strongly than before that the American people are behind them to the utmost.

"Such an outpouring of generous enthusiasm and determination to win the war, and, in the words of our President, 'to win it worthily and greatly,' will also carry a deepened assurance of sympathy and support to all the armies and civilians fighting the battles of democracy in this war."

Before the war we criticized ourselves as a heterogeneous, undisciplined, ultra-individualistic, unorganized, selfish people, observes *The Nation* (New York). While the criticisms did not lack foundation, the war, so this journal declares, has brought its answer to each of them. We read further:

"We have tapped new resources, have laid bare unsuspected possibilities, of unity, discipline, organization, unselfish generosity, that required only the occasion to make them flame into blazing activity. Where in the world's history has there been an instance of democratic unity to surpass the manner in which the American people followed their chosen leader into this conflict, giving him whatever powers he held necessary to carry on a war from which every American shrank? Burdensome taxes, the withdrawal of accustomed liberties and privileges, the disarrangement and often the destruction of private business, the interference of Government even with the daily occupation of the common man, and, greatest of all, the taking of our sons from every hamlet in the nation to place them on the battle-line in France—to all these things Americans have submitted with astonishing willingness at the call of their leader, because he appealed to the idealism that was in them.

"This Red-Cross achievement is but the latest manifestation of the same thing. Twice within a year the Government has appealed to the people for funds in unprecedented amounts. The first summons was widely answered, but the loan campaign just closed has witnessed an outpouring of money that came from every rank and grade of society. No sooner was this done than a new call came: 'You have loaned to your Government; now give to humanity'—and within a week the American people have given outright almost $170,000,000 for binding up the wounds of war. And any one who has had his eyes open during the past week knows that it is the gift of absolutely the whole people. If the great foundations have given their millions, the chauffeur and the laborer and the child have given their dollars and quarters and dimes, in a lavishing of liberality and good will such as this country has never witnessed before. If America, rich and selfish hitherto, has thus far withheld her hand from a suffering world, now at last she is learning to give freely and generously. The lesson will not be lost. The next appeal of the Red Cross will be met with even more readiness to sacrifice, and we are entitled to believe that the new habit of giving will remain as a permanent possession. If our social tasks are enormously enlarged by the war, at least our human resources of


KNOXVILLE'S QUOTA SECOND RED CROSS WAR FUND $75,000.
EVERY DOLLAR BRINGS THE RED CROSS NEARER OUR BOYS OVER THERE - GIVE UNTIL IT HURTS
IN THREE HOURS
AND IT HASN'T HURT YET

A "DIGEST" COVER THAT HELPED THE DRIVE.

A Knoxville artist reproduced one of our pictorial covers, published May 18, as will be seen on the right-hand half of the above, and combined it with a Red-Cross symbol to form a great poster, and thus helped to swell Knoxville's quota.

Photograph copyrighted by the General War Time Commission of the Churches.

PERSONNEL OF THE SECOND TRAINING-SCHOOL FOR CHAPLAINS HELD AT KNOXVILLE. IT IS DISH-WASHING

cooperation and generosity for meeting those tasks will also be vastly greater than before we passed through the furnace."

From a writer to the New York *Times* comes a tribute to the liberality of the dwellers in the lower East Side of New York:

"During the week of May 20 to 27 each evening I canvassed two little moving-picture houses on Third Avenue in the vicinity of Fourteenth Street. The results were more than gratifying and far greater than I expected. The patrons of these two little theaters are people of the working class, and being a bread-winner myself, I appreciate what it means to give at this time, when mere existence is one of the problems of the day. The spirit in which they received the Red-Cross girls each evening encouraged us to go ahead with the work, but I must admit that it hurt occasionally to think what they sacrificed in giving up their pennies for this great cause. But they did not stop at pennies, they dropt into our baskets many dollar bills, half-dollars, quarters, dimes, and nickels, and they made it felt that they wanted to do their bit. They did, and nobly too."

SCHOOLING CHAPLAINS FOR WAR

WHEN GENERAL PERSHING cabled his recommendation for three chaplains for every regiment "with assimilated rank for major and captain in due proportion," the journal issuing from Camp Oglethorpe, *Trench and Camp*, was first to approve. "Over there men have learned the great lesson of the survival of the fittest," says a writer in it, "and the fittest are those with the best morale." The work of the chaplains has been found to be one of the strongest features in maintaining the spirit of the troops, so with the demand increasing it is not surprizing to find a training-camp for chaplains at Camp Zachary Taylor, near Louisville, with near to one hundred attendants, including two commissioned chaplains from the regular Army, fifteen from the National Guard, thirteen from the National Army, and sixty-seven approved chaplain candidates. The session lasts six weeks. Previous to the Louisville camp a session was held at Fort Monroe, on Old Point Comfort; but future ones are scheduled for Fort Hamilton, New York Harbor. A recent number of *The Outlook* (New York) states:

"Lectures are given to the chaplains on international law, military law, and military rules and regulations, and conferences are held under the direction of experienced chaplains on general subjects connected with their work. Chaplain A. A. Pruden, the commandant of the school, and, we believe, the senior chaplain in the United States Army, has collected funds and erected six well-equipped buildings as recreation centers, which are provided with phonographs, pool-tables, small games, a library with periodicals, free stationery, and opportunities for writing. In addition to the special instruction there have been held drills both in marching and in horsemanship—quite necessary, since the efficiency of the chaplain depends in no small measure on his being able to endure fatigue and hardship and to make long marches both on foot and on horseback. It is hardly necessary to add that the school has no theological color, Roman Catholic, Protestant, and Jew, all being members of the school and sharing equally in its privileges and advantages.

"This is the first time that such a school has been organized in connection with the American Army, and we believe it is the first time that such a school has ever been organized in connection with any army. The necessity for it is apparent, since the duties of the American chaplain are in some important respects widely different from those of the ordinary parish priest or minister, and for these duties some special equipment and training are surely necessary."

The story of the first V. C. among the chaplains of the British Army is given by *Every Week* (New York):

"In broad daylight, out on No Man's Land, there lay a body of wounded Tommies. They had fallen in a counter-attack, meant to punish the *Boche* for a surprize visit paid that morning. In an occasional lull in the roar of guns you could hear a voice calling for water or the scream of a man maddened by pain. But the enemy were on the alert. To go out after them would be little short of suicide. There is always a bullet for a man who appears in the light of day.

"But bullets had no terror for the *Padre.*

"This particular priest belonged to the Church of England. Unless my memory tricks me, his name was Dalton. But he can be found in the list of honored: he was the first V. C. of his cloth.

"Disregarding all warnings, he crawled over the parapet, seized one wounded man, and dragged him to safety. When he appeared the second time the *Boches* were ready. His audacity probably had kept them quiet at first; but now the bullets began to fly. He got his second man back, and his third and fourth, before he came to a case so badly wounded that it was impossible to handle it as roughly as the others. This Tommy was lying on the edge of a shell-crater, and as the *Padre* bent to tend him, he himself was hit by a bullet, and for a moment he collapsed beside his charge. But he recovered quickly. Then, still clinging to his burden, he managed to crawl down into the hole.

"All day they lay there, until the sun went down, when help was sent out to him and his companions.

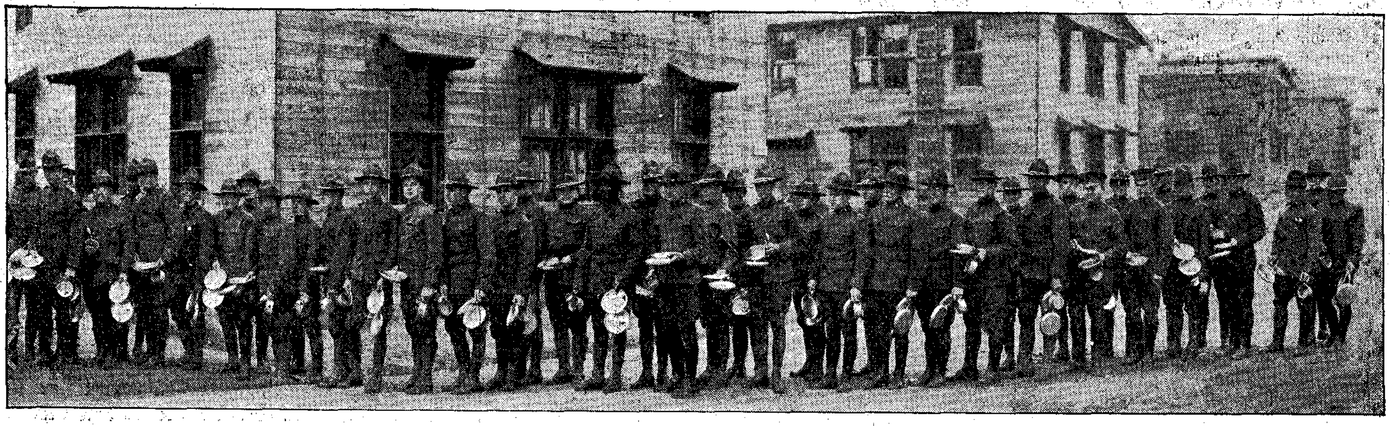
"It comes easy to picture the *Padre* going his rounds of the hospital, cheering one man, consoling another, administering the last services to a soldier in his last agony. Extremely tiresome and trying work this can be, too, when a convoy of five or six hundred cases arrive and there is only one *Padre* of each persuasion to attend to all. And yet, this is the least onerous and certainly the least dangerous of all his duties."

The Boston *Evening Globe* prints a letter from the Rev. Lyman Rollins, Episcopalian chaplain to the 101st Infantry, now in France:

"We often 'trim' them, but, I believe, they like us better for it. One Sunday I opened up for cussing and said in substance I could understand how a fellow with a limited vocabulary, when he pounded his thumb or a government mule stept on his foot, might relieve it with a 'hell' or a 'damn,' but I couldn't for the life of me understand how they could lie back in their quarters under no provocation whatever, and call one another such pretty pet names.

"'But,' I added, 'I've got your numbers. Some of you are Christian Endeavorers, Holy-Namers, Epworth-Leaguers, and Sacred-Leaguers. I've got your numbers.'

"After service, while I was taking off my vestments, a lad came up and, saluting, said: 'The chaplain hit me this morning'; and I replied: 'Well, old man, you know on Sunday morning



TIME AFTER MESS AND THE MEMBERS OF THE CLERGY ARE LEARNING THE RIGORS OF ARMY LIFE.

the chaplain has target practise,' and he, with a grin, said: 'Well, sir, he is a damned good shot.'

"Now, what other congregations would step up to the preacher and admit he had scored? That's why I enjoy a chaplain's lifework."

ABOLISHING A HUMAN SCRAP-HEAP

TO CALL A PRISON a "scrap-heap" is a startling way of describing the naval prison at Portsmouth, but such the institution had begun to be before it was taken in hand by Lieut.-Com. Thomas M. Osborne, formerly warden of Sing Sing. Secretary Daniels's directions to him in sending him there were a recognition of the situation when he said, "Stop scrapping human material." For a young misdemeanant in the Navy to be sent to Portsmouth was virtually condemning him to the scrap-heap, since the antiquated methods of punishment there usually made him bitter and revengeful. Lieutenant-Commander Osborne testifies that after his investigation "Mr. Daniels was horrified at his report, and orders were given to abolish the shaving of heads of the prisoners, and various other reforms were instituted." At a recent meeting of the War-Work Council of the Unitarian Church held in Cambridge, Mass., the former warden of Sing Sing was one of the speakers, and *The Christian Register* (Boston) gives a report of his words. He spoke of the passion for conservation that appears on all sides, and said he might perhaps be pardoned if he believed that "the most valuable and important thing to conserve is the country's young manhood." Going on:

"I took command of the prison on August 1, 1917, and we held a meeting of the prisoners that night. I told them that the Secretary of the Navy had sent me up there to help turn that place from a scrap-heap into a repair-shop. The Secretary's last words to me before leaving Washington were: 'Now, just remember one thing—go slow.' Unfortunately I could not. The boys wouldn't let me. Before a week was out they had decided to form a branch of the Mutual Welfare League. When I went to the prison there were 304 prisoners, 170 in the main prison. There were 160 guards for the 170, forty of them on duty at a time. We have now 1,814 persons in the main prison and only ten guards at a time. Since I have been there 538 men have been returned from the prison to the service, an average of about two a day. So I think we are conserving the best in the country. Of the 538 only twelve have been returned to the prison.

"Many people say, 'Of course you find the material at Portsmouth very different from the material at Sing Sing.' Not at all. It is a funny thing how much alike it is. They are precisely the same human beings down at bottom. Some old acquaintances of mine have turned up. But as a rule the former activities of the boys at Portsmouth have been honest, while the former activities of the men at Sing Sing in the main have not been honest. Down at the bottom human nature is the same. It does not make any difference whether you classify them by ages, whether you classify them by former occupations, whether you classify them by their naval rating, you find precisely the same infinite variety of human nature. Any system which does not allow for the individual difference will be certain to be a failure. That is the tragic failure of the old prison system, that it treated every man alike except those who were able to pull strings of some kind or get special favors. It treated every man alike and had a theoretical man, for whom the system was intended, who never existed."

Mr. Osborne read a letter from a former Sing Sing boy who had entered the Army and was rendering brave and patriotic service. Describing a battle, the writer said:

"Tom, you should have seen the scrap. It was a battle, believe me, and many a good man went down on both sides, but the side of right, justice, and humanity saved the day and many a mother's heart is easy that the most of us are still in the land of the living. Religion? Why, every battalion is a brotherhood. Yes, the Mutual Welfare League would be jealous if they had the good fortune of mingling with them."

This sense of brotherhood among the prisoners, Mr. Osborne declared, was one of the most hopeful signs he had seen in all his work. "It is our duty so to change the present system that we can utilize this sense of brotherhood and can bring about the rehabilitation of the man through his devotion to service for his fellow men." He continues:

"One hears once in a while an echo of that stupid remark, 'Christianity has failed.' Christianity is the only thing that has not failed. Superficial observers say that democracy is a failure. Democracy is the only political thing that has not failed; and democracy is only another name for the very thing that I have been talking about—the brotherhood of man. Democracy will triumph, because what the Germans are trying to inflict upon the world has been tried by one people after another, by one government after another, through the history of the world. Napoleon tried it, Louis XIV. tried it, Charles V., and Philip II. tried it. It was tried before that, away back in the days when the small band of Greeks met the Persians on the field of Marathon. It is an old, old story. The one new thing in the story is that democracy has arrived; that now, at last, the wicked old thing under whatever name you call it is going to meet democracy face to face. That is the new thing, and there can be no doubt of the issue, because, as you have heard to-night, our boys are going across, my boys and your boys, with the spirit of democracy burning in their hearts.

"Inefficiency? Why, these people who talk about this country not being efficient are misled by superficial matters. They do not see the great underground of efficiency—efficiency in character, efficiency in belief in God and human brotherhood. That is the thing that is going to save us. One of my boys, when he was leaving Portsmouth the other day, restored to the Navy, waited after the others had shaken hands and gone out in their blue suits—and how fine they looked, one hundred and twelve of them! I had been telling them about the League and how they must remain faithful to its lessons, and I said: 'After six months, write to me and let me know where you are, so I can send you the souvenir button of the League, the honorary membership; and at the end of the year, after you have passed your year of probation, we want to write your name up in the chapel on the roll of honor.' This boy as he shook hands said: 'Commander, about that roll of honor, you know,' he said; 'what about the fellow that doesn't come back?' I said, 'Why, what do you mean?' 'Why,' he said, 'you know, Commander—you know sometimes we go down and we don't come up again.' And I said, 'Your name will go up there with a gold star.'"

A Lively Interest

is shown these days in the intrinsic merit of foods and beverages. A few years ago tea and coffee were about the only drinks known on the family table.

Nowadays, people everywhere find appealing flavor, better health and practical economy in

INSTANT POSTUM

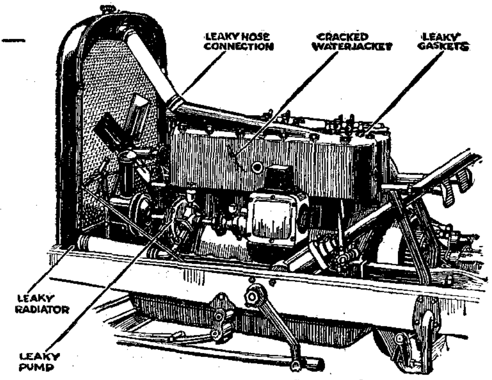
Wherever Water Leaks— "X" Liquid Makes a Scientific Repair!

IN less than 10 minutes "X" Liquid will permanently repair leaks anywhere in the radiator—or the pump, gaskets, connections, etc.

"X" is a *scientific* process of repairing leaks without solder or welding. It is poured into the radiator; circulates with the water; hardens *right in every leak.* Thousands of car owners always keep "X" Liquid in the water to *prevent leaks.*

The same "X" which repairs leaks loosens the Rust and Scale in the cooling system. And no new Rust or Scale can form while "X" is in the water. Thus the water passages are kept clean, *cooling is improved, and oil saved.*

"X" is *not* a cement, powder or flaxseed meal in liquid form. Can't clog the cooling system.



"X" is the original and only liquid process for making cooling systems LEAKPROOF—RUSTPROOF—SCALEPROOF.

Large Size $1.50
will do a $25 repair job!
Ford Size - 75c
will do a $15 repair job!

Guaranteed to make good or your money back.

Your dealer now sells "X" Liquid—or we will ship direct on receipt of price and dealer's name.

"X" LABORATORIES 646 Washington Street, BOSTON, MASS.

CURRENT POETRY

THE glamour of the sea in these days is mainly felt by the landsman, for those who go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in the great waters know what a grim business that is. Yet what a noble work the merchant seamen of every Allied nation are doing to-day! Upon them our Allies depend for food, and even our boys in the trenches in France are in their debt. What wonder, then, that these gallant men, who brave not only the murderous submarine, but also all the natural perils of the deep, inspire the poet's song. Here is a tribute to the merchantmen from the London *Daily Chronicle* that has all the rollicking breeziness of the sea.

MERCHANTMEN

By C. Fox Smith

All honor be to merchantmen,
  And ships of all degree,
In warlike dangers manifold,
  Who sail and keep the sea,
In peril of unlitten coast
  And death-besprinkled foam,
Who daily dare a hundred deaths
  To bring their cargoes home.

A liner out of Liverpool—a tanker from the Clyde—
A hard-run tramp from anywhere—a tug from Merseyside—
A cattle-boat from Birkenhead—a coaler from the Tyne—
All honor be to merchantmen while any star shall shine!

All honor be to merchantmen,
  And ships both great and small,
The swift and strong to run their race
  And smite their foes withal;
The little ships that sink or swim,
  And pay the pirates' toll,
Unarmored save by valiant hearts,
  And strong in naught but soul.

All honor be to merchantmen,
  As long as tides shall run,
Who gave the seas their glorious dead
  From rise to set of sun;
All honor be to merchantmen
  While England's name shall stand,
Who sailed and fought, and dared and died,
  And served and saved their land.

A sailing-ship from Liverpool—a tanker from the Clyde—
A schooner from the West Countrie—a tug from Merseyside—
A fishing-smack from Grimsby town—a coaler from the Tyne—
All honor be to merchantmen while sun and moon shall shine!

In *Punch* Mr. Fox Smith pays a well-deserved tribute to the men whom no torpedo can affright:

HALF A SCORE O' SAILORMEN

By C. Fox Smith

Half a score o' sailormen that want to sail once more,
Cruising around the waterside with the Peter at the fore,
Half a score o' sailormen the sea'll never drown
(Seven days in open boats a-drifting up and down!),
Out to find another ship and sail from London Town.

Half a score o' sailormen broke and on the rocks,
Linking down Commercial Road, tramping round the Docks,
Half a score o' sailormen, torpedoed thrice before—
Once was in the Channel chops, once was off The Nore,
Last was in the open sea a hundred mile from shore.

Half a score o' sailormen that want to sail again—
And her cargo's all aboard her, and it's blowing up
for rain!
Half a score o' sailormen that won't come home
to tea,
For she's dropping down the river with the
Duster flying free,
Down the London River on the road to the open
sea!

Since the war started *Blackwood's Magazine* has devoted great attention to the naval side of war and has given us many a fine poem on the deeds of the great Allied fleets that keep the Germans from our shores. Here is a vivid and spirited poem from the pen of a British naval officer known as "Klaxon," who writes of what he has seen:

IN THE MORNING

By Klaxon

Back from battle, torn and rent,
Listing bridge and stanchions bent
By the angry sea.
By Thy guiding mercy sent,
Fruitful was the road we went—
Back from battle we.

If Thou hadst not been, O Lord, behind our feeble
arm,
If Thy hand had not been there to slam the
lyddite home,
When against us men arose and sought to work
us harm,
We had gone to death, O Lord, in spouting
rings of foam.

Heaving sea and cloudy sky
Saw the battle flashing by,
As Thy foemen ran.
By Thy grace, that made them fly,
We have seen two hundred die
Since the fight began.

If our cause had not been Thine, for Thy eternal
Right,
If the foe in place of us had fought for Thee,
O Lord!
If Thou hadst not guided us and drawn us there
to fight,
We never should have closed with them—Thy
seas are dark and broad.

Through the iron rain they fled,
Bearing home the tale of dead,
Flying from Thy sword.
After-hatch to fo'csle head,
We have turned their decks to red,
By Thy help, O Lord!

It was not by our feeble sword that they were
overthrown,
But Thy right hand that dashed them down, the
servants of the proud;
It was not arm of ours that saved, but Thine,
O Lord, alone,
When down the line the guns began, and sang
Thy praise aloud.

Sixty miles of running fight,
Finished at the dawning light,
Off the Zuider Zee.
Thou that helped throughout the night
Weary hand and aching sight,
Praise, O Lord, to Thee.

Maga, as *Blackwood's Magazine* is affectionately called by its devotees—and they are many and enthusiastic—occasionally is in a historical vein, and in such a mood gives us this anonymous poem of the Napoleonic Wars:

ON PATROL—1797

Our brothers of the landward side
Are bound by Church and stall,
By Councils Œcumenical,
By Gothic arches tall,

HEINZ
PRODUCT
GUARANTEED
HEINZ COMPANY
HEINZ
ESTD 1869
PURE MALT
VINEGAR
FERMENTED
HEINZ
57
PURE FOOD PRODUCTS
H.J. HEINZ CO. PITTSBURGH USA
MAKERS
ONE QUART

THE flower boxes in the windows of many of our buildings are only outward and visible symbols of the freshness and cleanness that prevail within the kitchens and throughout all the Heinz establishments.

57

HEINZ Vinegars

In bottles filled and sealed in the Heinz establishment

IT is difficult to describe a flavor. That is why we cannot express in words the appetizing taste that Heinz Vinegars give to foods. And that is the purpose of vinegar—to impart a flavor—not simply a sourness. All of the care taken in selecting materials, the skill in preparation, the aging and the bottling of Heinz Vinegars are for the purpose of creating and retaining that rich mellow tang which has made Heinz Vinegars worthy of a place among the 57.

These vinegars which have made so many of our own foods so desirable, are offered you, so that you can put something of the Heinz flavor into the food you prepare.

Three kinds: Malt, White, Cider, in pints, quarts and half-gallons

HEINZ
Imported Olive Oil
In bottles and cans

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are packed in Canada

But we who know the cold gray sea,
The salt and flying spray,
We praise the Lord in our fathers' way,
In the simple faith of the sea we pray
To the God that the winds and waves obey,
Who sailed on Galilee.

We pray as the Flag-Lieutenant prayed
At St. Vincent's cabin door
(Twenty sail of the line in view—
Southwest by south they bore),
"O, Lord of Hosts—I praise Thee now,
And bow before Thy might—
Who has given us fingers and hands to fight,
And twenty ships of the line in sight—
Thou knewest, O Lord—and placed them right—
To leeward on the bow."

To remind us in these stormy times that the sea has a softer side, James Stewart Doubleday has brought out a volume, "Songs and Sea Voices" (Washington Square Book Shop, New York), and it is full of a genuine devotion to the deep, as witness these verses:

O WHITE SHIP

By James Stewart Doubleday

O white ship of the sea,
Sail outward to The Nore!
The time will come when thou
Shalt grace the main no more.

The time will come when thou
Shalt fade from waters green
With all thy bravery
Of swelling sails asheen.

A tall ship in her pride,
A white ship on the sea,
Hath always been, I swear,
A living thing to me!

One of the things we prize
And seek and seldom find,
Or, finding, ere we know,
'Tis gone upon the wind.

The rise and the fall of the ocean echoes through this poem:

THE SHOALS

By James Stewart Doubleday

O ceaseless chaunt
Of the sweet strange sea,
Why dost thou haunt
This heart of me?

Oft have I heard,
From the lonely shoals
A single bird
With her sibylline trolls
Waken the stark land far and near;
But now all is silent as with fear;
And a dream of love's tragedies
Comes to me
From the tost and tempest-strewn
Sweet strange sea.

Sir Sidney Low in the London *Daily Chronicle* bids us not to be unmindful of the great debt we owe to those who have made the supreme sacrifice:

FOR OUR DEAD

By Sir Sidney Low

For you our dead, beyond the sea,
Who gave your lives to hold us free,
By us, who keep your memory,
What can be said?

We can not sing your praises right,
Lost heroes of the endless fight;
Whose souls into the lonely night,
Too soon have fled.

We can but honor, cherish, bless,
Your sacred names; no words express
The measure of our thankfulness,
To you our Dead.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

SURVIVORS' STORIES OF THE SUBMARINE RAID OFF THE JERSEY COAST

The German touring-submarine has arrived off the coast, and with true Teutonic spirit has sunk a few small and inoffensive craft. This is Fritz's first visit since the dash of the *U-53* on October 7, 1916, before America had entered the war, and the reports of the survivors of the torpedoed vessels indicate that several undersea boats were operating off the coast of New Jersey.

The German submarines apparently had been operating on the coast for eight days or two weeks when the first news of their appearance in these waters was brought into New York by the survivors of four of the torpedoed schooners, forty-eight in number—who had a thrilling tale to tell of their capture and captivity on the *U*-boat.

These facts stand out conspicuously in their stories:

Certainly two, and perhaps five, *U*-boats were operating off the coast.

They were of the improved type, estimated to be 250 feet over all, and each carrying two guns that are believed to be four- or five-inch pieces.

Capt. Charles E. Holbrook, master of the schooner *Hattie Dunn*, of Machias, Me., is one of the forty-eight survivors of the schooners. He told the following story to the Secret-Service men when he was landed, as printed in the New York *Tribune:*

> We left New York for Charleston in ballast on May 23. Two days later we were about fifteen miles south of Winter Quarter light-ship, bowling along under an eight-knot breeze. I heard a shell pass near the vessel. Then another shell, which fell perhaps a quarter of a mile away. I was not taking much notice because I believed the vessel, which I saw about two miles away, was an American submarine at target practise. A third shell exploded close by us on the weather quarter and I knew that whoever it was wanted us to stop. I brought the vessel up into the wind.
>
> The submarine, with her superstructure and conning-tower showing plainly above the water, came within two hundred yards, and I saw that she was flying the two code letters, "A. B.," meaning "Stop immediately."
>
> From a small staff at the rear end of the superstructure fluttered a small flag of the Imperial German Navy. An officer and three men came over in a small boat, not over twelve feet long, and in perfect English the officer told us to get into our boats and that we had but ten minutes allotted to us to get clear of our vessel.
>
> They placed bombs along the sides of our vessel and blew her up immediately, in the meantime putting an armed German sailor on board the small boat, in which were seven men and myself. This did not give me time to rescue my personal effects and nautical instruments, and so I lost them all. My men saved only what they stood in.
>
> Perhaps I would have been given more time if the commander of the submarine had not seen the *Hauppauge* under full sail about four or five miles away. Like us, the *Hauppauge* was light and, I understand, bound from Portland to Newport News. The *U*-boats destroyed Captain Sweeney's fine new schooner after ordering him and his crew to take to their boats, and within a half-hour both crews were on board the submarine and both the small boats had been placed on the submarine's deck and lashed down.
>
> We were kept below for several hours, until the submarine picked up Captain Gilmore and the *Edna*, at four o'clock in the afternoon. Then, I guess, the commander thought he had done a good day's work, for he was in excellent humor, and told us captains that we could go on deck and have a smoke. He did not extend liberty to the others that day, but later they got their chance once in a while.

Captain Holbrook says that the *U*-boat submerged many times during the first three days he was on board, and not being used to that sort of seafaring he found it a rather unpleasant experience. The constant submerging and the water-pressure smashed his ship's boats to kindling-wood and they were cast adrift. On May 27 Captain Holbrook took dinner on the bottom of the sea, an experience he says he will not soon forget. Active use was made of the wireless outfit of the submarine, for the Captain says:

> There were times when I could hear them using their wireless. One night the sputtering was so loud it woke me up. They were sending messages either to another ship or to some shore station. Every night the operators listened to press bulletins sent out from America, and one of them told me of the battle-drive now on in France. They also said that a Whitehead torpedo-factory had been blown up in Austria last week.

Captain Gilmore of the three-masted schooner *Edna*, the second of the smaller vessels sunk by the submarine, is sixty-two years old. All told, there were six men on the *Edna*, which was carrying a cargo of oil from Philadelphia to Santiago, Cuba. Captain Gilmore's introduction to the submarine was similar to that of Captain Holbrook and he, too, thought it was an American craft at practise. But a second shell and the "A. B." signal brought him up standing. He tells of his experiences and the courtesy of the *U*-boat commander who salvaged his new silk umbrella for him:

> The submarine came right up to us. The small boat was lowered and an officer came aboard, telling me, "You have ten minutes in which to abandon ship." When I was telling the men how to get the boat, which was lashed on the deck, clear, the lieutenant told me to come below.
>
> I suppose I acted as if I was in a hurry to get away from the ship, but when we got below the lieutenant said: "Don't get excited, captain. Take your time. We'll be around here an hour and a half." So I picked up everything I could think of that belonged to me, and when I got over to the submarine I found I'd left my new silk umbrella. After they blew up the schooner the Germans rowed back to the submarine, and I found that besides the few things they had picked up for themselves, they

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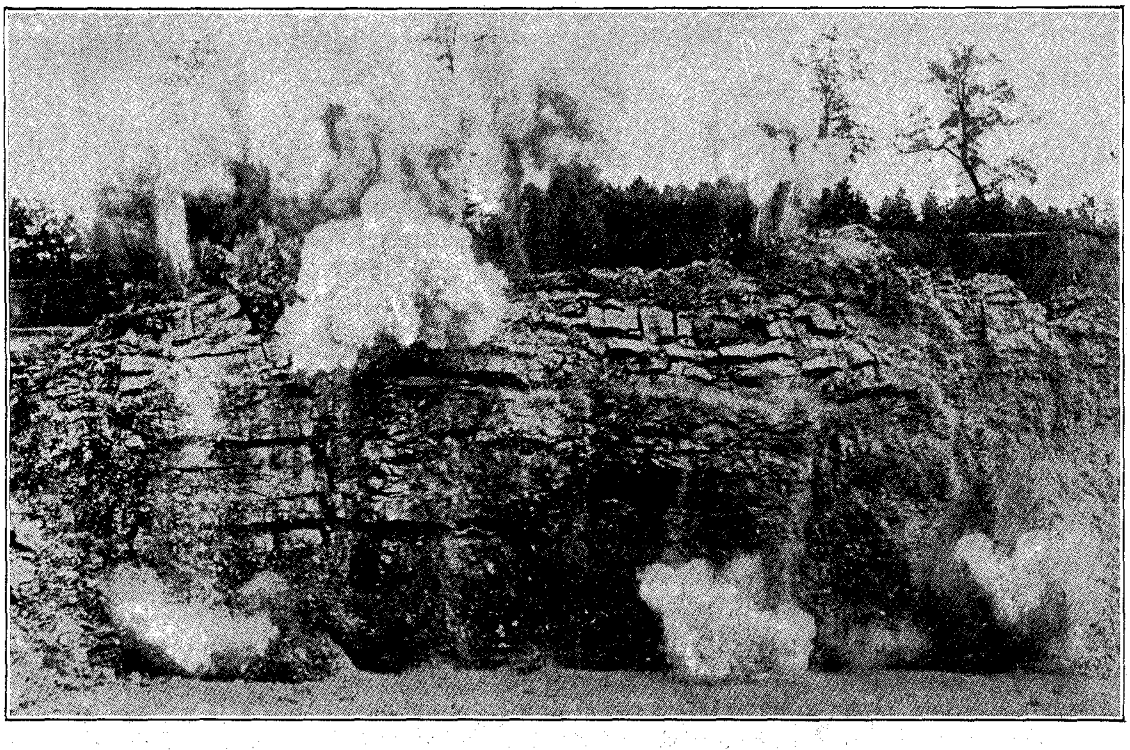

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> brought me my umbrella. They took a few cases of oil, as, of course, they had electric lights on the submarine.
>
> We captains had plenty to eat and they told us we might go where we pleased on the submarine. We could go into any room, except when we were submerging. At that time we had to stay in whatever compartment we found ourselves. It seemed to me this submarine was at least 300 feet long. There were seventy-six men in the crew, and there were two 6-inch guns mounted—one forward and one aft, the guns being 32 feet long each.
>
> Of course, we prisoners, altho we were treated well, made a pretty big ship's company and the commander said he was looking for a sailing-vessel to put us on board as he didn't want to take us to Germany. Altho we were below Sunday morning when the submarine overhauled the *Winneconne*, we knew at once when she was sunk and twenty-six men sent adrift that something would have to be done with us. They couldn't keep us all on board. For after the steamer was sunk we went into her boats, while Captain Sweeney and his crew set out in the launch belonging to the *Isabel Wiley*, which was sunk a few minutes before the *Winneconne*.

The submarine used one of her prey as a decoy for the *Winneconne*, according to the story of Henry Walsh, her first officer. She carried a crew of twenty-six men and was under the control of the United States Shipping Board. Walsh was called on deck by the third mate, who told him that he had heard shots ahead. Says Walsh:

> At that time we were about sixty miles east of Cape May, and looking ahead I saw a three-masted schooner, with all sails set, lying nearly becalmed. There was enough wind to fill her sails, and I thought it strange she lay there doing nothing. Then I saw what looked like a destroyer come out from behind her. When we got about two miles away I could see it was a submarine and that the men on deck were not drest in white, as they would be at this time of the year on an American vessel.
>
> Then I saw the German flag, and the submarine sent a solid shot across our bow. They lowered a small boat and a lieutenant came with some of the crew alongside, telling us to get into the boats and to row over and lay alongside the submarine.
>
> Just about the time we were leaving our boat the men, on what proved to be the *Isabel B. Wiley*, were going over the side into their gasoline yawl. Of course we obeyed and all went to the side of the submarine, and the German crew first sank the *Winneconne* and then the *Isabel B. Wiley* with small bombs. The *Winneconne* went down in five minutes. They gave us officers time enough to save most of our things, and so I brought along this typewriter.

Evidence of the presence of a second submarine is furnished by the story of Capt. H. G. Newcombe, the skipper of the *Edward H. Cole*, which was sunk off Barnegat. On Sunday afternoon, June 2, a submarine suddenly popped up on the port side of the *Cole*, and, says Captain Newcombe:

> We couldn't tell at first what nationality she was, so that when the commander, through his megaphone, told us to lay to, we were sore.
>
> "We're Americans," I signaled back, and hoisted our flag. We certainly were surprized when they answered us by breaking out the flag of the Imperial German Navy. The commander then shouted to us that we had ten minutes' time to leave the boat, which was to be sunk.
>
> I got all my men on deck and lost no time getting a boat ready for launching. The *U*-boat meanwhile stayed about 150 feet away, with fifteen of its crew on deck. It was about 200 feet long and had two guns, mounted fore and aft, manned by sailors.
>
> While we waited the commander and three or four of his marines got into a boat and came on board. The commander was a handsome chap of about thirty-five, clean shaven, and went through his business of sinking the *Cole* in a businesslike but thoroughly courteous manner.
>
> "I'll give you ten minutes to leave the ship," he said, in perfect English, without ceremony. Then he asked me where the *Cole* was from, where bound, and what her cargo was. After I had answered these questions he asked for the ship's papers, and I took him down to my cabin and handed them over.
>
> "You have only seven and a half minutes left now," he then said. I told him we wouldn't wait for the half-minute, and got on deck as fast as I could. One of the crew on deck started to grumble, but the commander turned to him like a flash and said menacingly: "You cut that out and be quick about it."
>
> The German sailors meanwhile had been placing bombs about the schooner. They put two on the port side, two on the starboard, and two more on deck. The German sailors rowed back to the *U*-boat, and we pulled as hard as we could before the detonation.
>
> We were a half-mile off, and it was just sixteen minutes after we had been hailed when all the bombs exploded together, and the *Cole* seemed to fall in—crumple up—and disappear at once.

The commander of the submarine had allowed Captain Newcombe to take off his sextant and other nautical instruments. It was a starlit night and the life-boat headed for the New Jersey shore. After four hours they saw the smoke of a vessel on the horizon. She was steaming for the spot where the German submarine had disappeared below the surface. Captain Newcombe says:

> We thought she would be the next victim, and rowed with all our might to cut across her course and head her off in time. We tried to attract the attention of the commander by shouting all together and by waving our coats. Our signals finally were seen.
>
> "Don't stop to pick us up! Beat it quick or that submarine will get you!" we shouted to the commander of the vessel, which turned out to be the collier *Bristol* of the Coastwise Transportation Company, but Captain Frederick Hart refused to look out for his own safety before taking us aboard.
>
> We had only seen one *U*-boat up to this time, but when we got on the *Bristol* and started heading toward port, away from the submarine, we ran plump into a second one. The one which sank the *Cole* was busy firing at another ship and the newcomer was only 500 yards away.
>
> "There's a nest of 'em," was my first thought. We were all prepared to be shelled if we kept up our flight, but de-

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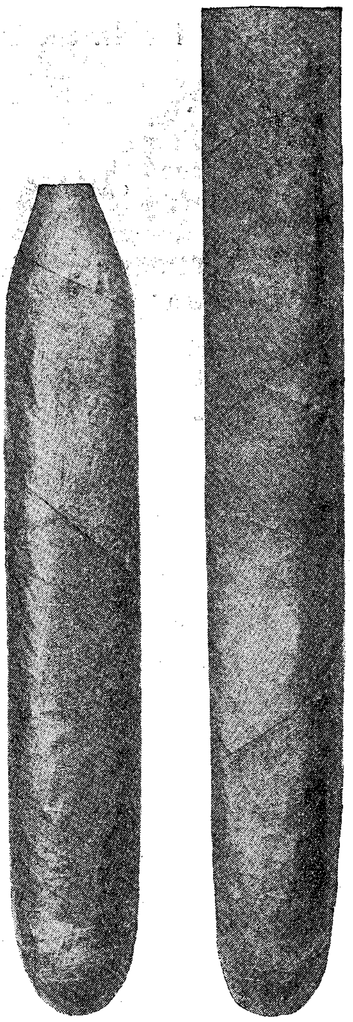

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cided to make a try at it. We were going to give Fritz a run for his money.

Six of my men went down to help the nine firemen and coalers of the *Bristol*, with orders to get every darned knot of speed out of the ship. They did. While the speedy *U*-boat, with only its periscope visible, came plowing along toward us, the *Bristol* actually leapt forward.

The *Bristol* had never done better than nine knots an hour. It did seventeen then. The men worked like devils in the stoke-hole and slowly we drew away from the submarine. For half an hour we could see her hanging on grimly, however. Then we lost sight of her.

But for several hours afterward, while we were running full speed for port, we heard the sound of shellings and explosions, and I'm sure a number of other boats were sunk.

I've been across three times to France in command of vessels, and I've been a master for twelve years, and this is the first submarine I've ever met, right here near our shore. This was to be my last trip on the *Cole*, for I was going to Rockland to get a new ship, just built.

I'm going home to see the kids and rest up for a week or two, then I'm going to get that new boat and try my luck again. I'm not scared, and Fritz won't frighten any other American skipper either.

WAR'S TERRORS CAN NOT KEEP SMITH GIRLS FROM THE FRONT

SMITH COLLEGE is to have another unit in the war-zone. THE DIGEST has already told of the noble work of the women at Grécourt and the hardships they willingly endured during the severe winter months in their relief-work. After June 15 there will be two fully equipped college units in the foreign service.

The last word from the unit already in the field came in the shape of a cable sent on April 18 by Mrs. Barrett Andrews, director of the unit, which read:

"Work at Beauvais feeding French wounded rapidly developing. Also starting canteen for American boys. All members well."

With five other members Mrs. Andrews was caught in Paris when the German drive began on March 21. They were unable to rejoin the others until March 28, and since then the entire unit has been working at Beauvais. In a letter which she wrote on March 26, in Paris, and which is printed in the New York *Evening Post*, she draws this picture of Grécourt as she left it:

> Grécourt was never so hard to leave, even for an hour or two, as it was the last few days. Our park was full of anemones, and the birds sang as I have never heard them before, and it did seem as if at last the unit had a real home, a real place to live and work in. Monday morning I left Grécourt at seven. Joseph drove me in a soldier's cart to Hombleux. I will never forget the lovely fields in the morning mist. The sun was rising over Ham as I passed the newly plowed fields. I rejoiced in them and their promise for the harvest, glad that after three barren years they were again soon to bring to our poor people good wheat, potatoes, and vegetables. The French official *communiqué* of yesterday—just seven days

later—says: "A fierce battle is in progress between Ham and Nesle, which has been won and lost several times." Those fields so beautiful a week ago were yesterday the scene of a part of the biggest battle the world has ever known.

You may be interested to know that at Amiens, when struggling with my suit-case and a huge box of unit things, I was greatly relieved to have my bags taken from me and to hear a nice American boy say, after a glance at my Smith College unit brassard: "I have been looking for one of you girls to come through for a month. My mother was Smith '8—"

Wednesday's conference in Paris was attended by half a dozen delegates from different parts of the devastated regions. Knowing that our relief and rehabilitation work was nearly completed, and that in a couple of months the French would be able to take over what remained of it, Mr. H. had called these men in to discuss with them the needs of their respective districts, with the idea of assigning the Smith unit to the one where it would be most useful.

Just as our train pulled out of the Gare du Nord at 8 A.M. we heard what we thought were two .... heavy explosions. We learned later that they were followed every fifteen minutes all morning by similar explosions, and while at this writing there is still much uncertainty as to their origin, they are thought to be projectiles from a gun seventy-five miles away. . . . . . .

At the station (Noyon) we were astonished to see Mr. H. The first thing he said was: "Grécourt has been evacuated." Just then a shell burst near us. I don't know which startled me most.

They were advised to offer their services to the *Femmes de France* at their Red-Cross dressing-station in the town square, but as there was nothing for them to do there they were sent to the College, which, until the day before, had been used for British troops. Mrs. Andrews says:

I wish I could give you the picture of the courtyard as we stept into it from the narrow, cobblestoned Rue du Collège. There must have been 2,000 refugees there, all old men, old women, and little children. As we entered, Red-Cross *camions* drove up, and every one proceeded to unload more refugees, with their huge rolls of bedding, rabbits, chickens, long loaves of bread, and bundles of every shape and description. Near the gate a French officer was trying to get the names. We were just trying to find some one to report to when the chapel bell began ringing, and half a dozen French soldiers began herding the people back into the cloistered piazzas which surrounded the courtyard. The reason was soon apparent. Directly above us we could see the puffs of white smoke, the gleaming white of the attacking German, and the black of the defending French planes. The battle was short, but the people had no sooner come out into the sunshine again than the alarm was sounded once more. All afternoon the fighting went on above us. And all afternoon we could hear the bark of the *mitrailleuse* of the planes, the roar of the anti-aircraft guns, and the more ominous explosion of the line guns.

The people were wonderful. There was no confusion, no running around, no crying. Altho, after three years of slavery under the *Boche*, they had just begun to get a new start in life, new *baraques*, beds,

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a few kitchen utensils, new clothes, a little stock for their farms, and some seeds for their gardens—altho only that day most of them had left their homes for the second time—they sat quiet and patient, absolutely uncomplaining, beside their bundles. All were drest in their best. They had just had their luncheons served to them. They were determined to make the best of a pretty bad situation.

Anne found three little girls from Guiscard, the next village, which had already been evacuated, who wanted to find their mother. The eldest was eleven. She seemed perfectly capable of handling her situation. She had a long roll of bread under each arm, and a little sister was held tightly in each hand. While Anne gave them milk and bread, for the young lady very rightly refused to use her own while any was being given away, she learned her story. The mother was half blind, and in the confusion of the evacuation had become separated with her two little boys from the three girls. A woman standing by corroborated this, said she knew the woman, and would look after the girls until she was found.

Mrs. Andrews notes the difference in the temperaments of the British and American fighting men:

We engaged a nice room, with two beds, at the Hôtellerie Anglaise (an old house in which Calvin was born in 1509), and then, not knowing what was before us, I saw that the doctor had some tea. The pretty room was filled with young British officers. Two of them had been in the fight, and we eavesdropt as hard as we could, as they told their experiences. The English are different from us. There is no denying it. Imagine twenty-five or thirty American officers having tea in the most leisurely manner, when already the German guns were on the town, and as we looked out of the window we could see the retreating artillery.

The town was calm and orderly. Most of the shops were open, and at the door of each stood *madame*, talking to her neighbors on either side or across the street. Besides the French and British officials (it is at Noyon that the two armies join), dashing around in their limousines, there were the quiet *poilus*, groups of Tommies hunting their tea, Senegalese in odd turbans, and in the Place a lot of bewildered Chinese. It seemed to me that, as long as we could not get to the unit, it was wrong for us to be a burden to others. Mrs. Rogers advised us to go back to Paris on the 5:50 train, as it would probably be the last one out of Noyon. There was an air-raid on Paris, so we were held outside of the city a long time, and did not get in before midnight.

Of the evacuation of Grécourt, Mrs. Andrews could tell only from hearsay, but of the safety of those who composed the unit still left there she says she could vouch with accuracy. The "big bombardment," she writes, began at 5 A.M. on March 21, and,

All that day our girls were seen on the road evacuating in our cars as many of our people as they could. Friday they evacuated the Nesle Red-Cross hospital to Roye. Soon after midnight Friday the Germans occupied Ham. Our girls left Grécourt at 4 A.M., when the British ordered them out. The German *mitrai-*

lleuses were then coming toward them from Ham. As one of the Quakers said, regretfully: "They went after the civils, not before them, as they were ordered to do." The Mairie-École was blown up by the British. The precious cows were seen being driven along the road. On Saturday, our girls were at Montdidier serving coffee to hundreds of refugees. At least three cars were still running Saturday.

I have offered the services of the six of us here in Paris to the Red Cross to use in any way they see fit. They will dispose of us as the need arises, either altogether or as individuals. To-day all the Red-Cross men doctors are being withdrawn from the hospitals all over France to go to the front. Probably our doctor and Anne will be used to replace some of them. The rest of us are ready to go wherever needed.

BUSH GERMANS BETTER WATCH THAT "CHOCOLATE FRONT"

"THE colored troops fought nobly!" Every one is familiar with that message which was sent forth more than fifty years ago when this country was in the throes of civil war. Again it sounds from the battle-fields of France, where the old Fifteenth of New York is sandwiched into a French division until the identity of the colored troops is almost completely lost. A glorious exploit of two of the members of the regiment, however, has "located" them all right, and Henry Johnson and Needham Roberts have been cited for the French *Croix de Guerre.*

Fighting with rifle, hand-grenade, and knife these colored troopers routed the foe, who outnumbered them twelve to one, beating back their opponents until assistance reached them, when both Johnson and Roberts were unconscious from their wounds. Both will recover to receive the well-merited crosses.

Roberts hails from little old New York, while Johnson comes from Albany, where Mrs. Johnson calmly received the news that "Bill"—she always speaks of him as "Bill"—had won the "cross." Her appreciative comment was:

"Bill ain't big, nor nothin' like that, but oh, boy, he can go some!"

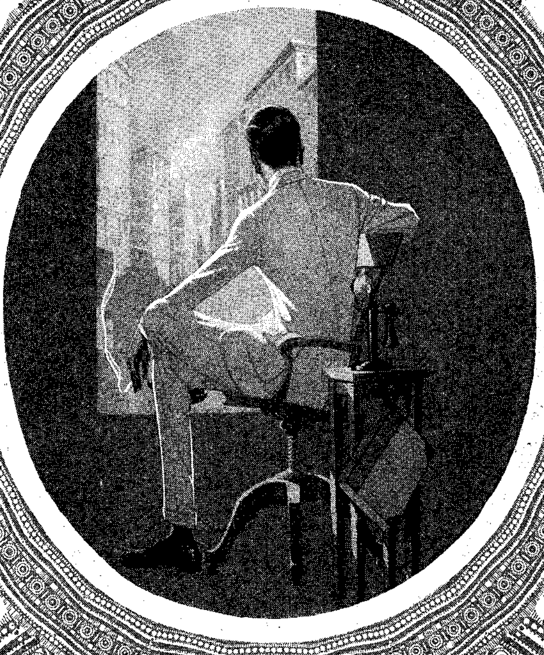
Probably the German survivors of the encounter with "Bill" and Needham will indorse this sentiment of Mrs. Johnson.

In the same *communiqué* that told of the death of Major Lufbery in aerial battle General Pershing thus cites the action of the colored troops:

> Attention is drawn to the fact that the colored sentries were first attacked and continued fighting after receiving wounds, and despite the use of grenades by a superior force. They should be given credit for preventing, by their bravery, the capture of any of our men.

Details of the brave fight put up by the negro infantrymen are told by a writer in the New York *Evening World,* who says:

> Recent military developments enable the censor to pass the story of the achievements of the first colored American Army



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unit holding a sector on the French front, whose arrival at Armageddon I sought to describe in a much-deleted dispatch, May 12.

Since writing that dispatch I have paid the dusky warriors a second visit in their trenches north of St. Menehould, west of Verdun, and have learned of the glorious exploit of Privates Henry Johnson and Needham Roberts. The names of Johnson and Roberts will stand out forever on the roll of honor of their race.

Battling in the blackness of night with rifles, hand-grenades, and a "bolo-knife," wholly deprived of the assistance of their comrades, they put to flight an enemy assaulting party at least twenty-four men strong. Roberts, wounded in three places, stretched out helplessly in the mud, hurled grenades, even while the hands of a muscular German were about his throat.

Johnson did even more. Having shot one of his foemen down and clubbed another with the butt of his rifle, he sprang to the aid of Roberts with his bolo-knife. As the enemy fell into disorderly retreat, Johnson, three times wounded, sank to the ground, seized a grenade alongside his prostrate body, and literally blew one of the fleeing Germans to fragments.

In the belief of their white commander, a former Public Service Commissioner of New York (Col. William Hayward), the two negroes by their valor and intelligence frustrated a well-developed plan to assail one of our most important points of resistance.

Here is the story of the rout of the Germans as told by the *Evening World* man:

Toward three o'clock on the morning of May 15, when No Man's Land was still black, the two "coffee creams" were standing shoulder to shoulder in an advanced post fifty yards nearer the enemy than the main line of resistance. Johnson heard some slight sound behind him in the direction opposite that in which the Germans ought to have been.

"Needham," he whispered, "what's that?"

Needham harkened.

"Rats, I guess," he replied.

But the strange sounds as of something moving through the long, marshy grass behind the two listeners increased. Finally, Johnson caught sight of a loglike mass on the edge of the barbed wire, with which the post is hedged in. It was crawling slowly, almost imperceptibly forward.

"That's the bush Germans," Johnson shouted—the enemy is always "bush Germans" to the negroes.

His cry was heard back in the main combat post fifty yards in the rear, and a star-shell flared aloft. In its grayish light what seemed to the startled sentries to be a host of Germans was revealed. Simultaneously a volley of German grenades woke the silence of the night. Roberts muttered, "I'm hit," and collapsed on the duckboards underfoot. The grenade splinters had caught him on both elbows and on his right forearm. With his left hand he groped for the basket of grenades, found one and let fly.

Meanwhile, Johnson, stooping low beneath the breastwork—there are no trenches at that point—grabbed a rifle and fired at pointblank range at the nearest adversary, a big fellow who had just finished severing the last strands of wire with his wire-cutters.

The German dropt, but another took his place and leapt toward Johnson. He wasn't ten yards away, so the colored boy seized his rifle by the barrel, swung it, and landed full on the other's head. Thus freed from his second assailant, Johnson turned to find Roberts feebly fighting off three Germans, one of whom was choking him, while the others sought to lift him up with evident intention of making him prisoner.

At the same moment one of the other Germans, of whom fully a dozen had penetrated the wire in these few seconds, fired three revolver-shots. Johnson felt wounds in his left leg, his right hip, and his right forearm.

"But just then," he says, "I remembered my bolo-knife." This is a sinister instrument about a foot long with a blade tapering to a point from a width of about three inches. It was originally modeled after the Filipino's favorite weapon.

With this weapon Johnson got into action and it was all over but the shouting for the Germans. The whole fight lasted less than three minutes when Lieut. Richardson Pratt (of the Brooklyn millionaire family) advanced from the point of resistance, which had undoubtedly been the German objective.

The wounded negroes were taken to a French hospital, where at last reports they were recovering from their wounds and anxious to get at those "bush Germans" again.

Altho not generally known, the American colored troops have been at the Front as a distinct unit for nearly a month under a higher French command. The *Evening World* man writes:

The men are the first Americans of their race to fight on the battle-fields of Europe for the democratic ideals that set them free. For more than a month they have played a part in the vast theater of war, yet save for certain personages at general headquarters nobody in General Pershing's command has been any wiser.

Even the war-correspondents, whose duties oblige them to keep in touch with every phase of our military activities, were quite unaware of the newcomers' presence in the line. I am still the only accredited correspondent who has visited the sector they are occupying. A whispered word from the upper realms of the army hierarchy set me on the trail.

So thoroughly camouflaged it was that I roamed the country over for two days before my objective was attained. Being encased in the French Army to a greater degree than any other American contingent—they are only doughboys supported by French artillery—these chocolate soldiers are temporarily in a state of splendid isolation so far as the remainder of the American expeditionary force is concerned. It is to all intents and purposes part of the French Army, under the most intensive application of the principle that all we have is at General Foch's disposal during the present emergency.

Here are a few facts about them that make the story of how our negroes entered the war one of the most remarkable that I have encountered during many months with General Pershing's forces:

They were recruited voluntarily a year before we declared war, yet they (deleted) go into action. They went into the trenches with less training on French soil than any of our other troops have had.

The "chocolate front" has samples of every conceivable variety of terrane—swamps where the only defense is a breastwork of sand-bags, rolling meadows with

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Today, Bud's mind is as free from battery worries as it is from thoughts of the poor-house.

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For, one by one, they have followed Bud's advice—which reads "Get a Prest-O-Lite and shake your battery troubles for all time."

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It takes the battery wizard in charge but a few minutes to determine whether the battery does or does not need a fresh drink of free distilled water.

And not on a bet can you get one of these wise car owners to dig any deeper into the secrets of battery mechanics.

All of which means that you folks who have not yet joined the Prest-O-Lite Clan are overlooking a mighty good thing.

Better write us today for the name and address of the nearest Prest-O-Lite Station on which you can call at your pleasure.

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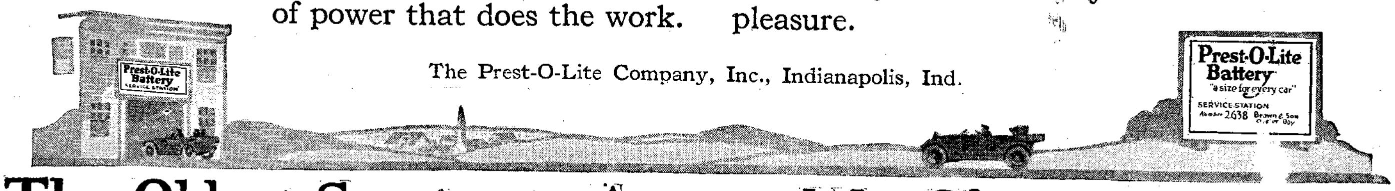

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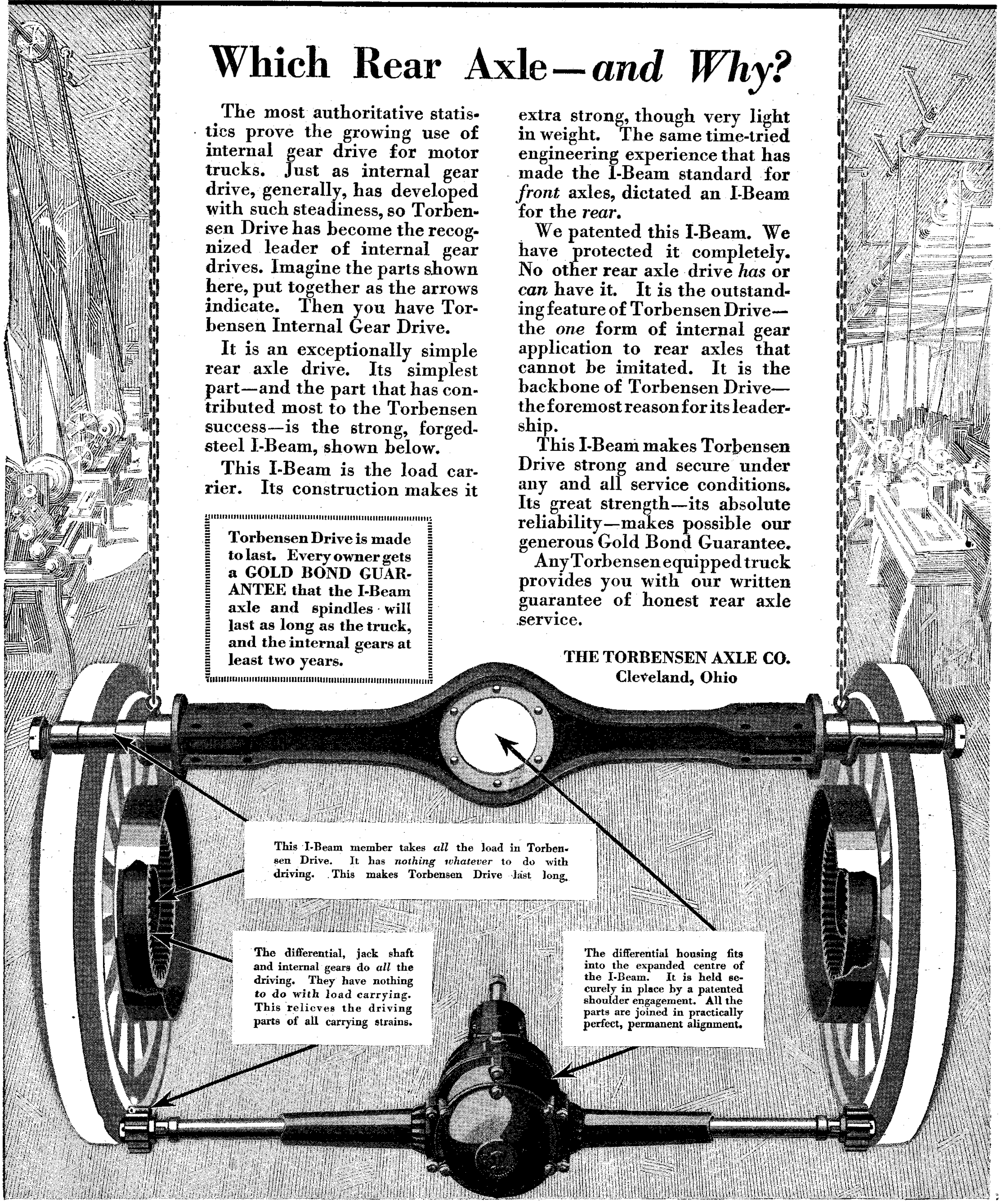

Which Rear Axle—*and Why?*

The most authoritative statistics prove the growing use of internal gear drive for motor trucks. Just as internal gear drive, generally, has developed with such steadiness, so Torbensen Drive has become the recognized leader of internal gear drives. Imagine the parts shown here, put together as the arrows indicate. Then you have Torbensen Internal Gear Drive.

It is an exceptionally simple rear axle drive. Its simplest part—and the part that has contributed most to the Torbensen success—is the strong, forged-steel I-Beam, shown below.

This I-Beam is the load carrier. Its construction makes it extra strong, though very light in weight. The same time-tried engineering experience that has made the I-Beam standard for *front* axles, dictated an I-Beam for the *rear.*

We patented this I-Beam. We have protected it completely. No other rear axle drive *has* or *can* have it. It is the outstanding feature of Torbensen Drive—the *one* form of internal gear application to rear axles that cannot be imitated. It is the backbone of Torbensen Drive—the foremost reason for its leadership.

This I-Beam makes Torbensen Drive strong and secure under any and all service conditions. Its great strength—its absolute reliability—makes possible our generous Gold Bond Guarantee.

Any Torbensen equipped truck provides you with our written guarantee of honest rear axle service.

Torbensen Drive is made to last. Every owner gets a GOLD BOND GUARANTEE that the I-Beam axle and spindles will last as long as the truck, and the internal gears at least two years.

THE TORBENSEN AXLE CO.
Cleveland, Ohio

This I-Beam member takes *all* the load in Torbensen Drive. It has *nothing whatever* to do with driving. This makes Torbensen Drive last long.

The differential, jack shaft and internal gears do *all* the driving. They have nothing to do with load carrying. This relieves the driving parts of all carrying strains.

The differential housing fits into the expanded centre of the I-Beam. It is held securely in place by a patented shoulder engagement. All the parts are joined in practically perfect, permanent alignment.

Largest Builder in the World of Rear Axles for Motor Trucks deep trenches, woods in which communication-trenches are unnecessary because the trees screen one from the enemy, and a ridge almost as strong as Vimy.

At one point one rolls up to the firing-line in a small flat-car drawn along a standard-gage railroad by a Missouri mule—the Fifty-ninth Street cross-town the darkies call it.

While the only infantry contact established since the negroes came to this sector was the gallant little engagement fought by Johnson and Roberts, the German artillery has been dispensing shells on our positions with considerable liberality.

There was praise for Roberts and Johnson from their comrades on every side, and the *Evening World* correspondent describes the following incident as a characteristic tribute:

> A little chap, his ebony skin beaded with sweat, sat on the ground with his legs hooked around a chunk of granite that once had been a tombstone. Oblivious to all that went on around him, he was sharpening his bolo-knife on the stone, pausing from time to time to test its edge against his finger or his tongue. As he rubbed the blade against the granite surface he crooned a low-pitched chant couched in a language all his own. Only once could I catch an intelligent phrase: "Bush Germans, we're going to get you yet!" He kept mumbling it at intervals again and again.

AVIATION CADETS DESCRIBE THEIR INITIAL FLIGHTS

THE sensations of a birdman on his first flight probably can not be compared to any other human experience. Timothy W. Bradley, a flying cadet at the United States Aviation School, at Waco, Texas, struck hard going on his initial trip, the aerial turnpike suddenly developing a stretch of very emphatic "thank-you-marms." In the Kansas City *Star* Bradley says of his experience:

> "My first ride I never will forget. My instructor, who has been instructor for several years, and for a time flew for Villa in Mexico, motioned to me to come to the plane he had 'taxied' up. After adjusting my helmet, goggles, etc., I climbed into the rear cock-pit of the 'ship,' a standard training airplane, and proceeded to strap myself in with a safety-belt.
>
> "The motor had no muffler and the cracking of the exhaust made conversation impossible. Consequently, hand-signals were used. When anything came up which he couldn't describe with signals he would shut down the motor, stand up, turn around and roar back at me, then open the throttle again.
>
> "I saw we were over a wood, which looked like a scrubby brush thicket, and almost immediately the plane began to bump and flop like a swiftly moving motor-car on a rough road, first one wing high, next low; one moment we dropt thirty feet and the next we shot twenty-five feet higher, and I thought something was wrong, but as the instructor didn't seem excited I operated the ship as well as I could. After a short time the wood was passed and we again flew out on smooth air over a stretch of field below. Black earth of a more or less regular composition absorbs about 90 per cent. of the heat from the sun and in turn radiates the heat. Green grass or foliage absorbs very little, if any, heat, and cold air descends over such an area. The resulting connection or intermingling of air-currents sets up choppy, gusty air-currents, which the aviator has to take into consideration.
>
> "At another turn, on a steep bank, I could see down through the wings the hangars and buildings off below to the right. Without warning my instructor I cut off the motor, nosed the machine into the wind by banking into a broad spiral, and for the first time felt most unmistakably we were going down and not at all slowly. The wind shrieked through the brace wires as the machine gained speed and the earth flattened out below at an alarming rate."

W. W. Lindsay, of Columbia, Mo., took his first flight at Dallas, Texas. He describes his sensations during a seventy-mile spin over the city and neighboring country which occupied just sixty-one minutes:

> "My instructor seated himself in the front seat and I climbed in behind, adjusted my goggles, and fastened my safety-belt. What happened the next few minutes came entirely too fast for me to relate. After attaining a speed of about forty miles an hour, the earth began to fall away, and now began the first sensation of my flight.
>
> "My instructor took the ship around the first bend and then threw up his hands and gave me the signal to run it. I never felt so helpless. I was afraid to move the controls for fear I would do something wrong, so I just sat there and wondered how long it would take me to learn to fly.
>
> "The instructor signaled for me to turn and I made a very slow and conservative turn and the instructor at once told me it was rotten. On the next turn I was determined not to be so conservative, so I slammed the control-stick over so far the instructor had to do some quick work to get it back. I was not reprimanded.
>
> "He then gave me the signals for some figure eights. I did this so poorly he took the controls and put the ship through a series of figure eights. Just about the time I would get the earth located on one side it would disappear and come up on the other side. After he succeeded in getting me lost entirely, he straightened out and started for Dallas. We were now about four thousand feet high, and the city was a most wonderful sight. We flew around over Dallas a while and started back.
>
> "Again I was given the controls and was beginning to think how well I was doing when the instructor took the controls from me and shot the ship straight down about three hundred feet, then up again, then down again. The only reason I didn't swallow my liver was that I could not catch up with it. After he finished this, he turned around to see whether I was still with him. I laughed at him. He put the ship in a spiral and landed. We had been up for sixty-one minutes, and had traveled about seventy miles."

"I can't say that I liked it, because I didn't," says John Meyer, of Anthony, Kan., after making his first expedition into the ether, and who thus describes his trip:

> "You can't imagine how it feels to ride in the air, and I don't know how to describe it. You don't seem to be moving, but just

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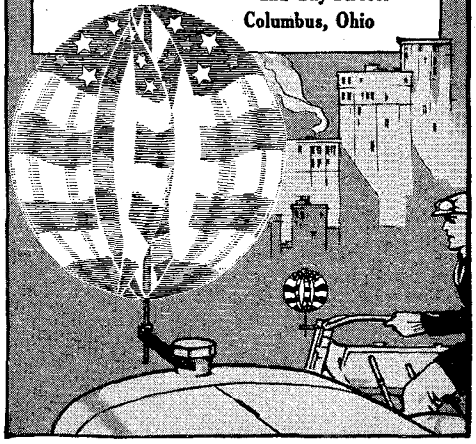

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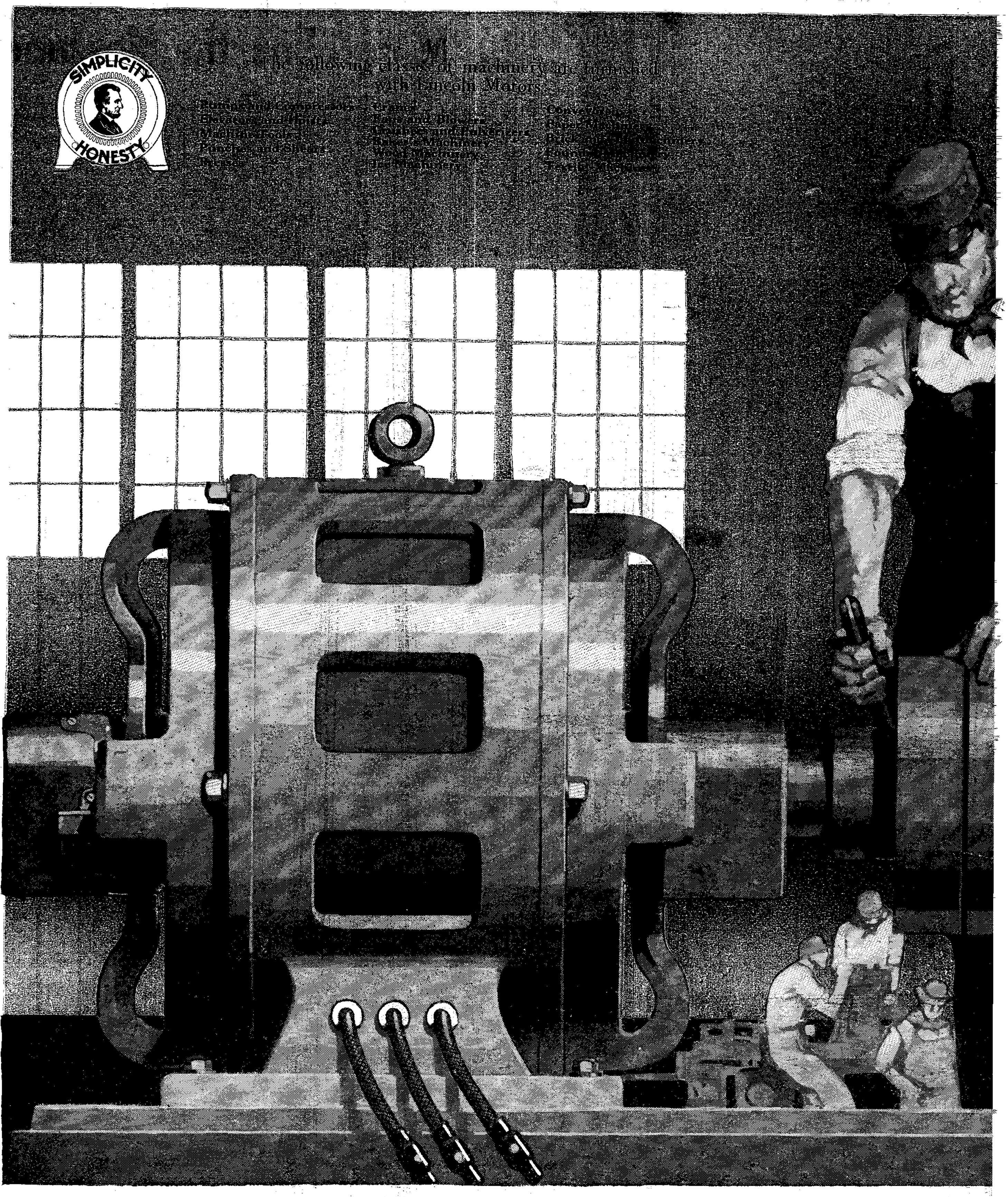

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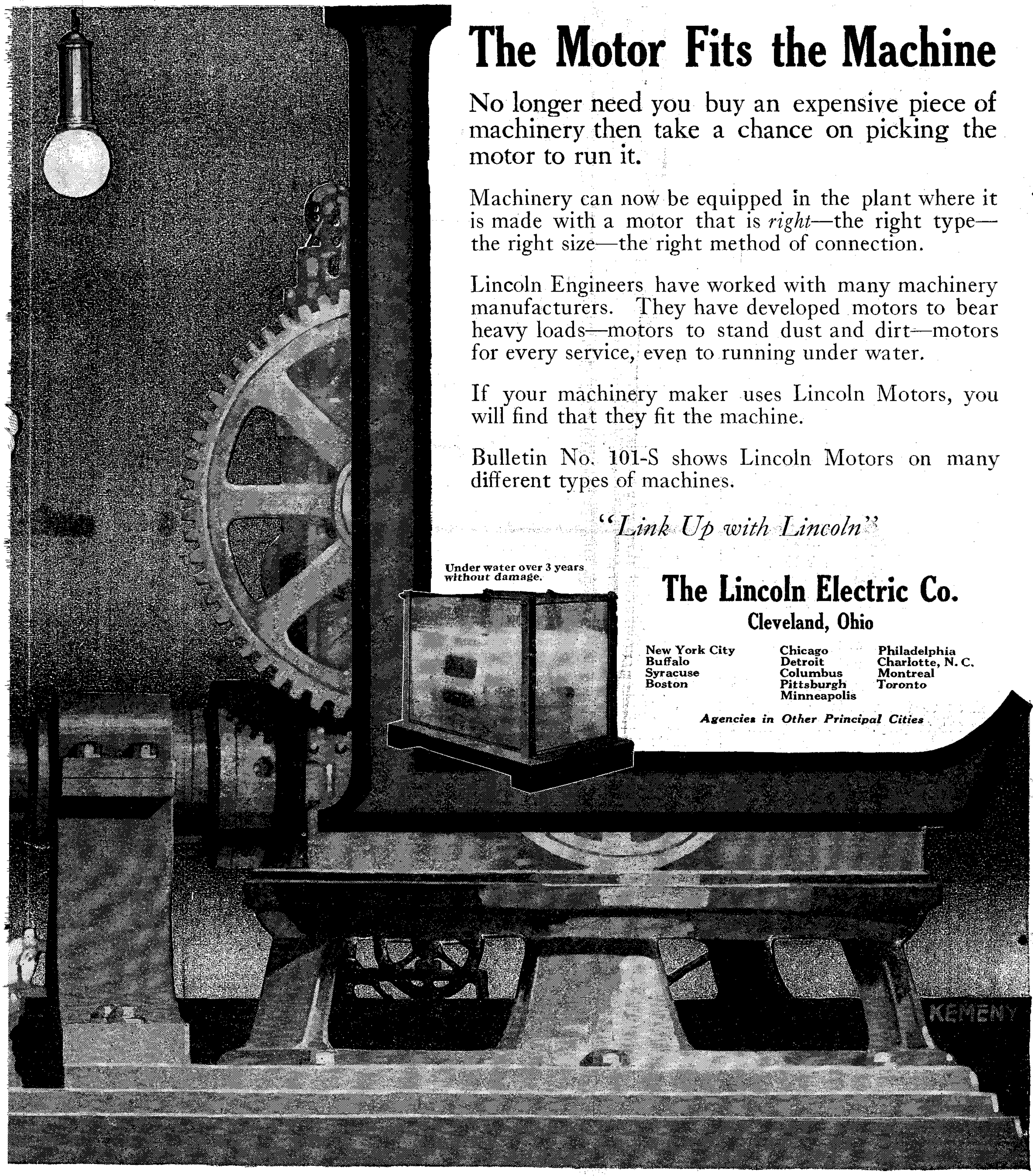

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Bulletin No. 101-S shows Lincoln Motors on many different types of machines.

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> trying to balance yourself on a point and apt to fall off in any direction. I was so busy trying to balance the ship I didn't have time to look around very much.
>
> "I took the machine soon after it left the ground, and the instructor, sitting in the front seat, motioned me what to do. I went up ten minutes before noon and the air was pretty bumpy. We would be sailing along when one wing would drop down and we might be almost to a straight angle before I got the machine righted again. Then it would commence to climb or fall, and, of course, it was up to me to straighten her out. I looked down once or twice, but couldn't tell what position I was in. I could see little toys scattered over the earth for miles around—roads looked like marks, and other things in proportion. I made a few dips and dives, but not intentionally, and once I felt sure I was going to fall out, but didn't because I was strapt in.
>
> "Finally, the instructor signaled to shut off power and nose to earth, and I did very gradually. When I got within about a hundred feet of the earth the instructor took control and made the landing.
>
> "I can't say I liked it, because I didn't. I wasn't scared at any time, but felt as helpless as a babe. But it certainly is a wonderful feeling, traveling through space. I suppose I will get more confidence after I have had a little more experience."

HOW VON WANGENHEIM PROUDLY SPILLED THE POTSDAM BEANS

If you have any doubt as to where the responsibility lies for the greatest of all tragedies involving the human race; if there is any question in your mind as to whether or not the world-war was planned and precipitated at the notorious Potsdam conference held on July 5, 1914, here are enlightening facts on the subject as told by the United States Ambassador to Turkey, Henry M. Morgenthau, in *The World's Work*. The inside facts of the conference were related to Mr. Morgenthau by Baron von Wangenheim, then German Ambassador at Constantinople, who was present at the conference at the command of the Kaiser, and who was very proud that he should be consulted as to the working out of the details of the tragedy. Mr. Morgenthau says:

> "The German Ambassador left for Berlin soon after the assassination of the Grand Duke, and he now revealed the cause of his sudden disappearance. The Kaiser, he told me, had summoned him to Berlin for an Imperial conference. This meeting took place at Potsdam on July 5. The Kaiser presided; nearly all the ambassadors attended; Wangenheim came to tell of Turkey and enlighten his associates on the situation in Constantinople. Moltke, then Chief of Staff, was there, representing the Army, and Admiral von Tirpitz spoke for the Navy. The great bankers, railroad directors, and the captains of German industry, all of whom were as necessary to German war-preparations as the Army itself, also attended.
>
> "Wangenheim now told me that the Kaiser solemnly put the question to each man in turn: Was he ready for war? All replied 'Yes' except the financiers. They said that they must have two weeks to sell their foreign securities and to make loans. At that time few people had looked upon the Serajevo tragedy as something that was likely to cause war. This conference took all precautions that no such suspicion should be aroused. It decided to give the bankers time to readjust their finances for the coming war, and then the several members went quietly back to their work or started on vacations. The Kaiser went to Norway on his yacht, von Bethmann-Hollweg left for a rest, and Wangenheim returned to Constantinople.
>
> "In telling me about this conference, Wangenheim, of course, admitted that Germany had precipitated the war. I think that he was rather proud of the whole performance; proud that Germany had gone about the matter in so methodical and far-seeing a way; especially proud that he himself had been invited to participate in so momentous a gathering. The several blue, red, and yellow books which flooded Europe the few months following the outbreak, and the hundreds of documents which were issued by German propaganda attempting to establish Germany's innocence, never made any impression on me. For my conclusions as to the responsibility are not based on suspicions or belief or the study of circumstantial data.
>
> "I do not have to reason or argue about the matter. I know. The conspiracy that has caused this greatest of human tragedies was hatched by the Kaiser and his Imperial crew at this Potsdam conference of July 5, 1914. One of the chief participants, flushed with his triumph at the apparent success of the plot, told me the details with his own mouth. Whenever I hear people arguing about the responsibility for this war or read the clumsy and lying excuses put forth by Germany, I simply recall the burly figure of Wangenheim as he appeared that August afternoon, puffing away at a huge black cigar, and giving me his account of this historic meeting. Why waste any time discussing the matter after that?"

The Imperial conference took place on July 5. The Servian ultimatum was sent on July 22. Says Mr. Morgenthau:

> That is just about two weeks' interval, which the financiers had demanded to complete their plans. All the great stock-exchanges of the world show that the German bankers profitably used this interval. Their records disclose that stocks were being sold in large quantities and that prices declined rapidly. At that time the markets were somewhat puzzled at this movement; Wangenheim's explanation clears up any doubts that may still remain. Germany was changing her securities into cash for war-purposes.
>
> "If any one wishes to verify Wangenheim, I would suggest that he examine the quotations of the New York stock market for these two historic weeks. He will find that there were astonishing slumps in quotations, especially on the stocks that had an international market. Between July 5 and July 22, Union Pacific dropt from 155½ to 127½, Baltimore & Ohio from 91½ to 81, United States Steel from 61 to 50½, Canadian Pacific from 194 to 185½, and Northern Pacific from 111⅜ to 108. At that time the high protectionists were blaming the Simmons-Underwood Tariff Act as responsible for this fall in values; other critics of the Administration attributed it to the Federal Reserve Act—which had not yet been passed. How little the Wall Street brokers and the financial experts realized that an Imperial conference held in Potsdam, presided over by the Kaiser, was the real force that was then depressing the market!
>
> "Wangenheim not only gave me the details of this Potsdam conference, but he disclosed the same secret to the Marquis Garroni, the Italian Ambassador at Constantinople. Italy was at that time technically Germany's ally."

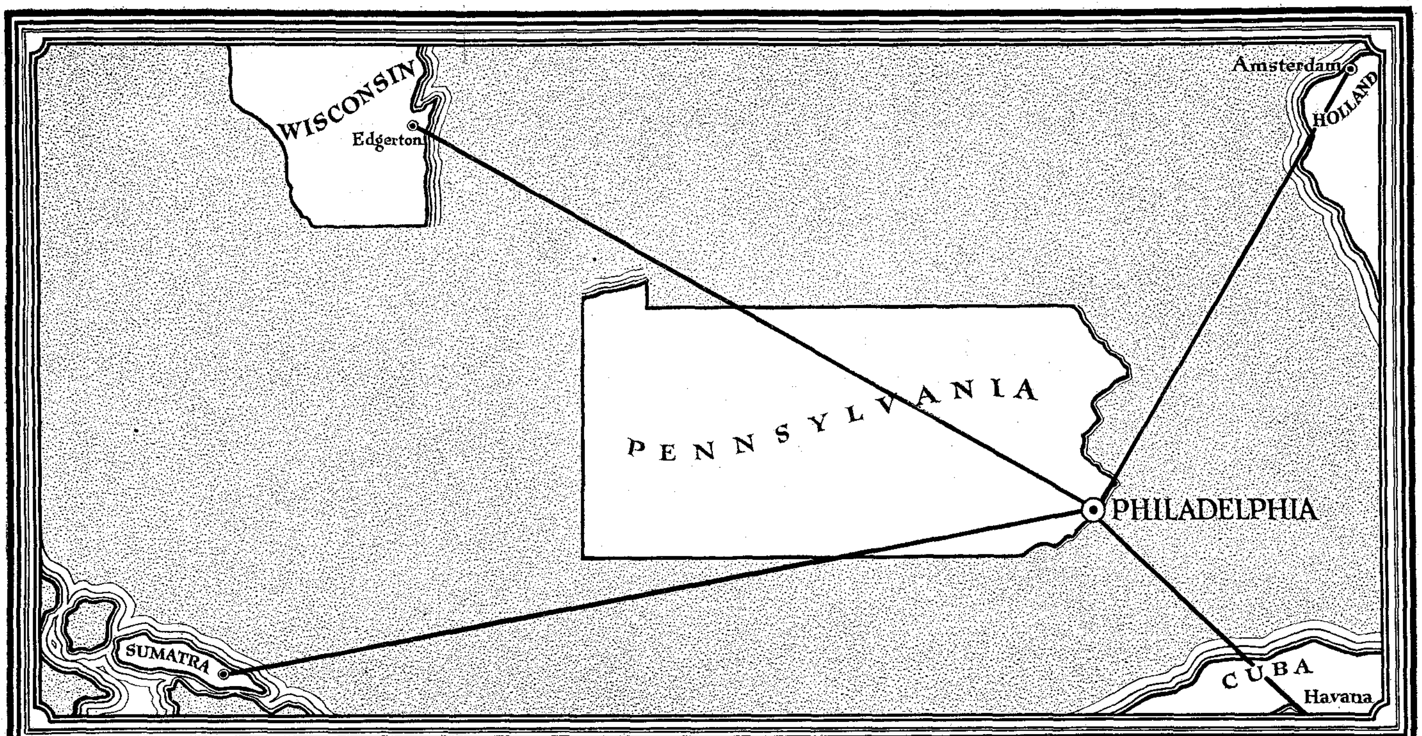
LETTERS FROM THE FRONT TO THE FOLKS AT HOME

Capt. B. M. Bernheim, of the Medical Reserve Corps now stationed at a base hospital "Somewhere in France," writes to his father, I. W. Bernheim, of Louisville, in a light vein, showing the irrepressible American humor that turns every hardship of war into fun. At the time, April 22, there seems to have been a dreary stretch of weather, accompanied by French mud, which he found somewhat disheartening. In his letter, which is printed in the Louisville *Post*, he writes:

> Now, let me see. Oh, yes, it's raining. It's always raining; that is, once in a while it's just plain cloudy and damp, and dreary—but mostly over here it's raining. During three days this month, I think, the sun has peeped out for a couple of hours, but that's about all. Just what a whole week of sunshine is like, none of us here can remember. And the mud! Lawd, Lawd, this country is one mass of mud. About a couple of weeks ago a new outfit, fresh from the States—only ten days on the way—came here, thirty-eight doctors, one hundred nurses, and two hundred men, all nice and fit and patriotic—and they've been slipping and sliding in the mud ever since—and they ain't so happy. Thought they'd be pushed right into the fray, but their hospital consists of about twenty or thirty barracks without anything in 'em except windows and doors; nary a bed for themselves or patients—and no stoves to cook with (none to heat 'em up with), and no roads built—and, and no nothin'. We gave them beds and blankets and fed them for ten days, by the end of which time they kinda got straightened out a bit. But they sure are some sliders—they came out much better prepared than we were, and all have heavy rubber overshoes, which they haven't had off day or night (I believe they actually sleep in them), and they do look like cold chickens on a frosty morning. But we told them it ain't a bad war, and we expected the sun to shine some time in May, most likely on a Thursday. but they mustn't talk about it.
>
> I had a little automobile ride a couple of days ago—in a twelve-cylinder National limousine, too, by gum. War de luxe, that's what I calls it, war de luxe! Drove right up to the American line with old Bill Fisher (best known as Billy-de-fish) and Tom Boggs in Dr. Finney's car. He had gone to the Front for a couple of days—that is, to Paris. You know somebody's going to git hurt if them Huns don't quit shootin' that big gun at Paree.

Meeting up with a locomotive from the States proved an interesting experience to the Captain, who writes of a visit to a big French hospital:

> We were just about to shake hands with the Medicin-Chief and entree when all of a sudden, right out of a clear sky, a real, loud, shrieking, honest-to-God locomotive whistle sounds, and we all three left old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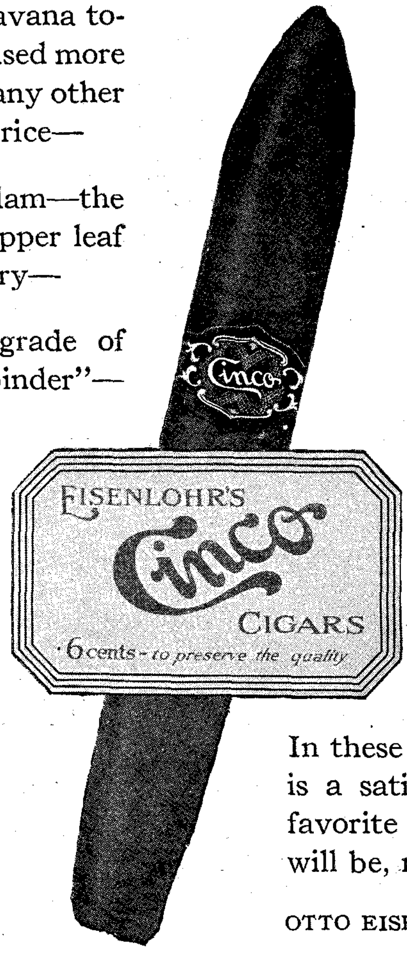
From the four corners of the earth we gather the stock used in making Cinco Cigars.

To maintain the high standard of workmanship that for 68 years has never been lowered, we have placed our factories in that section of Pennsylvania where for generations the most skilled cigar makers have been born and trained, where every Cinco can be made under the supervision of a single expert.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Established 1850

STICK TO Cinco - IT'S SAFE

man Medicin-Chef and beat it for the railroad, only a hundred yards away, and there sure nuff was a real, live, whoppin' Baldwin locomotive, American all over, engineer, fireman, even the steam was American. First whistle of the kind we'd heard in nigh on to a year, and the first real engine.

Man alive, but we did enjoy that engyne! And she was racin' up and down them tracks, switchin', just a-throwing them little ole French 2 x 4 cars around like they was nothin'. And every once in a while she'd race up and down all by herself, the American engineer and firemen just playin' around and kickin' up their heels. And don't you know, they was a lot of Alabama mules in some cars on the siding, and when they heard that old whistle they all whinnied an' kicked up high jinks! This is all the truth, just as sure as I am that the sun's goin' to shine one day in May—probly on a Thursday. (They've got forty-five of these locomotives on that one line now.)

Well, purty soon we happened to think of the old Medicin-Chef again, and Lawd, he was mad when we went back to him. We tried to smile it all off, but he wouldn't smile—and ole Bill said, "Eskivous Baldwin locomotive?" (you know Bill thinks he's a regular linguist), but the old man wouldn't savvy, an' I said to him, kinda coy-like, "*M'sieu, nous pas n'avon* seen a damn un of them things par un year; *ce très bon,* speciel le whistle." But old Bill, he had to laugh, so natchally Medicin-Chef didn't get it. Think he would have tumbled, tho, if Bill had kept his mouth shut, but you see, Bill's a major, and majors is all kinda dumb.

"Well," says I, "I'm thro—I'd a sight rather see the engyne than the hospital. If he don't want to show it to us, let's go." But just then an interpreter came along, and we told him as how we didn't mean to insult old Medsanchef, and all 'bout the engyne, and he told old M. C., and then he just laffed and laffed, and we laffed, and then it was 12 o'clock, and he invited us in to have lunch with 'im.

The writer was much imprest with the hospital, which he describes as having 1,650 beds and a staff of at least fifty French doctors. The luncheon was eminently satisfactory and the letter continues:

At one point, old M. C. rapped for order and then stood up and read the daily communiee-war news that is sent to each outfit. It's just a brief note telling of how things are going, but it is official. They have this in the British Army, too, but as yet not in ours. Keeps up the spirits wonderfully, and no doubt will be adopted by us.

The dining-room was in a plain wooden hut, wooden benches, and everything very simple, but white tablecloth and napkins. French enlisted men as waiters. A couple of stoves heated the place. The wards are clean and well lighted and ventilated, better than ours here, and well equipped, and the operating-rooms are many and well appointed, as are, too, the x-ray rooms. It really is a bully place—and one day a year ago, during a famous battle, 2,400 wounded men passed through that one hospital and were operated on and cared for in twenty-four hours, being then shipped further to the rear. That speaks well for the efficiency. Now they're not so busy and are caring for American wounded as well as their own.

Leaving this hospital and the American locomotives with some regret, the party visited another smaller hospital in what was once a beautiful old château with marvelous grounds now filled by the wooden hospital-huts. They then went on to the headquarters of a regiment, and Captain Bernheim writes:

It was a good-sized village, all dead and lifeless; not a soul there except French and American soldiers. Houses, shops, yards, everything battered up and wide open. No women or children, nor dog nor cat—only the sentinels—a most remarkable sight, quiet, still, lifeless, Sunday-like, all except the constant sound of heavy artillery.

But the headquarters was not in the town. It had been there, but a few unfriendly shells kinda had suggested that they get out. So we found them in a few old shacks, like you see on the dump-heaps at home, where the scavengers or squatters live.

We motored on back in the limousine—war de luxe, y'know, and three or four miles further back stopt at another hospital, a small one, used only for gassed patients. There were nearly 200 there, and it was a sad sight. I've attempted to describe the 250 gassed patients we received at our own hospital a few weeks ago. That was bad enough, but this was worse. Those poor fellows! I'm a husky brute of a surgeon, and I don't mind the wounded, but the desperately ill, pitiable, gassed men, hoarse of voice, spitting, sputtering, blue, burned, fighting for air!

While we were there one of the batteries—real heavies—opened up on the Huns. Man alive! Ever heard one? Well, it ain't at all necessary for the completion of your education. But I do hope those shells from that battery killed a thousand Huns.

That was our last stopping-place, and so we motored back to our stations. And they say the Front was perfectly quiet on that day! I do think, tho, that several men must have gotten bruised. I didn't see a single shell land. But it was most interesting.

E. H. Tostevin, of Mandan, N. Dak., is in France with the 164th United States Infantry. In a letter to his father, which is printed in the Mandan *Pioneer,* he writes of a bit of camouflage that strongly emphasizes the importance of letters and remembrances from home, to which need The Digest has already directed the attention of its readers. The letter, which is dated "Somewhere in France," April 5, opens with this poem:

There's something sets the heart to beating faster,
  It seems to wipe the scars of war away;
It smothers saddened thought 'neath cheer and laughter,
  Gives promise of a better, brighter day.

It seems to make our smiles a bit the broader
  And darkest thoughts are banished, never fail;
It's the thought that folks at home have not forgotten,
  It's the feeling that we have when we get mail.

No gas clouds can asphyxiate our mem'ries,
  And bullets can't kill off our dreams of life
Before this world was hurtled into battle
  And we became a part of all the strife.

For mail will make the sourest grouches vanish
  And dour looks give way before a grin;
In fact, the distant future looks inviting
  When the long belated mail at last comes in.

He then rather pointedly calls attention to the fact that he has previously mentioned the need of mail, and continues:

After nearly ten days of beautiful spring weather, the French weather man decided it was pretty close to Easter and handed out a package of spring rains—*à la Américaine*—it spoiled the Easter parade of the French damsels in the village near by, and it dampened the spirits of the boys who are "stuck" on the detail of running one of the big government schools, at least doing the work which the instructors don't do.

Mail had not been received for a couple of weeks. Yesterday a small percentage of the boys received letters, and to-day the flood came. Every one received three or four letters and packages containing everything from eats to silk pajamas.

And now, in order to tell you about it, I walked through a couple of barracks.

"Hey, Don!" I heard one fellow yell. "Remember Jack Somebody, of Lisbon. Got a ten-pound boy!"

"Gosh! They've got Townley on the run. Trying him for treason or something or other in Minnesota," was the remark of another who had found a bit of news.

"Well, for the love of Pete! Hey, guys, take a look at this!" exclaimed another. "Wonder whether she thinks this is a pink tea," and he held up a suit of mercerized silk pajamas. Instantly there was an uproar and the soldier wished he had hid them under his blankets or something.

"Put 'em on and let's see how you look!"

"What are they?"

"Oh, joy! Oh, boy! Isn't he the lady-killer!"

These and a lot more from the fellows who had read letters or were trying to hide disappointment on missing out.

Then, "Shut up, you poor boobs! Hire a hall! Give us a chance to read letters!" from the rest of the crowd. All but one. Sitting over on his bunk, head bowed over a single envelop, which the mails had brought him; motionless, giving no heed to anything around him, sat a lad of nineteen years. He is one of those shy sort of boys, has no girls on the string sending him things; only letters from home, and this envelop he had brought a belated Christmas card.

Suddenly he sat up, jumped off his bunk, and shuffled his way outside of the barracks.

I was not the only one watching him, for one of the other boys looked at me.

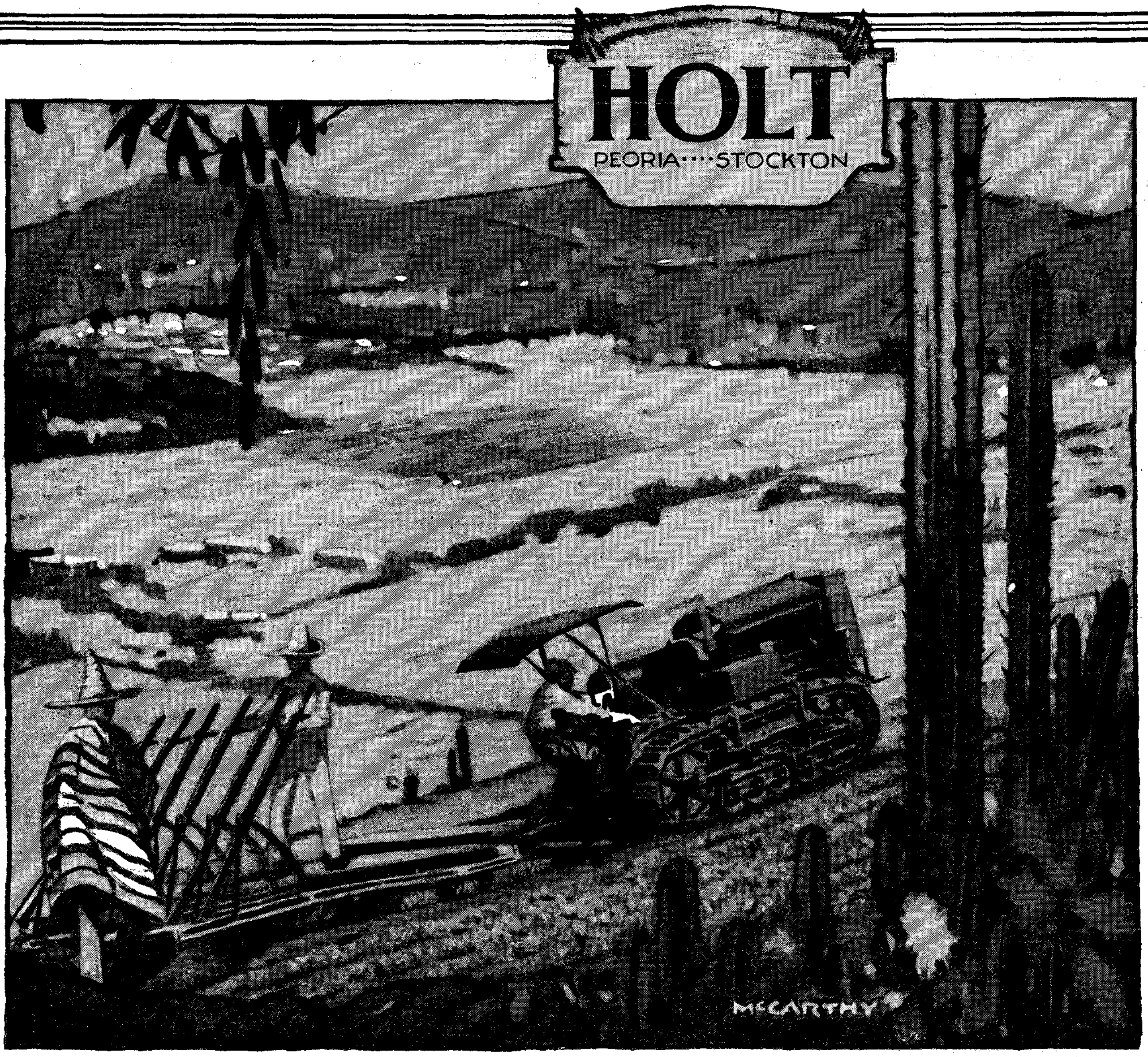
"Hell, ain't that too bad. Poor kid," and turning to his own pile of mail he selected a package which from its size and shape apparently was a carton of cigarets, ripped off the original wrapper, pasted canceled stamps on it, and addrest it to this boy, adding a return card from a girl the "good fellow" knew was a friend in the little town back home.

Completing the bundle the conspirator hurried outside and shouted to the boy who had been overlooked by the folks at home:

"Hey, you———come here and get your mail!"

The lad we sought was walking slowly away from the camp and out on the hills. At his name being called he half turned, then continued on his way until we ran after him, calling his name the while.

The sight of the bundle and our evident effort to attract his attention made him pause; and his back toward us we saw him take something from his pocket. He



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turned and we knew it was a handkerchief which he was trying to stow away. He walked slowly toward us.

"Say, you poor fish, d'ya think I'm goin' to follow you all over the country just to get a cigaret. Here's a package from your girl that just come and I want a cigaret for bringing it to you," he said.

The boy took the package, incredulously read the return address in the corner, then broke into smiles that broadened into grins.

He didn't say anything, the lump in his throat was too big and the traces of tears in his eyes nearer the real thing than traces. He tore open the package, opened a pack of cigarets and prest us to take some.

Then we left him after we saw him pick up the paper, tear the address from the corner and carefully put it away in his pocketbook.

"Dammit! Now I've got my foot in it. I've gotta write that girl right now and tell her what happened. But that's all right. She's a good scout and 'll understand," observed this impromptu spreader of good cheer.

Ah! But the mail helps!

In a more serious vein the writer describes the mysterious psychological change noticeable in the men who have returned from the trenches:

The stories of the fellows who have been in the trenches in the sector held by the men of Uncle Sam are absorbed and passed around. True, they sometimes grow in the telling and perhaps some of them are exaggerated by the chap from the Front. But in the telling one is struck by several things.

First: the men back from the trenches seem changed. Seems that a more serious something has imprinted itself on faces. Second: there is little or no bravado. The fellow who comes back for a visit with his old comrades knows the boys are interested in what he has been lucky enough to be in or out of, and the Front life has become a matter of fact to him. Third: there is a determined expression about the eyes and the mouth that seems to snap together a bit tighter and the jaw seems a little more pronounced. It is a psychological change that has been effected in an inexplicable manner.

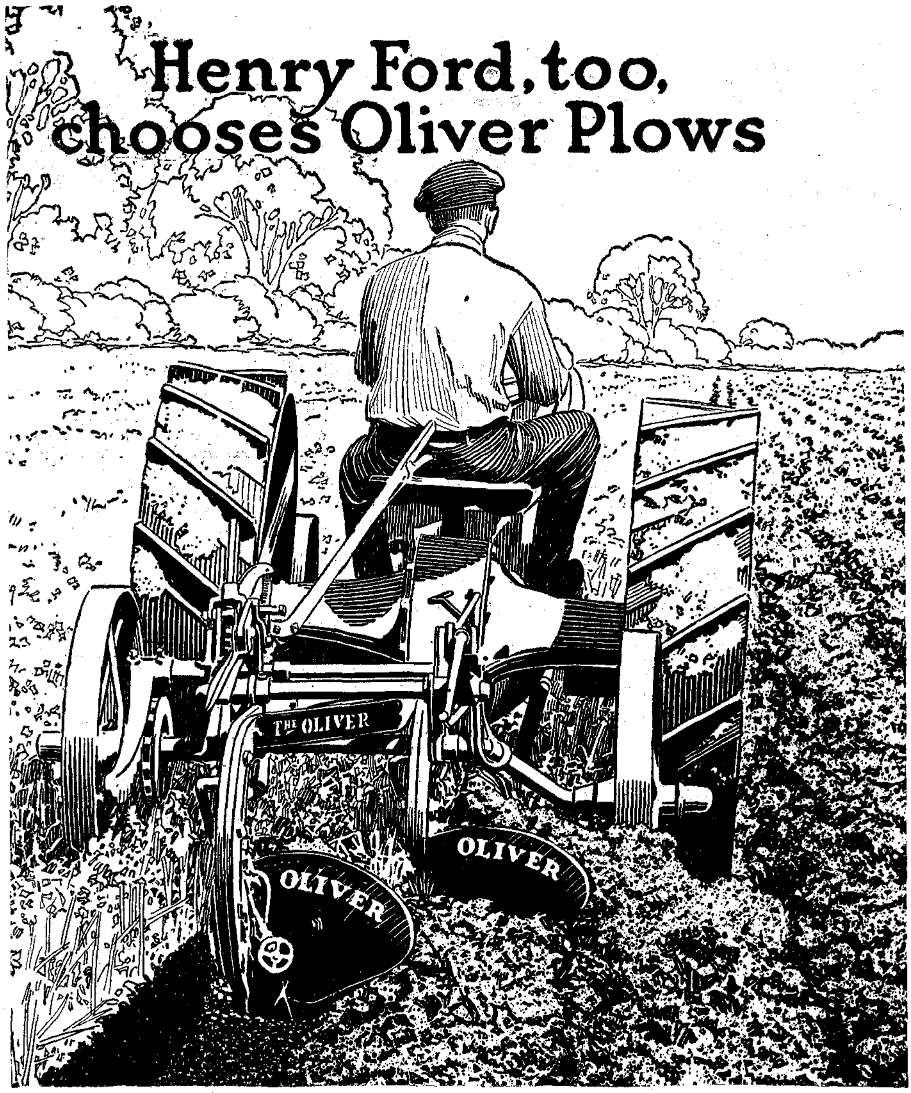
Here is the thought which seems to be preeminent.

We are glad that we are over here, for we should not want to miss any of the experiences, thrilling, grinding, funny, saddening, or whatever manner they be. And there is one thought which seems to stand out above all others—when this war is over and peace shall again prevail over the earth, we shall have so much more to be thankful for, so much more to live for, and, placing all of the hardships—and there have been enough of them—on the shelves of memory to be taken therefrom dusted and shown only at rare intervals, when the blot of German *Kultur* has been eventually effaced from this earth and our martial labors shall have ended, we shall truly know how to appreciate the bountiful goodnesses that are allotted the majority of mortal men in this existence. Then, all of the petty little nothings which once loomed so impregnable in the pathway of our desires and happiness, but which in retrospection, now seem to be so infinitesimal, shall be but things to go around with a smile; to ignore, as training shall have taught us, that the average person knows naught whatsoever of real trouble.

It is a truth indeed that when we shall return home it will be with a hundred thousand new ideas on how to live.

This is a letter from a brother at the Front to one at home who was rejected because of physical defect. The latter, eager to fight, made two ineffectual attempts to enlist. The brother who got to the Front frankly admits that he was not—at first—anxious for America to get into the war. However, it is different now, for he will fight for both, he writes, and the brother at home must feel that he shares the honor. This is the letter in part, as it is printed in the New York *Evening Post*, from Private Allen P. McGwire, of the American Red Cross Hospital No. 2, in France, to his brother John, formerly of Summit, N. J., but now living in Virginia:

> I want to tell you, from the heart of a very admiring brother, that I sympathize with you with all my heart at your disappointment in your final rejection. Mother did not say, but I suppose this time it was at Summit. When any one actually wants to come over here as you do, it seems a downright pity that any slight physical defect which does not directly impair the present health of you should keep you from doing that which you consider is your duty. But you have done all you can now, and you are not a slacker or anything else, but a much bigger hero than some who are in the Army by draft against their own will, and who would never have given a helping hand had it not been for the compulsion.
>
> Now that I know how you must feel, let me tell you that I am going to try doubly hard, while I am in the Army, to do your work, too, that you would do if you were here. That is to say, I will do my best to represent you and myself, both in this fight, and any citations for conspicuous bravery or anything like that that I may receive I will silently share with you. I am not bluffing in the least. I am not looking for personal laurels, but if they are given for extra efficient service or for duty done well I will have some sort of a decoration to bring home in part-ownership with you.
>
> The spirit you have so patriotically exemplified throughout the war I know will be half the stamina at least that will make me do my best in a man's way. So do not fret. Continue at the mines or at the office in New York, and you will be doing your biggest to help us put an end to this wholesale slaughter and Kaiserism. I will think of you often as I have ever since I have been over here, and all I ask, all any of us ask who are in the game in uniform, is that you and the rest of the folks back home do all they can in being confident in our ability, our devotion to our country, our determination that we will never say quit until Hindenburg, Wilhelm & Co. have claimed a petition in bankruptcy. We are giving them hell at this very moment all along the line, and hordes upon hordes of American boys will swamp the tides of Germany before the passing of the next moon.
>
> You will well remember that last year I was none too anxious that our boys get into this scrap. You will well remember that I was still reticent about making any sacrifice and enlisting until last autumn. You talked in pretty plain English to me at times, your fiery patriotism leading you to say many mean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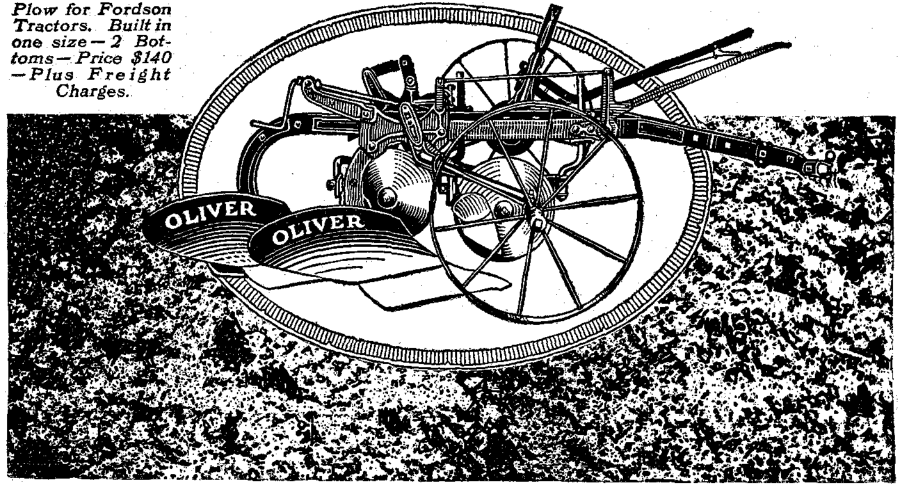

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things which I am sure you did not mean. I was indignant then, but now let me say that I understand just how you must have felt. You know how easy it is to take things as they come when we don't have to sacrifice much, how easy it is to let the other fellow do it. I will make a frank confession that I don't believe I ever really knew what it meant to be patriotic. But now, since I have been here and traveled over considerable of this country and seen many things, since I have seen with my own eyes women and children racked and torn by these fiendish air-raids you read about at home, my blood is at a boiling-point and I am ready for a battle any time I see or hear of the slightest disrespect to the Stars and Stripes.

To read about the war is one thing; to be a part of the great machine is another, he writes—and he is glad that he is there, and denounces any attempt to end it without giving Germany "her just deserts." And he adds:

Do not think in the reading of these words that I speak only for myself. I speak for every level-minded soldier in France. No matter how each and every one of us may wish occasionally that we were in the States among those whom we think the most about, we are willing to swallow it all and return home only when the work over here is finished. And do not think we are going to make a long job of it. I have hinted at an early finish above—we are better able to judge such things over here than you are at home—take it for what it is worth.

For fear of making you the more discontented that you are not in the Army, I almost refrain from telling you anything, but I think no doubt you will be glad to hear just a word personally from me about what I have seen so far since I have been here. I have been at this hospital a little over three weeks now. That is the longest I have been in any one place since I stept ashore nearly four months ago. I have been in many of the largest cities in France. I have been up to the line and seen with my own eyes what you see in pictures in the Picture Supplement of the New York *Times*. It is all so terrible, and yet it is all so wonderful.

It takes a man to play this game, and consequently any one over here wants to get into the thick of it all and prove himself. I will not detail any of my experiences at the front sectors. It probably would not pass the censors. Suffice it to say that I have been recommended to headquarters for a commission in artillery, and I received my first notification that I would be sent to the artillery training-base only a few days ago. So you see I may come home with bars on my shoulders after all. I have done my best ever since I have been here; at present I am acting as assistant to the adjutant at this hospital, which is considered rather an important job. I like the work, tho the hours are long, sometimes working far into the night and all day Saturdays and Sundays.

But I find no fault with it when I realize the cause for which it is all being done.

We have had a few air-raids since I have been in town, and the big gun which you read about has done a little damage. I was an eye-witness of an air-raid the other night, being but half a block away from where one bomb dropt, killing several people and wounding many. I heard the "zizz" coming from above and instinctively stooped my head. I picked myself up a few seconds later, the sidewalk having given me quite a smack when the bomb hit. But I wasn't the only one knocked off my feet that night, as it was an extra powerful bomb. Our aviators are getting more alert and expert all the time, however, and the last attempts of the *Boche* to get over the city have absolutely failed.

Can you imagine an air-raid at night? The town is almost completely dark after sundown, only an occasional light along the street as a guide, a dim blue light at that. Can you imagine all of a sudden hearing terrible, uncanny, shrill sirens whining all over that dark city; automobiles tearing through the streets crying out the warning from their powerful sirens; hearing big guns being fired all around you on every side; seeing hundreds of exploding shells up in the pitch black sky; hearing the telltale hum of the aeroplanes, the occasional "zizz," and the result; the frantic women seeking refuge in subway entrances?

At first experience it is quite a thrill, but the novelty wears off, and it is forgotten as soon as it is over. But then the tension and the expectancy never die. If you could read the faces of Parisians as we see them on a clear night like last night: each face unconsciously glancing up at the sky, debating as to whether it is too misty, whether the moon is too bright, whether they will come, and if the barrage will keep them from getting over the city: then you would understand why we are intent on crushing the very life out of the Hohenzollern and placing Germany on her feet, a free people. Will it ever be possible or will she need a sponsor? We shall wait and see.

I think I had better close for this time, Jack, and wish you all kinds of luck the coming year in your business and anything you may undertake. Forget your disappointment about enlisting. Men like you are needed to keep the country in good working order at home, and that is your duty now. The more of a success you make, just so much more valuable are you to the successful termination of this terrible war.

Here is a letter from a sound-proof dugout in France. It is written by Ellis C. Studdiford, of Company E, 101st Engineers and is printed in the New York *Evening Sun*. The terrible devastation of the village in which the company is located is described:

I am writing this by candle-light in my dugout. I have to hold the paper on my lap while I write, so you will have to excuse the writing.

We have a Fourth of July celebration every night. Both sides use quite a lot of star shells. They surely make a bright light.

There are all kinds of unexploded shells lying around, and you can be sure that I walk around them, as they are very dangerous. I have about twenty or twenty-five feet of rock and earth over me, so don't worry much about German shells. The ruined village we are in is a mass of dugouts. It has a larger population now than it ever had in peace times, and you see hardly any of them, only at mess time.

All the trees around here have been cut down. In some of the orchards the French have put the trees back on the stumps. I don't know if they will grow, but some of them look as if they might. The Germans, before they left this country, spoiled everything they could. Their special delight is wreckage.

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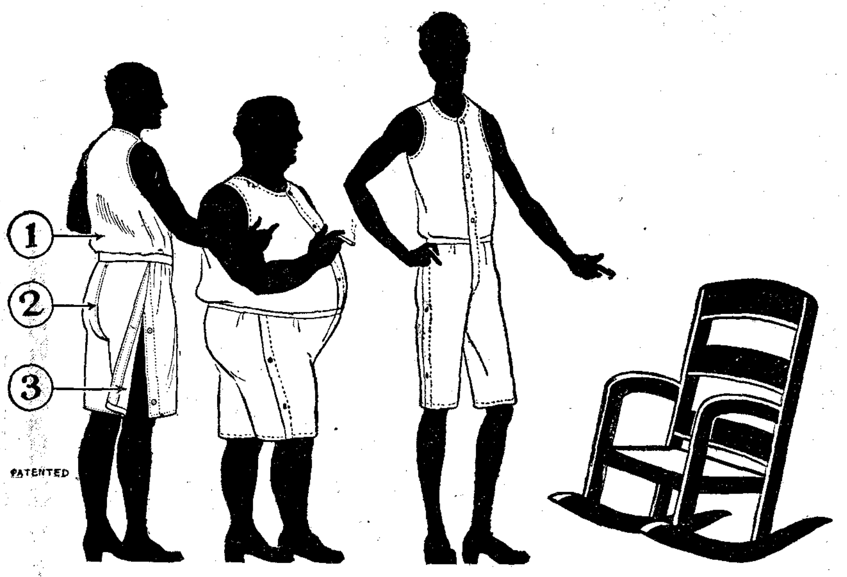

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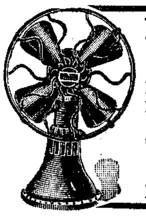

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I am moving to-night to another dugout that we made gas-proof to-day. My pal and I will have to bunk in one small bunk. To-morrow we will make our own dugout gas-proof.

The village we are in is completely ruined; hardly any house has more than one wall standing, and in none of them is the wall over ten feet high. The whole village is undermined with caves. I don't think anything less than an earthquake could wreck some of them. The one I am in is one of the best, so I am as safe as if I was at home. The only way we can tell when the artillery starts up is by the slight jar of the whole earth. We can't hear it at all in our dugouts.

STORY OF THE GREAT FRENCH DASH TO MEET THE BIG "BOCHE" PUSH

DASH, daring, determination—and efficiency.

It was a perfect combination of these qualities that enabled the French to fling a mass of reserves into the weakened Allied lines and help to absorb the German shock three days after the inauguration of the big offensive on March 21. As the story is beginning to be told, piece by piece, it reveals a marvelous tale of skilfully executed military tactics—a tale of an endless train of trucks loaded with fighting men, keyed to the minute, with their guns thrust toward the enemy lines as they jumped from the arriving *camions* eager to leap at the thundering masses of the foe.

It is a story that goes back, for the solution of the efficiency and preparedness of the troops, to Versailles two months before, and it deals with the magnificent pluck and heart of the emergency army that sustained them when minds and bodies had seemingly reached the point where human endurance could bear no more.

It was on the fifth day after the great battle opened that the official *communiqué* read:

"French troops on Saturday began to take part in the battle on the British front. They are now fighting vigorously around Noyon."

Saturday! That was the third battle day! And this was the real turning-point of the attack. Says a Providence *Journal* writer who was on the field:

> But how was it accomplished that within three days of the first German advance these reserves should begin to pour steadily into the lines? That, my friends, is the story. It is for this that we take off our hats when the Tricolor goes by.
>
> But before I begin at the beginning, let me give a single picture of how it looked. While the movement was at its height, but after the first crest of the advancing wave had rolled northward, I passed along a certain road behind certain French lines. Suddenly a great gray *camion* turned the corner ahead and rushed past. Then another. And another. And still others. At regularly measured intervals of twenty yards or so they rumbled on.
>
> We came to a point where another line of trucks, standing beside the road, narrowed the highway so that there was room for only one stream of traffic. So

we drew up to wait the finish of the long procession.

But there was no finish.

With a roar of engines and a transient earthquake as they passed, each at its proper interval, each speeding as fast as a motor-truck can speed, they swept up and by with the magnificence of mass.

Some had a single driver each. His eyes were fixt hard on the road ahead, as if he might be driving long after tired nature had left him nothing but the purpose to go forward. On others, besides the man at the wheel, a companion tossed in the corner as he slept heavily above the swinging and the swaying and the jouncing. Later these two would change places, for a trick at the wheel and a chance at blessed slumber.

After ten minutes they kept coming, always regularly spaced and always full speed ahead. As far down the road as we could see, to the turn, they flecked by the distant trees. Our own driver sighed and fingered his spark-lever nervously.

Then along came one whose driver was in dingy khaki instead of dingy blue. He was wide awake, and he grinned as he saw us waiting. Leaning out of his screened and sheltered seat he shouted:

"There's two solid miles of us behind me. You've got a fine wait coming. But it's all . . . . . . "

He was still shouting his message and laughing when the roar of his retreating engine shut off our hearing of what I would have liked well to hear.

"Two solid miles," he had said. There were. Two miles was an underestimate, like a British general reporting a victory.

The following morning, some miles away, we dodged precariously across the path of some of these same *camions*. This time they were going in a different direction. And this time they were filled with men in blue, carrying full equipment.

But, as before, they were traveling with a minimum of headway. And as before, they were plunging along the smooth highways—smooth in spite of war-traffic—as fast as *camion* engines could revolve.

That sort of thing went on for days and weeks in France.

But this was only one phase of the great movement. Then came the boys in khaki, train-load after train-load of them for twenty-four hours. The correspondent of *The Journal* writes:

"I stood one day and saw them," said a French officer to me. "Train after train after train. And each one of them solid, as solid as one could pack, with your men in khaki."

But this was some days after the beginning. Most of the men who filled the interminable trains were in horizon blue. At first they all were.

Before the beginning, however, there were the plans.

The German drive was foreseen weeks before. As far back as January, in the Council at Versailles, the war-wisdom of the Allies saw the gathering signs and prepared to meet the test of 1918. No one could tell then exactly where the *Boche* would break out. But the weight of opinion was that it would come on the British front.

It was decided that there should be "*une masse de manœuvre*" (mobile army of reserves), under command of "a" General. Later, under the stress of things, that General became General Foch. And thus in the pinch the unity of command that has been the need of the Allies was

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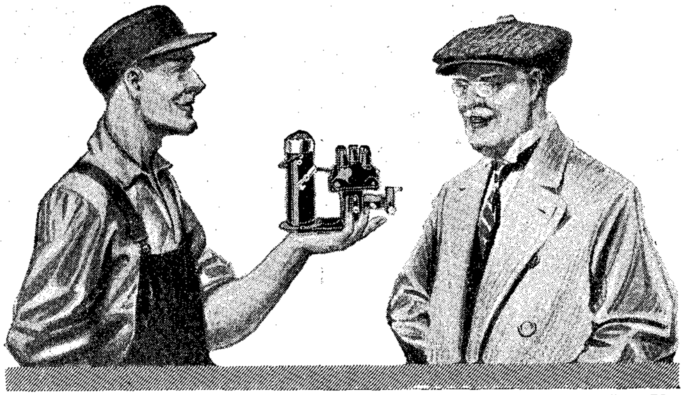

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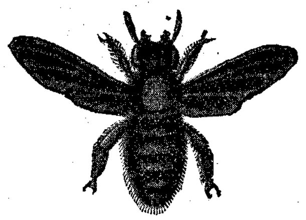

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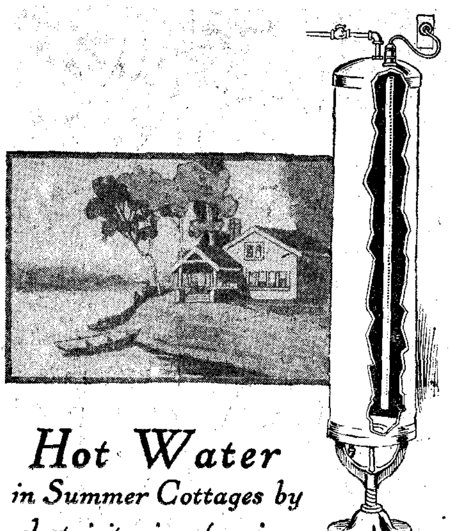

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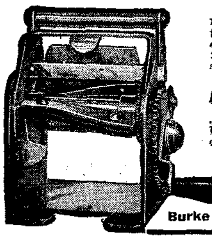

achieved with hardly more than an extra ripple on the wave of the defense against the German onslaught.

It was decided, naturally, that this mobile army of reserves should be assembled not far from the great angle in the Western line. Thus it was free to move in either direction with the least possible loss of time.

Remember, as has often been pointed out, that the enemy had the inside of the circle, and that movements from point to point on the circumference of a circle are shorter from the inside than on the outside. All the advantage in matters of mobile was with the *Boche*.

Gradually signs multiplied that the guess at Versailles had been right. Germany was massing for a smash at the British front. Yet, still it was impossible to risk all on the chance that this massing of men was not a mask for another fling elsewhere. The great angle in the Western Front had still to be considered as an elementary fact of war-geography. The mobile army of reserves stood pat.

Along came March 21, and with it the day when German autocracy said to its hungry millions: "Now, *lieber Kinder*, be patient yet again. Now we begin. This time we shall do it."

And with gas and shells and all the synthetic panoply of scientific slaughter to lead him, Fritz poured himself over the top in unprecedented waves.

Waves that gained ground. But fatal waves for Fritz!

Instantly, now that the place had been shown beyond possibility of doubt, France in blue was on the move. "Instantly" is almost too slow a word for what happened next.

It had been planned at Versailles that some front lines should fall back. The waves of Fritz hastened it somewhat, and pinned another star in the diadem of the mobile French *poilu*.

Circumstances compelled him, not merely to support a thinning line, but to arrive and create a new line of his own with no interval between the arrival and the creation.

And here enters General Pellé, who commanded the Fifth Army Corps. His experience had been quite comprehensive enough. He was not only a commander of fighting men, he had been Quartermaster-General of the French armies under General Joffre. He knew all the tricks of the many trades of war. Says the *Journal* correspondent:

> Pellé had planned that his reserves should wheel into certain lines at certain times. All this had been calculated in advance; transportation was scheduled to a dot. But suddenly it was necessary that he should anticipate his time-table. General Pellé studied the reports from the Front and listened to certain telephone conversation.
>
> "Must it be?"
>
> "It must be."
>
> And it was.
>
> Here begins, really, the story that I set out to tell.
>
> As a starter General Pellé turned aircraft into machine-gun batteries. He sent them forward at sixty or seventy or eighty miles an hour, armed with *mitrailleuses*, carrying orders to fly low while they shot. They flew low over the mass of Fritz while Fritz was not expecting it, and brought confusion to his ranks.
>
> Then the General called for bicycles. He sent them forward, mounted by men with guns on their backs, pedaling hard. They rode up and tumbled off, and fought.
>
> A cavalry division followed, by horse for those who had horses, by *camion* for those who had not. And for artillery, machine guns were loaded into motors and whirled on.
>
> Then General Pellé took up his *camion* schedule, sure that his airmen and his cyclists and his cavalry would hold the line till his big gray trucks could carry forward their sardine loads of fighting men. Drivers drew up and took their quota and levered into full speed faster than they had ever been taught. And hardly a stalled engine among them that day and night.
>
> The backbone of the first few hours of relief for a troubled front was the divisions that General Pellé sent northward by *camion*. Thousands of them, literally thousands, trailed each other along all the roads from the region of —— to the region of Noyon.
>
> This blocking of the German sweep down the valley of the Oise, that traditional road to Paris, was an infantry affair. Except for the machine guns that had reached the scene by motor, and such few heavy pieces as were still in position, the fighting was carried on with rifles and bayonets.
>
> Thus the line was held from splitting, even tho it was carried back toward Amiens. It held firm because of British grit and because the *poilu* was as mobile as he is brave.
>
> It was a battle of pluck and brilliant bravery—yes! Still more it was a battle of transportation.
>
> While the *Boche*, inside his circle, was dealing with short routes and with railroad systems built for the purpose and kept in condition by forced labor, the Allies were planning for longer jumps. Planning to make them effective, no matter what the turn of events. And, in an emergency even greater than was foreseen, they were effective.
>
> "It was truly a battle of railroads," said a French official, from whom to-day I have been learning some things about the affair not previously explained.
>
> "And of automobiles," I added.
>
> "Yes, of automobiles. And," he supplemented, laughing, "of American gasoline."
>
> It is a good phrase. Remember it, Mr. Automobilist, if at any time the demand for a reasonable instead of a reckless use of gas seems to grow irksome.
>
> Let your imagination picture the mile after mile of *camions* churning relentlessly along French roads to plug a threatened leak in the barriers of civilization.

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WRIGGLING into a mine-planted enemy harbor and blowing up a German submarine while its self-satisfied Teutonic crew—just returning from a raiding cruise—was receiving the enthusiastic greeting of crowds on shore and on the surrounding shipping, and then ducking safely away, is one of the dashing exploits of a British submarine that does not appear in the cold official report of the Admiralty which has been received by the Committee on Public Information in Washington.

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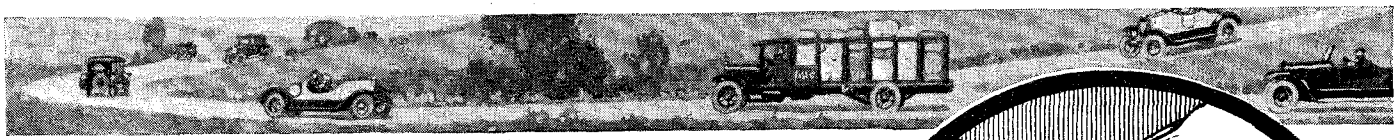

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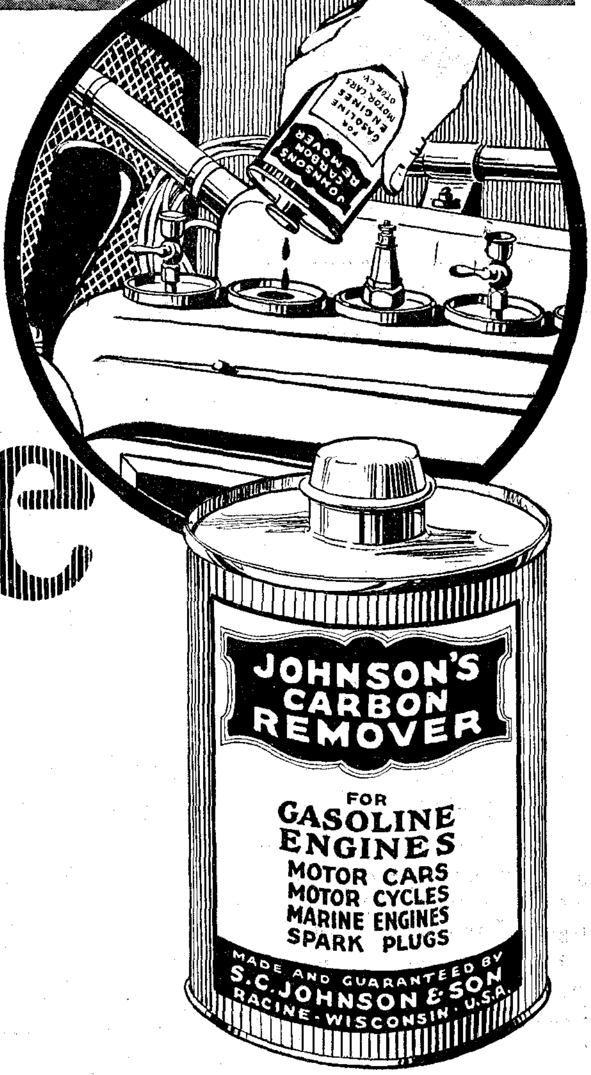
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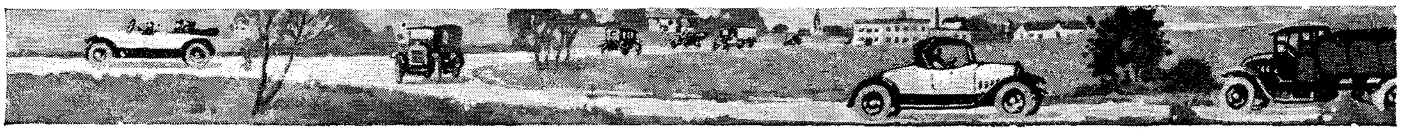

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coast. But the British sea-dog has always had a reputation for bravery and stubborn fighting qualities, and with the development of the war-machines of to-day he has shown new phases of dash and courage. Much has been written of the High Seas Fleet; little has been disclosed regarding the movements of the undersea fighters. Says a writer in the New York *Times:*

> Leaving the home harbors on England's east coast, or perhaps dropping down some Scottish firth, the submarines slip into the gray waters of the North Sea and pick their way through German mine-fields so that they may battle with the enemy even within the confines of his own harbors.
>
> One of the most popular tales of the exploits of British submarines, which, however, is not contained in the prepared statement, deals with a young commander who audaciously crept through mine-infested waters into the very harbor of Helgoland, the German Gibraltar. As he allowed his periscope to show above the surface for an instant he caught a glimpse of an enemy *U*-boat riding awash while the crew, lined up on deck, smiled a greeting to the crowds on shore and aboard harbor shipping who were noisily welcoming the "heroes" returning from a raid in the Atlantic. A torpedo from the British craft summarily cut short the celebration and eliminated the *U*-boat as a future menace to Allied vessels. The brilliant phase of the achievement is the fact that the English vessel succeeded in escaping and returning to port unharmed.

Existence in one of these fighting fish is full of discomfort, to say the least, for in winter a cold, clammy chill pervades the submarine, and the thermometer sometimes drops so low that it is impossible to sleep. Spray several inches thick accumulates on the wireless antennæ, thus making radio communication impossible, and the periscope is at times rendered useless because of a mantle of frost. Then, too, the submarine is a heavy rider in a seaway, and even fathoms below the surface it is difficult to maintain an even keel. Here are some incidents from the official British report that reveal interesting details of the submarine warfare:

> Night and day the search is continued, according as circumstances may dictate. The watch is kept on the surface, or submerged, save for the periscope, or maybe the vessels are on the surface every now and again to scan the horizon for any hostile craft which may come within reach.
>
> A ship being sighted, the submarine dives to the attack. As the ship is probably steaming fast on a zigzag course, a long time may elapse before the submarine is in a favorable position to fire her torpedoes. While this is going on she must ascertain whether the ship is friend or foe, and at all costs she must avoid being seen. If the periscope is sighted the hostile ship will make off with all speed, and the odds are that she will get away. An irregular course and great speed make her a difficult target, and if the sea is smooth she may see the track of the torpedo fired at her and steer to avoid it. But, in spite of all the difficulties, the submarines manage to drive home their attacks and a few of the successes may be here recorded.
>
> While patrolling between the Eastern Ems and the Weser River a submarine

sighted two lots of destroyer smoke to the southeastward. Two anxious hours were spent maneuvering for position to attack, and then, at a range of five hundred yards, two torpedoes were fired, one at the bow and one at the stern, of one of the destroyers. Having fired the torpedoes the submarine dived to avoid being detected, but a loud explosion told without doubt that one of the torpedoes had reached its mark. Eight minutes later the destroyer was seen sinking by the stern, fifteen feet of her bows still standing vertically out of the water.

The other destroyer was seen steaming at varying speeds and distances around the wreck. Elated at the success, the submarine thirsted to put her down, too, but as two more destroyers had arrived on the scene and were systematically searching, it was not considered feasible to continue the attack.

On another occasion two armed auxiliaries were sighted in the Helgoland Bight, and the leader, the larger of the two, was attacked and torpedoed, and was seen to be sinking by the stern.

It frequently happens that a submarine does not actually see her victim struck, but she invariably has the satisfaction of hearing the explosion if the torpedo gets home. This was the experience of a submarine which, patrolling one morning off the Ems, sighted an enemy destroyer, and fired both tubes at a range of 350 yards. As the submarine dived on firing the result was not seen, but after the lapse of a few seconds there was an exceedingly loud explosion, which was distinctly heard twenty-five miles away.

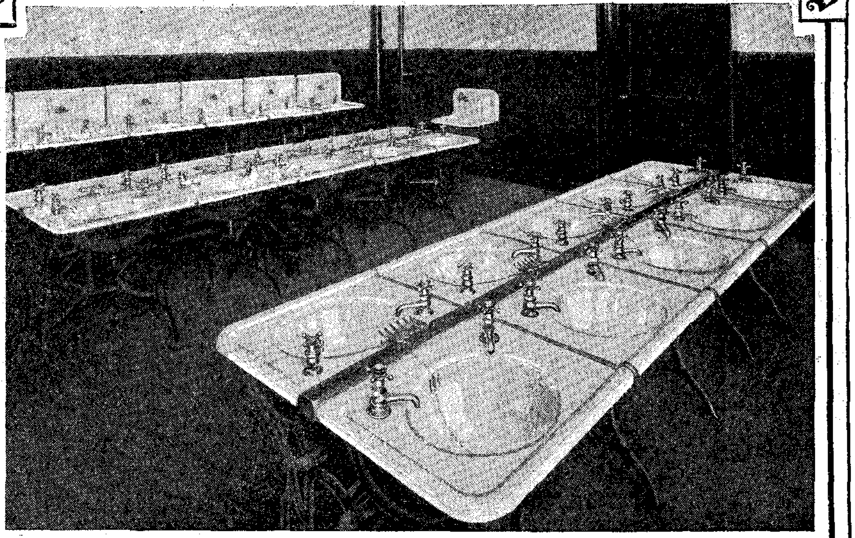
A quick sweep around with the periscope two or three minutes later revealed no sign of the destroyer which had been fired at, but four hundred yards astern was another vessel of the same kind. As the destroyer was not actually seen to be hit, at first it appeared likely that in reality there was only one enemy vessel, but after the bearings and distances had been carefully worked out this did not seem to have been possible. In view of the violence of the explosion, it is probable that the magazine blew up, and that would account for the rapid disappearance of the ship.

Yet another instance of the total disappearance of the ship may be cited. One of our submarines located an enemy submarine ahead of her, and, giving chase, reduced the range to four hundred yards. Two torpedoes were fired, and one was seen to hit. When the smoke cleared away there was not a vestige of the hostile vessel to be seen.

These are but a few of the many instances which could be quoted showing the silent and stealthy work of the submarine.

Surprize is the strongest element of the success of the submarine attack. The work of the underseas fleet is therefore wrapt in more or less mystery, but some of the following extracts from the report of the operations in Helgoland Bight reveal something of the life on a submarine:

> When a submarine is submerged, her captain alone is able to see what is taking place. The success of the enterprise and the safety of the vessel depend on his skill and nerve and the prompt, precise execution of his orders by the officers and men under his command.
>
> Our submarines have been pioneers in waters which have been mined. They have been subjected to skilful and well-



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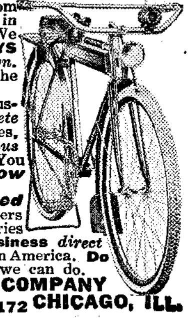

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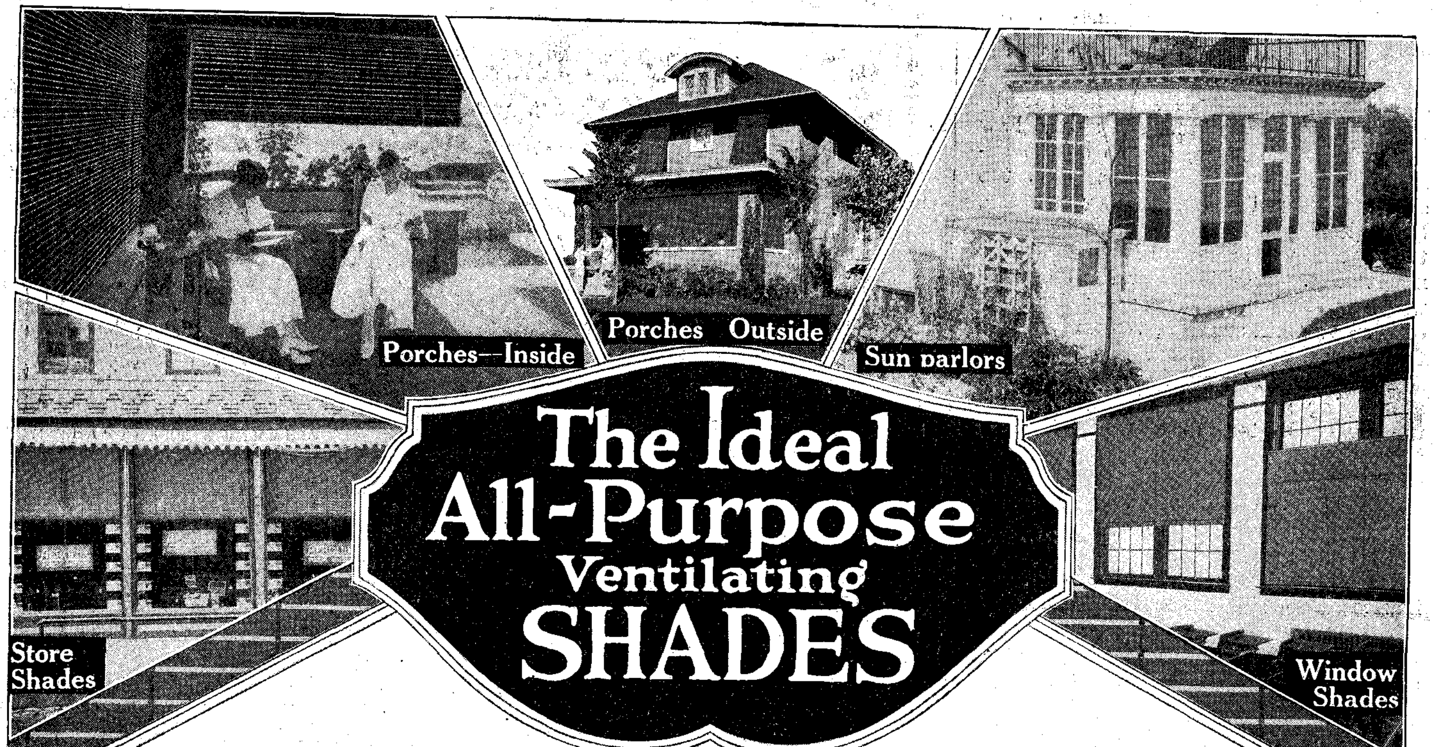

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Sudden alterations of course and depth, the swish of propellers overhead, and the concussion of bursting shells give an indication to the crew of the risks to which they are being exposed, and it speaks well for the morale of these young officers and men, and their gallant faith in their captains, that they have invariably carried out their duties quietly, keenly, and confidently under conditions that might well have tried the most hardened veteran.

The hardships undergone during stormy weather are terrible. During the winter months westerly gales were frequently experienced in the Bight, and these gales were invariably accompanied by high, steep seas, which made it impossible to open the conning-tower hatch. Vision was limited to that through the periscope, and was only a cable or two between the seas, which continually broke over them.

There was no rest at the bottom, even at twenty-two fathoms, as the vessels rolled and bumped dangerously. They were consequently compelled to keep under way at a depth clear of the keels of possible ships. When battery power became low the submarine had perforce to come to the surface to recharge. While on the surface it was essential to run the engines in order to keep head to sea, and through the ventilator, which, with the engines running, must necessarily be kept open, much water was shipped.

The weather had not been good, and throughout the six days the cold had been intense—arctic, in fact. At times ice formed on the periscope very quickly and obscured vision so that it had to be dipt every five minutes. On the surface the thermometer gave no reading, tho it had a minimum of 18 degrees of frost. To receive messages by wireless was impossible, for the spray froze on the aerial, forming a coating of ice two inches thick.

From time to time it was necessary to dive to remove the icicles, which, over a foot long, depended from portions of the superstructure. The bridge screen froze like a board, and only with difficulty could it be folded, and the ice on the coats of the officers and crew did not thaw until some hours after the garments had been hung up below.

The submarine's "ears" are apparently keen, for the report states that a "destroyer was heard to pass very close overhead . . . and a sweep was distinctly heard to drag over her hull."

The attempt of a submarine to pass into the Baltic—which, tho a failure, was a striking example of pluck and determination—is thus described:

> It was known that the German Fleet was exercising in the Baltic, and three submarines, *X*, *Y*, and *Z*, were detailed to make the passage of the Sound and attack. It was essential that the three vessels should pass through the Sound the same night, but unfortunately *X* developed certain defects and was unable to keep up with the other two. The result was that she reached the entrance to the Sound the night after *Y* and *Z* had successfully made the passage. Their presence was discovered in the Baltic and the enemy took all possible steps to prevent either their getting out of the Baltic or others getting in.
>
> What *X* found was four merchant ships in line abreast proceeding through the narrow entrance to the Sound, and from the accurate station they kept it was evident they were sweeping. Beyond them were destroyers. These ships were all showing navigation lights, and, accordingly, *X* thought it would be best to do so, too, hoping to pass without attracting attention.
>
> She had not proceeded far before she was detected by a destroyer, which tried to ram her. Her only course was to dive, and as she sank in the water she heard the threshing of the enemy's propellers above her.
>
> To make the passage with lights burning was clearly out of the question, and, nothing daunted, she returned, silently and stealthily creeping on the surface, until she got into the wake of a vessel proceeding through the sound, trusting to be able to follow her unobserved.
>
> For a while it seemed as if the plan would succeed, but suddenly the vessel she was following stopt. As luck would have it she was a destroyer, which at once endeavored to ram her. Again she dived.
>
> A third and a fourth attempt brought no greater success. The enemy, thoroughly alarmed, were ever on the alert to ram her. Another effort would not only have been hopeless, but would have unjustifiably risked the boat and the lives of the crew, so she returned to her base, as her gallant commander exprest it in his report, "prior to making a further attempt."

DIARY OF A GERMAN OFFICER SLAIN IN THE "BIG DRIVE"

INTERESTING glimpses of happenings behind the German lines just previous to the "big drive" are furnished by a diary which was found on the body of an officer of the Twenty-sixth Division who was killed in the fighting at Hébuterne on April 6. Here are some extracts that were printed in the London *Times:*

> MARCH 13.—Reached our destination, Villers-Pommerœul, at 7 P.M. and detrained. At 8 o'clock marched via Thulin, Quiévrain, to Onnaing, arriving there about 1 o'clock.
>
> MARCH 14.—We are said to be remaining here for four days. Probably a large "break-through" attack is taking place south of us, and we are to cover the right flank of the attack. In the afternoon we went to Valenciennes, a fine, old-fashioned French town. There was nothing to be bought in the shops, tho plenty in the army canteens, etc., which are excellently supplied.
>
> MARCH 18.—The major addrest the company. "Fall in" at 8 P.M. This is our first night march and the fifth of the Army.
>
> We belong to the 17th Army. Commander at present unknown. Chief of the General Staff of this army is Krafft von Dellmensingen, who was with us in Italy. Our group is the 9th Reserve Corps. Changes have also taken place in the division. Our Brigadier-General Haas has been given a Prussian division, and has been replaced by Colonel Gluck, who, up to the present, has commanded the 242d Infantry Brigade. Our regimental adjutant, Fischer von Weikhersthal, has been transferred to the 13th Corps.
>
> At last we are getting further informa-

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tion about operations on this Front. In three armies, huge masses of troops are marching forward. In the salient south of Arras, attacks will be launched at three different points, the code names of which will be Michael 1, 2, 3. Zero day is to be called "Michael day." This name is also the symbol for the German Michael's day of revenge.

The general line of advance is in a westerly direction to Abbeville, etc., in order to separate the British from the French. If France is left to herself she will come to terms quickly; therefore, the chief blows are to be directed against the British. The preparations have been so thoughtfully planned that failure is almost an impossibility. In spite of all this, if it should happen that the attack is held up at one point, it will be immediately broken off there, and the troops moved to another sector. To the north of Group Michael 1 is the Group Mars, which consists of the 26th Division, 26th Reserve Division, and the 236th Division. These are detailed to meet and parry any counterstroke from the direction of Arras, and so to keep on guarding the right flank of Michael 1.

We have a colossal amount of artillery at our disposal; for instance, in our own division, of which only two regiments will be in the line, we have 68 batteries and several hundred trench-mortars of various calibers. Gas is to be freely used; an immeasurable quantity of artillery of the attacking infantry is to follow up immediately. Large formations follow behind to deal with booty, wounded, and prisoners. As the district into which we are going is badly off for drinking water, each company is provided with its water-cart. At present we are still under the orders of G. H. Q. Our forward move is via Valenciennes and Denain to the neighborhood of Chérisy. I have forty men in my platoon; their moral and general condition is very satisfactory.

We continue the march smoothly, all precautions being taken with regard to cover, as hostile aircraft are about. Everywhere one hears and sees the anti-aircraft fire and machine-gun fire with tracer bullets. English airmen continually drop star-shells to assist them in searching for the roads. Everything passes on smoothly, and it is strange to think of all the masses of troops which are marching westward on all the various roads over a wide front to-night. "Germany on the march." We pass St. Saulves, Valenciennes, La Sentinelle, Herin, Oisy, Denain to Havelny, about 20 kilometers (12½ miles).

On March 19, night marches began, the diary stating that the movement of the troops started at 8:50 P.M.; at 1 A.M. they reached Auberchicourt, where they were billeted in workmen's cottages. Under date of March 20, the officer writes: "Our artillery is four times as great as the enemy's," and "up to date the enemy appears to have noticed nothing of our movement up." Then comes the opening of the attack:

MARCH 21.—Artillery-barrage at 6 A.M. in the direction of the Michael sector. In the afternoon we went to a wireless-station, where at last we got the first news from the Front. The attack was a complete success and the enemy entirely taken by surprize. Bullecourt, Croisilles, and St. Léger are in our hands. The enemy is also giving way in our sector. The 26th

Reserve Division has already gone up to the Front, but it appears that our division will not be required for the first phase; many artillery regiments have also gone up, including Austrians.

The spirits of the troops are high, especially as we hear that the affair at Verdun has also succeeded. Very interesting to watch the aerial activity. As Michael's attack succeeded, it seems hardly probable that the further attack planned by "Mars" (to which we belong) will take place. We had only just gone to rest when the battalion was alarmed. We marched off at 12:30 via Arleux, Écoust, and Rumaucourt, where we found a comfortable billet. Great activity on all the roads; we met the first batches of wounded and prisoners.

March 22.—Introduced to our new brigadier, Colonel Gluck; he is not popular.

March 23.—Alarm at 5 A.M. Marched via Villers to Cagnicourt, where we billeted in huts and tents in the wood south of Cagnicourt.

March 24.—We are about three kilometers behind the old front line. The advance must be going on satisfactorily, and it is a good sign that we have not yet been required, showing that the division has not yet had many losses.

March 26.—At 12:30 A.M. the battalion was alarmed; marched via Hendecourt in the direction of Fontaine, where we occupy the dugouts of the former front line. We are in reserve behind the 236th Infantry Division. The situation is still not known to us. This evening we move up to the front line to the right of the 26th Reserve Division, and attack Hénin tomorrow morning. At 7 P.M. these orders are canceled, also the movement orders. The trenches are not severely shelled, but Fontaine is absolutely flat. Our own artillery-fire is very severe; batteries are in position in every hollow.

March 27.—Called at 5 A.M. We advance via Croisilles and St. Léger, where we are billeted in vacated huts and dugouts. We cross No Man's Land, which formerly separated the British from the German lines; it is a thrilling moment to think that we were walking over ground where one dared not show oneself before. We see a good many traces of the fighting.

The battalion arrives at 9 o'clock, but does not get much rest. We discovered that another big attack was in progress. We were alarmed at 1 P.M. We are attached to the 18th Corps, and leave the old 9th Reserve Corps, but still remain in the 17th Army under Otto von Bülow.

Our orders are to support the left flank of the attacking 234th Division in case of necessity, and we are in readiness for this. At 9 P.M. the 2d Battalion 119th Infantry Regiment and the 3d Battalion 125th Infantry Regiment move up into line to close a gap which exists between the 239th and 234th Divisions. The 1st Battalion 119th Infantry Regiment is to follow the attack in echelon formation. At 10 P.M. I go out with a reconnaissance party of four men for the 1st Battalion, and at last, after losing our direction many times, I find the left flank of the 2d Battalion at 1 o'clock.

Here the tone of the diary changes. Mark the effect of a slight reverse on the morale:

March 28.—I send back an exact report to my battalion. Later, I go back myself, but, unfortunately, the battalion meanwhile has been moved off and I had

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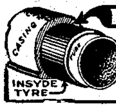

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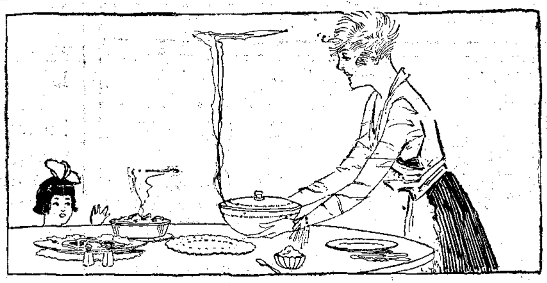

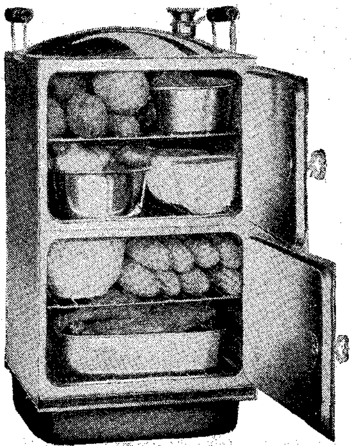

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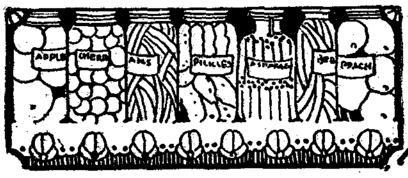

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The OXYGEN Tooth Powder
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A PACKAGE, sufficient for one week's trial, and authoritative booklet telling "Why a Tooth Powder is Better Than a Paste," will be sent free on request.

"Your 32 Teeth Are 32 Reasons"

McKESSON & ROBBINS, Incorporated
96 Fulton Street New York

to hunt for them again for several hours, but without success. We were dog tired and rested in an old dugout for some hours. At 10:30 we tracked our battalion down; it had meanwhile been put into the line. There were much confusion and great disorder, with portions of four regiments mixed together. The British are firing a great deal and our right flank is right in the air. It is impossible to keep in touch with our right, as they are too far behind, consequently we are being heavily enfiladed. At 12:50 our battalion received fresh orders for an attack, which orders, however, were immediately canceled. We are faced by some very cleverly concealed machine-gun nests, which can not be touched by our artillery-fire, and they would cause us the severest casualties during an advance.

It is now 5 P.M. and there is a general lull in the fighting. Not until evening, when the units were sorted and our regiment taken away, did I learn that my platoon in the assault in the morning had lost 3 men killed, 3 wounded, and 1 missing. Connection has also been established with our right flank. It seems that there will be a return to trench-warfare for a few days in this part, as the enemy immediately in front of us has massed his main forces there, and attacks there would cost us nothing but losses. If the operations north and south of us succeed the enemy will also have to give way here.

We revert to trench-warfare tactics again, and the division is again organized in depth. We go to Moyenneville and settle down in a comfortable deep dug-out; there is not a single house left standing in any of the villages.

MARCH 29.—At 7 A.M. we were alarmed and taken still farther back, as the division is to be still further distributed in depth.

MARCH 30.—We are still hopeful of becoming attached to one of the more successful attacking groups farther south. We, and also the 26th Reserve Division, have had fairly heavy casualties, and have very little success to show for them, as the opposition here is too well organized for us.

MARCH 31.—Easter day. Quiet. The 3d Battalion has relieved the 2d in front line. We remain in the same place. At 6 P.M. we receive fresh orders. The 26th Division is to be relieved; there will be no further offensive here for the present. We are to join the 14th Reserve Corps farther south. March via Mory Beugnatre to Frémicourt.

APRIL 1.—The battalion arrives at 6:30 A.M. We are to take part in the next big attack, which will take place shortly, and are to cover the right flank of a group which has to force the passages over the Ancre. Our group will attack from the sector Hébuterne (exclusive) Sugar Factory (2 kilometers south of Hébuterne), toward Colincamps. Meanwhile, we remain here in support. Enormous amount of traffic on the Cambrai-Bapaume road, up to which point the railway will also be running to-morrow.

APRIL 2.—The attack is to take place on the 5th. In the evening, at 8:30, we march via Bapaume, Avesnes, Grévillers to the sector northeast of Miraumont; the roads have no bottom to them, and are blocked at many points.

APRIL 3.—The companies leave for the Front at 8 o'clock. I remain behind to bring on the battalion's light machine guns, which have not yet arrived.

The writer evidently met his death during the attack on the 5th, which he says was carefully planned, for the last entry in the diary was under the date of April 4, when he wrote:

At 2 A.M. I left with the 1st Machine-Gun Company. It was pitch-dark, raining, and numberless holes and old trenches everywhere. We ran into a burst of fire, and unfortunately one shell dropt between the 2d and 3d sections; there were a few killed and wounded. We arrive up in the front line at 7 A.M. The battalion had mistaken the way at night and was not in its correct position. It is now too light, and we can not alter our positions. It is an awful mix-up.

We are on the old battle-ground of 1914–1916. We are in the last line, about two kilometers south of Hébuterne. There are cultivated fields in front of us. Terribly bad weather. During the day we remain in old English dugouts; in the evening we are to take up our correct positions, which will be a very difficult matter, as troops of five or six different battalions are all mixed up together.

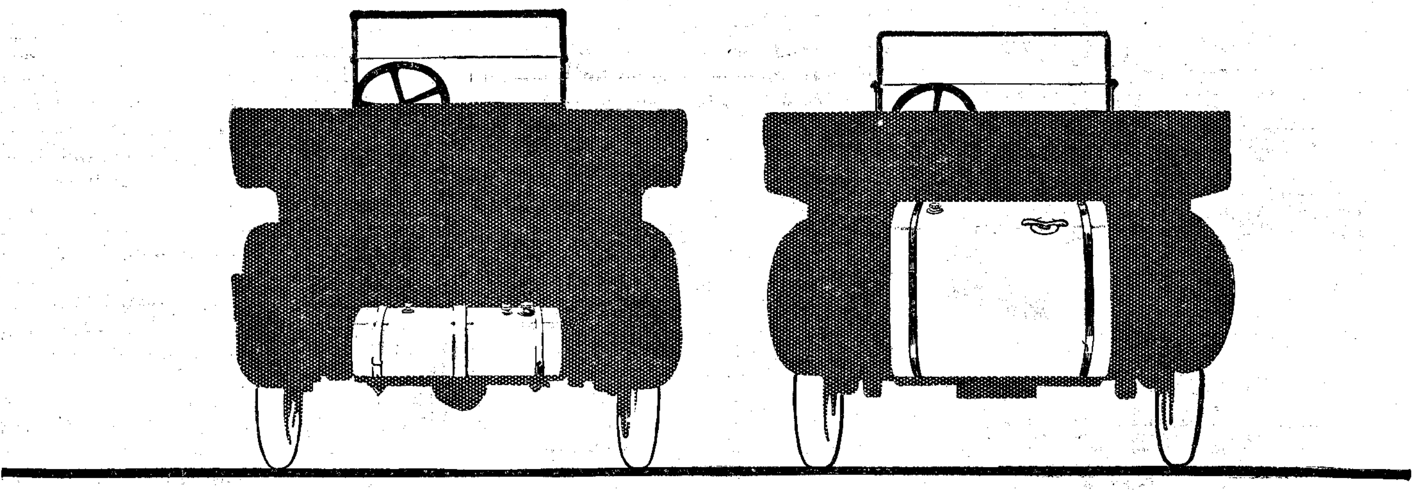
AN EARLY MORNING VISIT TO THE SENATE PRESS-GALLERY

IT is early morning in the Senate Chamber—early morning in the sense that the grave and reverend gentlemen who manipulate the legislation of this great Republic, according to their varying political views, have not yet assembled. In the press-gallery a few newspaper correspondents are preparing for the work of the day. The minor wheels are just beginning to revolve. On the floor of the Senate two pages are busily engaged pouring a red powder into two ebony receptacles with great ceremony, for they are the sacred snuff-boxes of the Senate.

Making his uncertain way from desk to desk is a little white-haired old man, spectacled and stoop-shouldered, carefully inspecting the ink-wells and sand-pots of the Senators, for be it known that, as in ye olden time, should a Senator commit his eloquence to paper it is fixt with sand instead of the pink or blue blotter of commerce. And, says the correspondent of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger:*

The little old man upon whom it is your privilege to look as he functions according as it is written that he should in the ritual of the Senate, is Charles Richards, and his status is official sharpener of the quill pens and keeper of the Senate stationery. Old Richards was young Richards when Charles Sumner brought him from a hospital where he recovered from wounds received at Antietam, in 1862, and had him appointed to this position. Ever since then Richards has faithfully and joyously served the noble Senate. At about the time he came quill pens had started to go. But he clung to his job, for does not the statute prescribe that the duties Richards fell heir to shall include the sharpening of the quills? It does!

So it was, then, that he was retained by a Senate that finally yielded to base metal—in the way of writing instruments—and for thirty years or thereabouts there was no call for quills. But the imperial State of Massachusetts needed a Senator once and there was delegated to defend its sovereign rights and uphold its ancient



How Big Should the Gasoline Tank Be?

A Motoring Question that Demonstrates Franklin Economy

Suppose you could fill the gasoline tank only once—with 270 miles to go; how big should the tank be?

"It depends on how much gasoline the car burns up"—would naturally be your answer to this question.

Exactly; and your answer leads directly to the reason why the Franklin is the most economical fine car in America.

The Story Told by the Gasoline Tanks

The Franklin Car (the one on the left in the above picture) because it is scientifically free from unnecessary weight, runs 270 miles on its gasoline tank capacity of 13½ gallons. This is at the rate of 20 miles to the gallon.

The average heavy car (on the right) to run the same distance, would require a cumbersome gasoline tank holding 27 gallons—at the rate of only 10 miles to the gallon.

Why?

Simply because of the mechanical law—as old as the ages—that weight requires power in proportion to move it. And the more power needed, the more gasoline consumed. Wherever there is excessive weight, there is friction, wear and drag—*and it always shows up in the gasoline tank.*

Weight Means Waste

This question of motor car weight has made people think. The vital national need of the times is economy—in motoring as in everything—and the average heavy and rigid car is handicapped in its attempt to comply with the demand. It is bound to use extra fuel in moving its own excessive weight, while the easy rolling Scientific Light Weight Franklin, with its flexible construction, delivers the maximum force of its fuel into actual mileage.

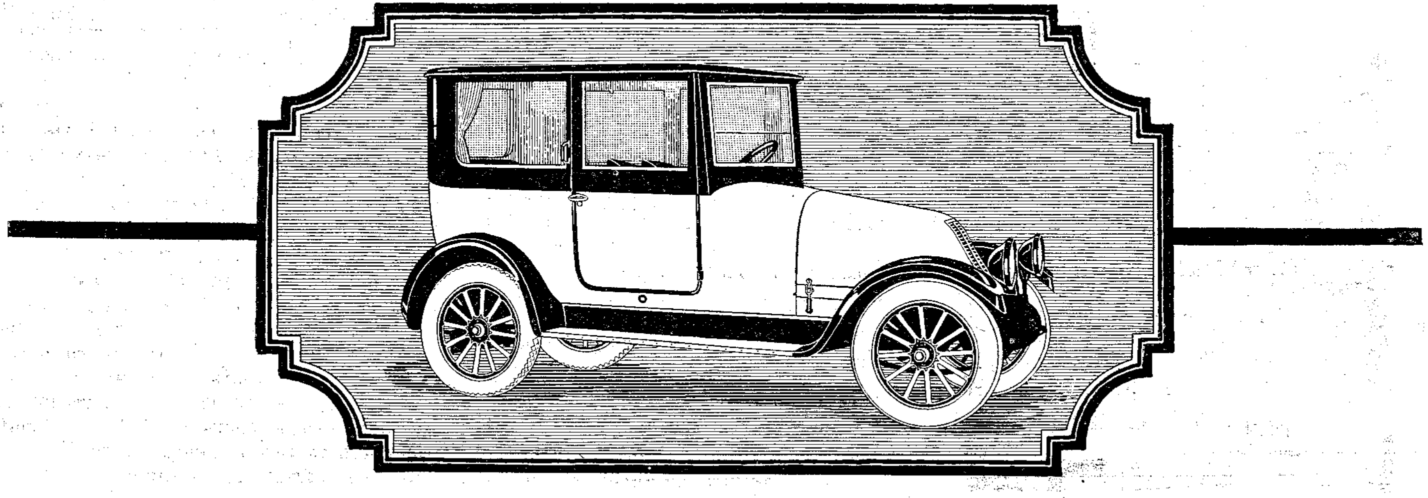
Light Weight Means Tire Economy

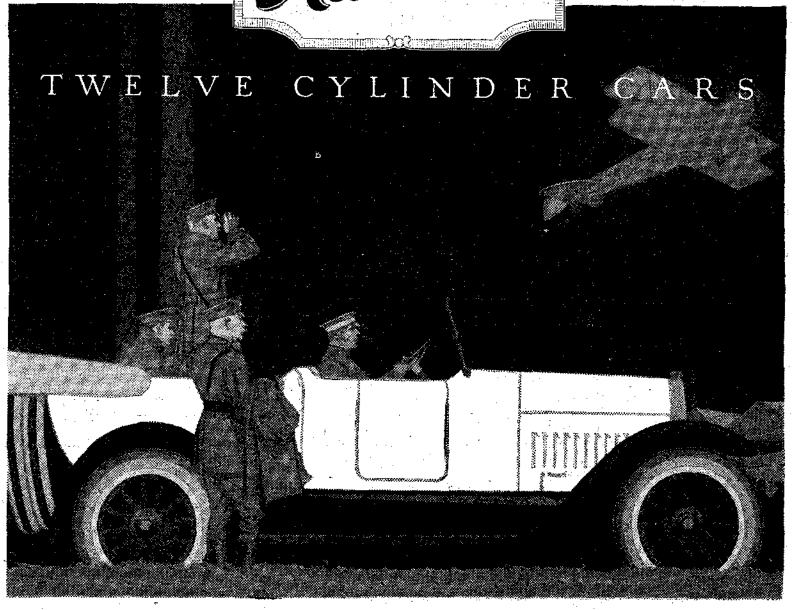
The same fundamentals decide tire-results. Heavy weight and rigidity pound out tires before their time. Franklin Light Weight and Flexibility allow them to deliver the full mileage that is in them.

Motorists are no longer blind to the handicaps of weight. They are aware that they may be expressed in terms of dollars and cents, and people today are not throwing money away, in the upkeep costs of a wasteful motor car. They are demanding motor car efficiency that at least is comparable to the Franklin facts of daily performance—

20 Miles to the gallon of gasoline—instead of 10
10,000 Miles to the set of tires—instead of 5,000

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.





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Swift, Safe and Sure

THE sustained popularity of National cars rests solidly on the merit of the cars themselves.

The present National models are the product of eighteen years' experience, and embody the best we have learned in that time.

They are powerful, responsive and permanently reliable; a swift, safe and sure means of travel

Their ability to keep going with the minimum of attention and repair is a most important virtue at present.

Busy men find National cars a dependable utility, of great value to themselves and their work.

National cars are built to endure in such service, to last several seasons and serve without fail.

With either the six-cylinder or the twelve-cylinder airplane-type motor they are conspicuously able and efficient.

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Eighteenth Successful Year

We believe that the twelve-cylinder National will outperform any genuinely "stock" car in the world

National Dealers Now Offer Complete Range of Body Styles in Both
Six and Twelve Cylinder Models
Seven-Passenger Touring Car, Four-Passenger Phaeton, Four-Passenger Roadster, Seven-Passenger Convertible Sedan

and honorable traditions a man named Lodge, who, having taken his seat, called for a quill pen, whereupon, once more, old Richards fell to his labor of love. But, finding himself so out of tune with the rest of the Senate, even Lodge, a while later, forsook the quills and ordered steel, and that is why, nowadays, the keeper of the Senate stationery and the official sharpener of the quill pens must find his joy in filling the sand-pots.

But, against the day when from somewhere in the Union, probably the Ozarks, there will ride into Washington another Webster or another Clay to take his place in the Senate, old Richards has a drawer in his storeroom, and that drawer contains a stock of nice new quill pens, ready at all times to act as the medium between the mind of this future statesman and the imperial parchment.

Thus in the great Senate, by snuff-box, quill pen, and sand-pot, is reverence lent to well-established precedent.

While the ancient Senatorial traditions are still maintained and the ebony snuff-boxes still kept neatly filled, few avail themselves of their old-fashioned prerogatives in the present day. Still, it is said that gentlemen who have never pinched snuff when elevated to the Senate sometimes feel it incumbent upon them to keep tradition alive in the historic halls, for, says *The Public Ledger:*

> These same snuff-boxes were filled daily when Calhoun and Clay and all the other past greats indulged in the logic and eloquence for which the Senate has ever since been revered. People think it did. But a great many observers think that the present Senate has failed utterly to clear its head with the same facility that was shown when men knew how to sniff snuff without spilling as many tears as several present Senators spill when, occasionally, they sniff a little snuff from the sacred snuff-boxes.
>
> It has been argued by several gentlemen, English-born, in the press-gallery that there is ample justification for the snuff-boxes *et al.* They say that the shades of Jefferson, of Webster, and of Calhoun and Clay stand out the more clearly when set off by the "properties" employed when they were present in the flesh. These persons have displayed such remarkable consistency that, upon listening for half an hour to one of the daily contributors to *The Congressional Record,* they turn away mumbling contemptuously: "And that guy sniffs from the same snuff-box that Clay and Webster used! Sacrilege!"

One of the picturesque figures of the present Senate, James Hamilton Lewis, of Illinois, has furnished much excellent copy for newspaper correspondents. Says the writer in *The Public Ledger:*

> It has been said that this eminent gentleman would have had Sothern lugging a spear in his chorus had he chosen the stage for his profession. But he makes the Senate his stage, and the part he plays there is no mean one. Beau Brummell of the chamber and of all Washington, he knows it! Graceful of manner, he knows it! Commander of a vocabulary wide and elegant, and possessor of a voice rich and melodious, he knows it! Center of feminine interest, he knows it! He may or may not know that young ladies in the gallery, simply upon seeing his magnificent form, glide across the Senate chamber,

have experienced heart-flutterings and exclaimed, "Oh, I just love him," but such is the fact.

He is the Democratic whip of the Senate as well as one of the Democrats who see the President and frequently speak for him. It was inevitable, therefore, that he should have spoken upon the Overman bill. He served notice that he would address the Senate upon a certain day, and upon that day he appeared in glorious raiment. For three hours he spoke and the galleries forgot the custom known as lunch.

But the Senator from Illinois had not. As if by prearrangement, in the midst of his address, a page boy entered the chamber from the Democratic side, bearing a huge goblet of milk. He veered his way between the desks down to Jim Ham's side. J. H. paused and, graciously thanking the boy, lifted the glass to his lips and drained it, after which he withdrew with thumb and forefinger a brilliant handkerchief from his inside coat-pocket and carefully removed the lacteal vestiges from his pink whiskers. Then he resumed.

Prohibitionists will note this performance with pleasure when they are made to know how widely it diverges from the custom of a Senator, now gone, who had the glass upon his desk, intended for water, filled each morning with gin, which he sipped during the day, the galleries being unable to discern that it was not the innocent *aqua pura*.

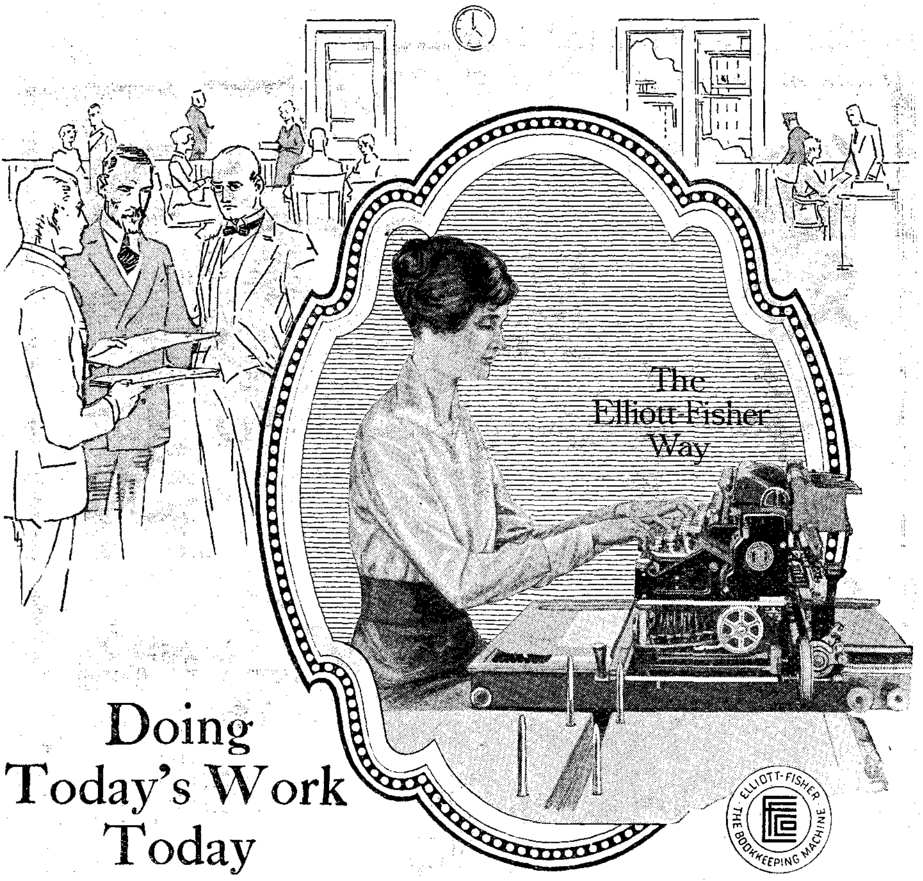
Mississippi is represented in the Senate by Senators who look the other way when they pass each other. One is Williams. The other is James K. Vardaman, he of the long and carefully kept hair. Vardaman, by the way, is the only Senator who wears a cape any more. It is a long one, too, reaching almost to the tops of his high heels. It has a velvet collar and is very wide, giving the appearance of flowing. Quite a picture of the past is he on a wintry morning coming to the Capitol wrapt in this garment.

In this august body there are many Senators who are rarely heard by readers of newspapers outside their own States. When these gentlemen rise to speak the lobbies begin to fill up and the press-gallery thins out. They speak for the benefit of the official stenographers and the glory of *The Congressional Record*. It is also true that Senators who really deserve a hearing often batter the bare walls of the Senate with their eloquent words because there are so few members in their seats.

And then there are the fighters of the days of long ago, still interesting figures on the floor of the Senate, but with their capacity for battle weakened by age.

The first of these is the senior Senator from South Carolina. Ben is his first name and "Pitchfork" was the sobriquet attached to him in the palmy days when his propensity for strong language created the impression in the minds of folk who read the papers that he was a raging bull in a china-shop. He was, more or less. He had a way about him that made his opponents look around for open doors. Ruggedly healthy and vigorous and absolutely fearless, he was always looking for a fight. That was years ago. To-day he avoids every scrap. Enfeebled by age and illness, he can fight no more.

Much as he would revel in a combat upon the floor, he knows that the strain upon his shattered frame involved in a debate would entail serious consequences.



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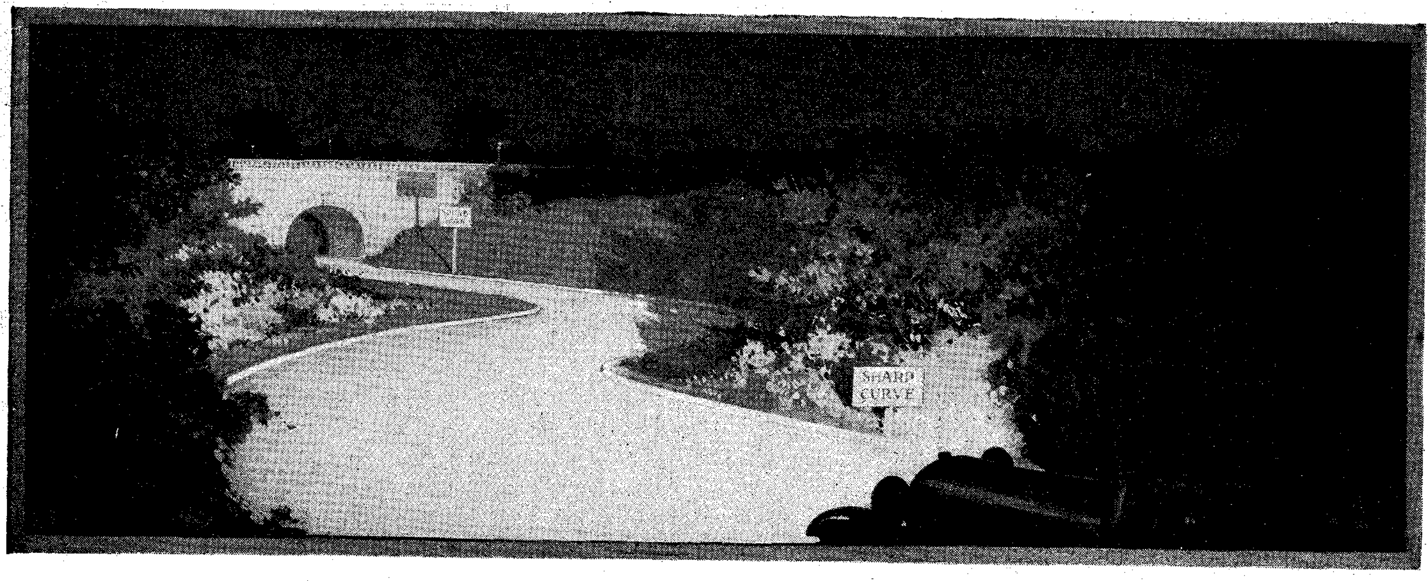


The Lawful Lens

Which Great Cars Use—And Why

No Glare

Warner-Lenz gives a wealth of utterly glareless light.

Lawful

It is legal under every law. It has been approved by every commission appointed under any state law.

No 42-Inch Restrictions

Having no direct beams, no glare rays, Warner-Lenz light is not restricted to 42 inches high.

High and Low

It lights upgrades and downgrades, also road signs, high and low.

Widespread

It lights almost a full half-circle, not a narrow strip.

NOTE this list of great car makers who use Warner-Lenz alone. It includes about all makers who equip with glareless lights.

Note the reasons—at the side—why all those makers chose the Warner from the many lawful lenses.

You must change your lenses if you have an illegal type. No-Glare laws are almost universal.

You must change them anyway, to make night driving safe and pleasant. Narrow, blinding shaft-lights ruin it, both for you and others.

A million motorists or more have made the change already. You should not delay.

But, when you change, consider well what these great cars are using. And why their engineers adopted Warner-Lenz.

Otherwise, you may need to change again.

Packard
Marmon
Stutz
Doble Steam
Standard 8
Cunningham
Daniels 8
Westcott
Peerless
Crawford
White Case
Hal Twelve
Ohio Electric
Anderson
Fiat Moon
Davis
Lenox
McFarlan
Murray
Rock Falls

MOTOR TRUCKS
Vim

Lights Turns

It lights curves and turns, curbs and ditches—one's entire field of vision.

Flood Light

It floods the entire scene with light, just as daylight does.

Rise and Fall

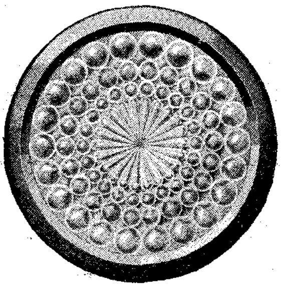
Rise and fall of the car has no effect on this all-pervading flood light.

Turning Lenses

Turning of the lens in the lamp-rim cannot set this light askew.

Ever in Focus

A lamp bulb jarred out of focus does not affect Warner-Lenz light.



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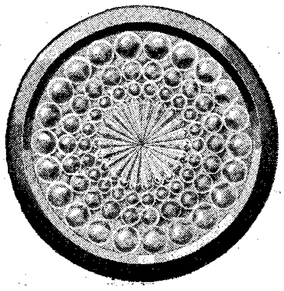

THE WARNER-LENZ COMPANY, 925 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago

Therefore he remains silent. As a matter of fact, he is seldom in his seat, except when the bells in the committee-rooms and offices announce that the presence of Senators is required upon the floor either to answer to their names in a quorum call or to vote upon a bill or a motion. Then Tillman leaves the chamber of the Naval Affairs Committee, of which he is chairman, sometimes wearing bedroom slippers, and enters the chamber from the main door. He drags himself down to the seat of Senator Overman, of North Carolina, which is just in front of his own. He inquires of Overman what the issue is. He keeps in touch, of course, with the proceedings of the body and knows how he wants to vote. He votes, and then starts back to his chamber. Upon seeing him limp into the House upon the arm of Henry Cabot Lodge to hear President Wilson deliver a message last winter, Arthur Brisbane was led to reflect, "And the lion and the lamb shall lie down together."

The country has remained in ignorance of the presence in Washington of many members of the Senate. They have come unheralded and left unsung. Not so with Culberson. The nation knew that he was in town for many years. The nation knew that he was a grizzly in politics and in statesmanship. When he talked he said something and the press-gallery listened and took notes.

It is different now. Senator Culberson, afflicted with palsy, can no longer make a speech. Indeed, it is hardly more than his fortitude that makes it possible for him to be about the Capitol at all. He is accompanied at all times by a companion. But while he can not talk himself, he has a method by which the Senate hears from him. This method is to write a letter to his colleague, Senator Sheppard, which Sheppard reads to the Senate. It was in this fashion that Culberson came to the defense of his friend, Col. E. M. House, after Senator Penrose had assailed House several months ago. But the people of Texas seem to desire that Culberson shall be their senior Senator as long as he lives. The last time it was necessary for him to be reelected he couldn't make the long trip. So he wrote a letter back to his friends. On the strength of the letter he was given another six years in the Senate.

There are other traditions as useless as the snuff-boxes. Take, for example, a few senatorial committees that are continued from session to session. Says the writer in *The Public Ledger:*

> Why, for instance, should there continue to exist a Committee on Revolutionary Claims, of which, at the present moment, Senator Johnson, of South Dakota, is chairman?
>
> It never meets.
>
> Neither does the Committee on Trespassers Upon Indian Lands, presided over by the distinguished Senator from Washington, Wesley L. Jones.
>
> Neither does the Committee on the Five Civilized Tribes of Indians, whose chairman is the Hon. Knute Nelson, of Minnesota.
>
> It is equally certain that Senator Boies Penrose has had little difficulty filling the chairmanship of the Committee on Additional Accommodations for the Library of Congress, but still the committee persists.
>
> The limit, however, is almost attained by the survival of the Committee on Indian Depredations, headed by Senator Poindexter, of Washington.
>
> It has nothing, nevertheless, on the committee of which Senator Weeks, of Massachusetts, was made chairman only recently—the Committee on the Disposition of Useless Papers in the Executive Departments.
>
> The reason for these committees and a score of others which meet but rarely, and then on matters of little importance, is that they provide the chairman with a staff of extra secretaries and clerks, who are especially useful during the period when a Senator is preparing his constituency in advance of a senatorial election. A lot of young men who would make excellent riveters after brief instruction in the art are consequently sacrificing that pleasure in order to serve their country at the seat of the conflict—on this side of the water.

MOURNING BADGE THAT IS AN EMBLEM OF UNDYING GLORY

FRANKLY facing the fact that the death-roll of Americans who are fighting for their country in Europe must inevitably grow, the Woman's Committee of the Council of National Defense recommends that a black arm-band with a gold star be worn instead of mourning by American women who have lost members of their families in the service of their country. Such insignia, it is felt, will express better than mourning the feeling of the American people that such losses are a matter of glory rather than of prostrating grief and depression. In a letter to Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, the chairman of the Woman's Committee, President Wilson has indorsed the idea, saying:

> "Thank you for your letter of yesterday. I do entirely approve of the action taken by the Woman's Committee in executive session, namely, that a three-inch black band should be worn upon which a gilt star may be placed for each member of the family whose life is lost in the service, and that the band shall be worn on the left arm. I hope and believe that thoughtful people everywhere will approve of this action and I hope that you will be kind enough to make the suggestion of the Committee public with the statement that it has my cordial indorsement."

In a statement accompanying the President's letter the Committee says:

> For a long time, the Woman's Committee has been receiving letters from women urging some such action on their part. The determined avoidance of mourning by Englishwomen has been much commented on and praised. One woman who advocates this step has four sons in the service, one of whom has already been killed. She wrote recently:
>
> "I know the costliness of such supreme glory and sacrifice, and have felt both the selfish temptation to hide my pain behind a mourning that would hold off intrusion, and the inspiration and stimulus of keeping up to my gallant son's expectation that I should regard his death as a happy promotion into higher service. Patriotism means such exalted living that dying is not the harder part."
>
> The insignia which has been chosen by the Woman's Committee is of a kind that can readily be made at home out of whatever material can be procured. The band is to be black and three inches wide, the

IMPERIAL
Auto Folding Chair

Comfortable Strong Convenient

Converts your 5-passenger into a 7-passenger car, and is indispensable in camp, on the boat, at the golf club, park, beach, ball game, or for the lawn or porch at home. Folds compactly in small space and is easily stored or carried.

Imperial Auto Folding Steel Chair. Pat. June, 1906.

Folded

The Imperial Auto Folding Chair has strong oval steel frame, seat and back padded with felt and upholstered in black waterproof art leather. Size of seat 11 x 12 inches—back 12 1-2 x 3 1-2 inches—height of seat 16 in. Folded 12 1-2 x 20 x 2 in. Handsomest, strongest and most comfortable folding chair on the market. Price $2.50

Ask your dealer, or fill out attached coupon, inclose postal or express order for $2.50 and we will ship chair direct from the factory.

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and you will not have premature blow-outs or rim-cuts.

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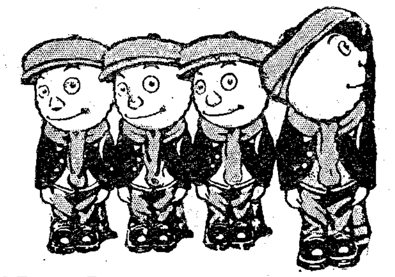

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are the ones you'll play best with. Use them in your next game.
"30" med. size, med. wt., $1 each, $12 dozen
"29" } "31" } .....small size..... { 85c each { $10 dozen

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How many times have you made that suggestion since you were a boy in "knee pants?" Do you still heed the call of lake and stream and the great outdoors, bidding you come and drink deep from the one spring of eternal youth—clean healthful sport in the open air? A day spent on the lake or river matching your strength and skill against plunging muskies or fighting bass, those are the days that no one can afford to miss. A few moments practice with a South Bend Anti-Back-Lash Reel will make an expert caster of the most inexperienced. The use of the **BASS-ORENO** bait will coax the big gamey fellows to strike, as thousands of anglers have learned. See South Bend Quality Tackle at your dealers. Write to us for your complimentary copy of the book "The Days of Real Sport," illustrated by Briggs. Full of fun and fishing information. Send dealer's name.

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stars gilt, and one for each member of the family who has lost his life in service. These stars may be of gold, of gilded metal, of satin, or of cloth. The design will not be patented, and the insignia will never become a commercial article.

TO SAFEGUARD THE HEALTH OF WOMEN MUNITION-WORKERS

THE United States is taking good care that the health of the women who are helping on the war-jobs shall not be injured, and in order that they may not suffer through the necessary war-activities—in many of which they are inexperienced and untried—Dr. Khristine Mann, of New York City, has been appointed Supervisor of Health for the Woman's Branch of the Industrial Service Section of the Ordnance Department.

For three years Dr. Mann has been associated with industrial women in New York, and her special endeavor has been to maintain and improve the health of those employed in the industries by means of rational exercise and diet, and instruction in the importance of ventilation of sleeping rooms, proper recreation, and clothing. In outlining her plans in the New York *Sun*, Dr. Mann said:

"With the employment of women in war-plants England has had her experience. At the beginning the women of England were overworked, for the plants started in with overtime, elimination of holidays, and night labor. Suddenly the woman-power decreased and it was found necessary to pass a law reinstating the holidays and regulating the hours of work. Steps have been taken to prevent a similar experience in the United States, and by September there will be forty women health officers ready to enter factories and look after the welfare of women workers.

"There are conditions in the industrial plants of the country that must be corrected if the health of women is to be maintained and the output of materials kept up to the necessary standard. Health and productivity go hand in hand, and one may well be proud that our Government has recognized this fact in time to preserve its womanhood.

"Two examples of what I mean came recently to my attention while inspecting a plant. First, the chairs in which the girls sat for eight hours a day were not adapted to their purpose. The seats were too small, the backs were straight at the wrong point and in many instances the backs had been broken down, so that the worker might sit farther back, thus depriving them of support. The chairs were all of a uniform height with no provision for the unusually short or tall girl. No footstools were provided, and many of the girls had brought soap-boxes for foot-rests.

"Now the strain of having to sit all day is made worse by a wrong posture, and the health of the women may be affected. The importance of having the right kind of chairs is manifest.

"One of the greatest wrongs done is placing women in positions for which they are physically unfit. In large corporations, where much brain-work is needed, somebody, either a man or a woman, is paid a high salary to place people in departments for which they are best suited and where they will prove of the greatest value to the firm. Is it not just as important to fit the women in the munitions-plants into the places where they will enable the Government to get war-materials in the largest quantities?"

Dr. Mann believes that if the power of woman is improperly utilized so as to cause physical deterioration, the community will be harmed rather than benefited, no matter what the record of economic productivity may be. She says:

"I do not believe there would be any difficulty in showing precise money losses to employers from ill health of employees. Absentee lists, bad time-keeping, large turnover are all connected up with the factory's health problem, and all these things affect the factory's profits.

"Our standards of productivity are defined at present by low standards of health. If all industrial women maintained unbroken records of good health, our day, I venture to say, could be shortened to seven hours and production kept up as high as under the present eight-hour day, if it was not higher.

"Our first step to improve conditions is to find women suited to act as health officers. Four have already been physically examined and accepted for training. All of them must be trained, and it is for this purpose that a summer school is to be opened at Mount Holyoke College. The health officers after graduation will work under the Ordnance Department. The first course for health officers opens June 26 and will last eight weeks. It is planned to grant certificates to from thirty to forty women who will be trained to examine girls physically in order to estimate their capacity and to give them good advice.

"Of course the ideal plan would be to take women for training who have had two years or more experience in a medical college, but that is impossible, for this is an emergency work and all who have had such experience are needed in other places at present, and we must have our women ready by September. As this is the case, our health officers will for the present be selected from two classes.

"First: Those who have already had successful experience as industrial supervisors or social workers, their practical knowledge to be supplemented by a course in physiology and hygiene, these courses centering about the question of health as it particularly affects industrial women.

"Secondly: Graduates from physical education colleges of four or five years standing, whose training will be supplemented by a study of labor problems and by practical work in factories.

"By good health the morale of the women is raised. By right housing conditions this is also accomplished. Proper recreation and enough of it is a great thing. To provide such conditions will be part of the work of the health officers of the Ordnance Department.

"We want the women munitions-workers to be one of the finest bodies of women in the world, and with America's progressive methods there is no reason why we should not accomplish this end. We have entered on a new era of womanhood and we want the final result to be splendid.

"One of the greatest crimes against health that we have is undernourishment. Go through a place where hundreds of women are employed and you will find the

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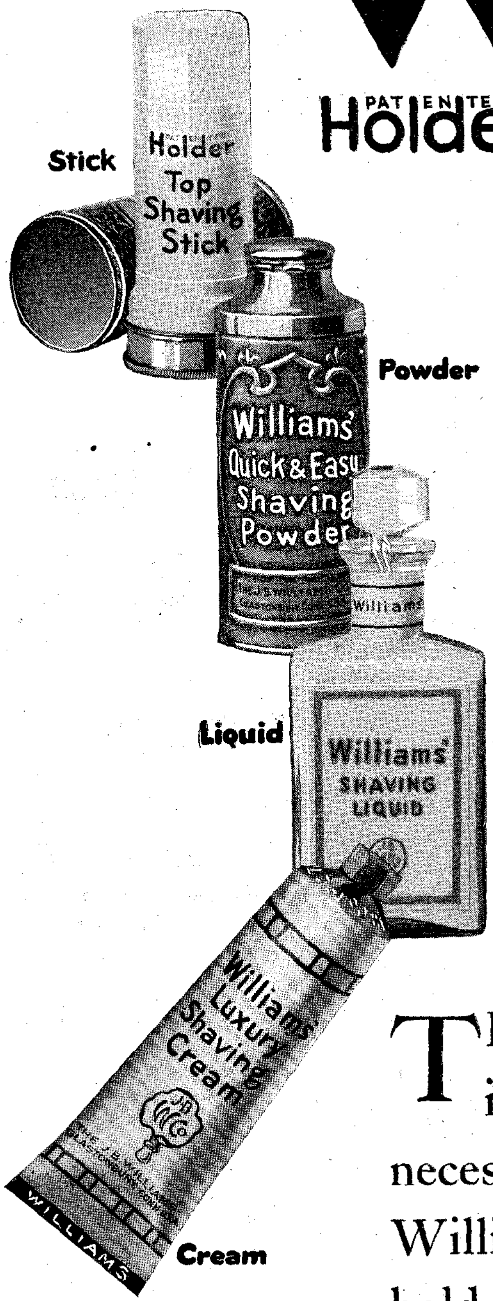
Holder Top Shaving Stick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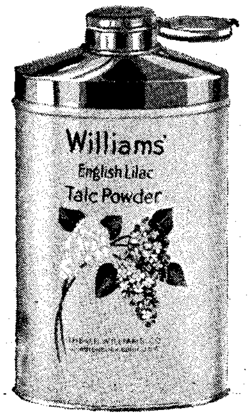
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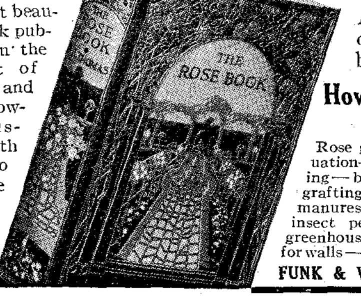

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majority of them ill-nourished. This being so, how can you expect health and ability to work up to high standards?"

Dr. Mann suggests that employers supply canteens for their workers. Here follow some breakfast menus she says she has found to be common among working women:

BREAKFAST
Cocoa and Bread and Butter.
LUNCH
Two Egg Sandwiches—Cake.
DINNER
Soup—Meat—Mashed Potatoes.

BREAKFAST
Oatmeal—Toast—Tea.
LUNCH
Coffee—Lima Beans—Rolls—Pudding.
DINNER
Soup—Hash—Pickles—Cake—Tea.

BREAKFAST
Tea—Bread and Butter.
LUNCH
Bread and Butter—Radishes.
DINNER
Soup in which were Potatoes.

"If the girls did absolutely nothing good health could not result from such eating.

"In the last case the girl explained to me that the family was large and that none of them had meat save her father."

"EAT WHAT YOU CAN GET AND BE CONTENT," BRITAIN'S SLOGAN

"EAT what you can get" is the maxim of the good people of England now. Those who used to insist upon the best brand of butter on their bread are loyally content now to use "drippings" or oleomargarin; and "Be satisfied with what you get" is the slogan of all true Britons who have heretofore been in the habit of favoring their appetites a bit. Says a writer in the New York *Evening Post:*

When the housewife starts out on her morning's shopping, she does not carry in her head as aforetime a ready-made schedule of the day's meals. She composes her menus in the store, according to the foods she happens to find available that day. These are difficult times not only for the *gourmet* and the man of peculiar and exotic tastes, but even for the hygienist who likes to observe the due balance between the various elements in a proper diet—the man, I mean, who is careful to keep his proteins, carbohydrates, and so on, in the proportions dictated by the latest scientific authorities. The maxim, "Eat what you can," has been amended to "Eat what you can get," and the *addendum,* "and what you can't," is, of course, altogether an impossible counsel.

In a recent lecture at University College, London, Miss E. Margaret Hume, who is collaborating with Dr. Harriette Chick at the Lister Institute in important work on this subject, gave some interesting information as to the experience of the troops in the East. In Gallipoli, where the rations consisted largely of white bread and canned meat, there were reported certain cases of beriberi. It was therefore recommended that the bread served out to the forces in Mesopotamia should contain a considerable percentage of bran and germ. This reform did not come in time to benefit the forces engaged in the advance to Kut, and afterward besieged in that city. Being fed mainly on white bread and canned meats, many of the men sickened with a general *malaise*, which in several instances developed into an acute form of beriberi.

Meanwhile, there was no beriberi among the Indian soldiers who took part in the same expedition. Their ration was a totally different one. Its two principal items were atta and dhal. Atta is a very coarsely ground wheat flour, and dhal is composed of peas and lentils, which, of course, are not subjected to any destructive processes of milling. Further, during the siege of Kut, the supply of white flour ran out, and the English soldiers had to be served with atta. Thereupon the beriberi among them stopt.

The question of an adequate supply of the vitamines that protect from scurvy—the antiscorbutic vitamines, as they are technically called—is no less important. Fresh citrus fruits, such as oranges and lemons, are especially rich in this element. If this had been properly appreciated by the authorities they would hardly have imposed such a severe restriction on the importation of oranges. If it was to save tonnage, some other commodity of much less importance to the health of the people might surely have been sacrificed instead. Owing to the embargo, oranges this winter have been scarce and dear. Prof. W. M. Bayliss, the well-known authority on physiology, has publicly deplored the Government's action, especially because of its probable effect upon the health of East London, where the majority of the poorer population can get scarcely any fresh vegetable food at all if the supply of oranges is cut off.

The writer is inclined to ascribe to the lack of potatoes rather than to the "war-bread" the scourge of scurvy which visited some towns in England last spring. *The Post* says:

All fresh vegetables and fruits contain antiscorbutic vitamines, tho most of them to a much less degree than the orange. It is said that the introduction of the potato into Europe put an end to epidemics of scurvy, which was previously a grievous scourge among the poor population at the end of the winter. This tallies with a recent war-time experience in England. Last spring there were several cases of scurvy in some of the northern towns, especially among inmates of workhouses and other public institutions. According to Dr. Harriette Chick, these outbreaks were "undoubtedly due" to the great scarcity and high price of potatoes during the early months of the year. Is it not possible that some of the physical troubles popularly attributed to "war-bread" should really be set down to the same cause? The introduction of the new type of bread and the great scarcity of potatoes occurred at about the same time. Soon afterward many people suffered from skin affections. In looking for an explanation, people fastened their attention upon what was different in the composition of their food rather than upon what was lacking in it, but one may reasonably suppose, in view of what is known about vitamines, that the blame was wrongly allotted.

Ashamed of Corns

As People Should Be—They Are So Unnecessary

The instinct is to hide a corn. And to cover the pain with a smile. For people nowadays know that a corn is passe. And that naught but neglect can account for it.

It is like a torn gown which you fail to repair. Or a spot which you fail to remove. The fault lies in neglecting a few-minute duty—just as with a corn.

Any corn pain can be stopped in a moment, and stopped for good. Any corn can be ended quickly and completely.

All that is necessary is to apply a little Blue-jay plaster. It is done in a jiffy. It means no inconvenience.

Then a bit of scientific wax begins its gentle action. In two days, usually, the whole corn disappears. Some old, tough corns require a second application, but not often.

Can you think of a reason for paring corns and letting them continue? Or for using harsh or mussy applications? Or of clinging to any old-time method which is now taboo?

Or for suffering corns—for spoiling hours—when millions of others escape?

Can you think of a reason for not trying Blue-jay? It is a modern scientific treatment, invented by a famous chemist. It is made by a house of world-wide fame in the making of surgical dressings.

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It has ended corns by the tens of millions—corns which are just like yours. It is easy and gentle and sure, as you can prove for yourself tonight.

Try Blue-jay on one corn. If it does as we say, keep it by you. On future corns apply it the moment they appear. That will mean perpetual freedom. A corn ache, after that, will be unknown to you.

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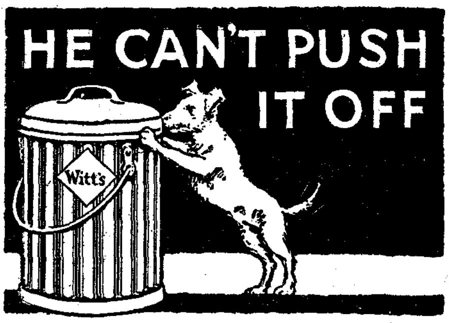

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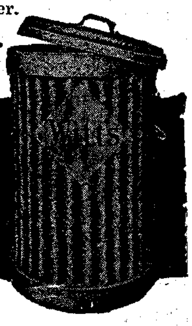

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

Trying Out Nuance in Gary.—"Such delicate nuisances of tone shading down to the vanishing point."—*Gary (Ind.) Post.* Any writer who tries to use the word nuance in Gary would better stick around and read the proof.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Man Wants But Little.—Wanted—By minister, age 36; wife, two children; Ford car; 15 years' experience, a church or two within reach of Auburn, Union, or Princeton Seminary, for three days a week special study. Salary at least $900.

—*The Continent.*

Up in Current Events.—We have the word of Mrs. W. B. C. that the following occurred at the Bancroft School no longer ago than the first of this week:

TEACHER—"What is the Emperor of Japan called?"

INFORMED BOY—"McAdoo."—*Kansas City Star.*

The Way of a Man

O Sammy lad, somewhere in France, can anybody tell
Why, as you stroll with sweet Babette, you muse on Yankee Nell?
And, if I know the heart of man, it's pretty safe to bet
That after you get back to Nell you'll dream of French Babette!

—*Life.*

Hooveresque Delicacies. — "Neurasthenia," said Mrs. Biggums to her cook, "I think we will have some chicken croquettes to-day out of that leftover pork and calves' liver."

"Yes'm," said Neurasthenia, called Teeny for short. "An' we got a little bread dressin' what went wid the pork, mum. Shall I make some apple sauce out'n hit, mum?"—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

The Lay of the U. S. A.

(*Note—Ice-cream soda is a decoction popular in the United States of America.*)

You may talk of *vin* and *bière*
When you're quartered "over there"
In New York or Abilene or Sleepy Hollow,
But when belts are growing tauter,
It is ice-cream soda-water
That you'd give a dollar-ninety just to swallow.

In the well-known U. S. A.,
Where we used to work and play,
Attending to our pleasures and our biz,
Of all the liquid crew
The finest drink I knew
Was our brimming glass of ice-cream soda fizz,
It was fizz! fizz! fizz!
You foamin' glass o' chocolate soda fizz!
Gimme strawberry, vanilla,
Coffee, peach, or sarsaparilla—
Gimme any kind o' ice-cream soda fizz!

—*The Stars and Stripes.*

The Shrinking Germans.—PARIS, May 16.—There are six Germans to the yard on the greater part of the Franco-Belgian front from the North Sea to the Oise.—*From a dispatch.*

It wouldn't have been possible to put 'em in that thick before the war. Germans have shrunk considerably.—*Detroit News.*

Takes the Cash, Too.—"Mrs. Bings's new baby is just in the fashion."

"How do you mean?"

"It is such a red cross affair."—*Baltimore American.*

Worth a Small Bet

If, as seems
Possible, the
Draft age
Is raised
To forty-five,
Maybe some of
These chesty
Old earthworms
Who have
Been annoying
You to death
About their
Deep regret
At being
Too old
To get in
The army
Will shut up.

—*Macon Daily Telegraph.*

The Cyclone Out of Sorts.—We begin the publication ov the Rocy Mountain Cyclone with some phew diphiculties in the way. The type phounder phrom whom we bought our outphit phor this printing ophice phailed to supply us with any eph's or cays, and it will be phour or phive weex bephore we can get any. We have ordered the missing letters, and will have to get along without them till they come. We don't lique the loox ov this variety ov spelling any better than our readers; but mistaix will happen in the best ov regulated phamilies, and, iph the eph's and c's and x's and q's hold out, we shall ceep (sound the c hard) the Cyclone whirling aphter a phashion till the sorts arrive. It is no joque to us; it's a serious aphair.—*Denver Rocky Mountain Cyclone.*

Willing to Quit.—Senator John W. Smith, of Maryland, recalled the following story to illustrate the "great drought of some legal arguments":

Some time since a rather youthful lawyer had a case in which he wished to make a hit, and to that end he looked up authorities that took him back to the days of Julius Cæsar. At the end of an hour and a half he was pained to observe what looked like inattention on the part of the court. Apparently the judge was not appreciating the fine points of his arguments. "Your honor," said he, pausing in his plea and turning to the bench, "I beg your pardon, but are you following me?"

"I have so far," answered the judge, wearily shifting about in his chair, "but if I thought I could find my way back I would quit right here."—*Argonaut.*

Mother Goose a la Crowder

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her.
The Crowder mandate on him fell,
And now he keeps her very well.

Little Jack Horner
Sat in a corner
Eating a Christmas pie;
But now he's a clerk—
They put him to work
On the ground that he was engaged in a non-useful occupation.

Barber, barber, shave a pig,
How many hairs will make a wig?
"I should worry and crease my brow!
I work in a T N T plant now."

—*Chicago Post.*

National War Savings Day June 28th

That's the day we sign up.

That's the day we tell Uncle Sam just how hard we want to win this war. That's the day our government has officially set for us to purchase War Savings Stamps.

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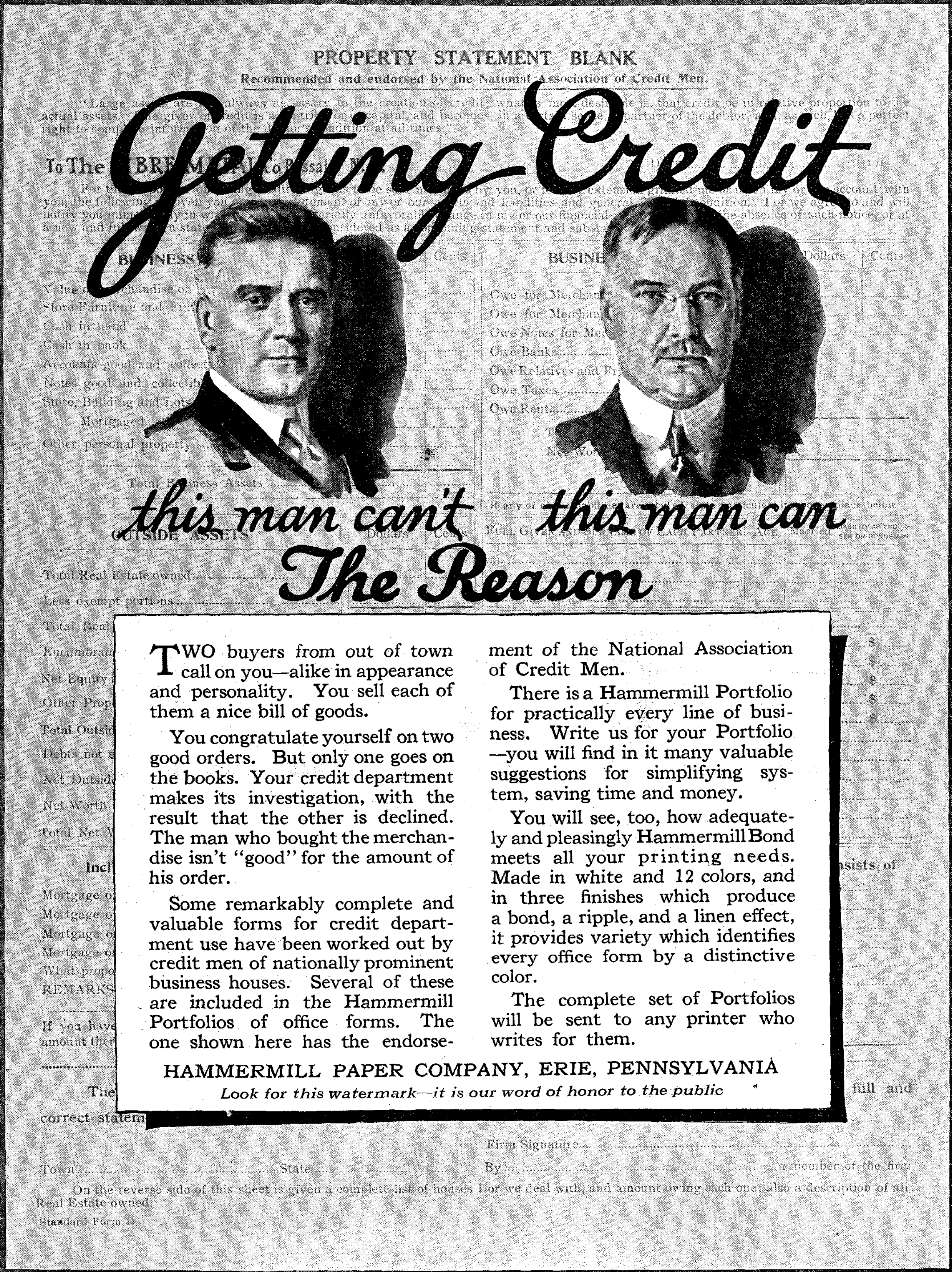

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CURRENT EVENTS

THE WAR

THE GERMAN OFFENSIVE

May 29.—London dispatches state that an enormous number of fresh troops thrown into the German lines extended and widened the drive on the Aisne front, pushing the point of the new salient five miles farther south, making the maximum penetration of the enemy for the three days seventeen and one-half miles.

The British official report states that hostile artillery was active north of Albert, east of Robecq, and northwest of Merville. Raiding parties in the neighborhood of Beaumont-Hamel and north of Kemmel were repulsed. Hostile attacks between Givenchy and La Bassée and south of the Ypres-Comines Canal were repulsed after hard fighting.

The French report that Soissons, after stubborn resistance and fighting in the streets, is evacuated by the French. Southeast of the city the battle extended to Belleu, Septmonts, Ambrief, and Chacrise. Under pressure the French give ground in the region of Loupeigne. The troops covering Reims have withdrawn behind the Aisne Canal. During the night the German advance was assisted by fresh divisions. On the right the Franco-British troops withdraw slowly to the heights which they are holding between the Vesle River and the Aisne Canal. The Americans broke up two successive attacks directed at Cantigny. Spirited artillery-fire continues on both banks of the Meuse.

The German official report announces fresh progress between Soissons and Reims, while from the Oise to the Yser increased fighting continues. The occupation of Cantigny by the American troops is described as a local advance. The Army of the Crown Prince is announced as victoriously continuing its attack. Terny-Cerny Ridge is captured by General Larisch, who also is reported to have taken the heights northeast of Soissons. Fort Condé, Vregny, and Missy are taken and the heights to the west of Chiry are occupied. Braisne and Fismes have been captured and the heights due south of Vesle. Villers Franqueux, and Courcy have been captured and fighting is continued for the heights of Thierry. The report states that advancing infantry, artillery, and mine-thrower detachments are being closely followed by balloons, anti-aircraft guns, and dispatch riders. The number of prisoners is reported to have been increased to 25,000, including one French and one British general.

A dispatch from the British Army Headquarters in France states that the German attack was made over a front approximately thirty miles wide and at least 240,000 men were employed.

May 30.—London dispatches state that the Allied reserves are apparently in action as the Army of the Crown Prince has failed to gain any considerable ground, and on the flanks of the forty-mile fighting front the Allies refuse to give up further territory despite persistent enemy attacks. In the center, about seven miles north of the Marne, the French reserves have checked the German thrust toward Château Thierry.

The British report that an enemy attack northwest of Festubert was repulsed and prisoners and a machine gun were captured in British minor operations in the neighborhood of Merris.

The French report that the enemy advance has been checked in the western outskirts of Soissons, while to the south the left bank of the Crise is held solidly. The center of the fighting has not diminished and the enemy is multiplying his efforts in the direction of Ville-en-Tardenois, having occupied Fère-en-Tardenois and Vézilly. The French are holding their positions on the right and to the northwest of Reims.

The German official report states that to the south of Fère-en-Tardenois they are fighting their way to the Marne.

Crécy-au-Mont, Juvigny, and Cuffies are reported occupied, and Soissons is said to have been taken by Brandenburg troops. South of the Vesle the French front is reported to have broken down, and the number of prisoners taken is said to have increased to 35,000 and the booty is described as "tremendous."

May 31.—London states that the enemy, pushing forward with renewed vigor and strongly augmented forces, has reached the Marne. Berlin reports that the number of prisoners taken now reaches 45,000 besides 400 heavy guns and thousands of machine guns.

The British official report states that with the exception of a few prisoners and a machine gun taken in patrol engagements there is nothing of interest to record.

The French report that the enemy who succeeded in crossing the Oise east of Sempigny was repulsed on the right bank of the river. Despite vigorous counter-attacks the enemy wins some ground to the west of the road from Soissons to Château Thierry, having passed Oulchy-la-Ville and Oulchy-le-Château. Weak German forces reach the north bank of the Marne between Charteves and Jaulgonne. The position remains unchanged in the northwest and to the north of Reims.

Berlin reports the attack progressing favorably on the whole front from Noyon to the west of Reims. The Bretigny-St. Paul Crosly-Loire line is reported captured. To the south of Soissons French cavalry and infantry are said to have been disastrously defeated. The rear positions of the Allies at Acy and Grand Rozoy are reported to have been pierced, while German troops reach the Marne south of Fère-en-Tardenois. The heights of Sainte Gemme, Romigny, and Champvoisy are occupied by the German troops.

June 1.—London dispatches state that the Germans have occupied a front on the Marne thirteen miles wide, forming an apex of a V-shaped salient between Château Thierry and Verneuil. The west side running through Soissons to Noyon is more than fifty miles long, while the east, running from the Marne to Reims, is about thirty miles. The situation is admitted to be critical.

The British official report states that aside from minor engagements, in which some prisoners are taken, there is nothing to record.

The French report that the day was marked by powerful enemy attacks along the whole front between the Oise and the Marne, the French withdrawing to the northern outskirts of Carlepont Wood and Fontenoy. The enemy is master of Chouy and Neuilly-St. Front while the French troops maintain the battle-line of Villers-Hélon, Nauroy, Priez, Monthiers, and Étrépilly, still holding Château Thierry. A violent attack, supported by tanks on Fort-de-la-Pompelle, drove out the French who immediately regained their positions by counter-attack, taking more than 400 prisoners and four tanks.

Berlin reports that the Allies were thrown out of strong positions south of Bléran-court. An advance amid violent local

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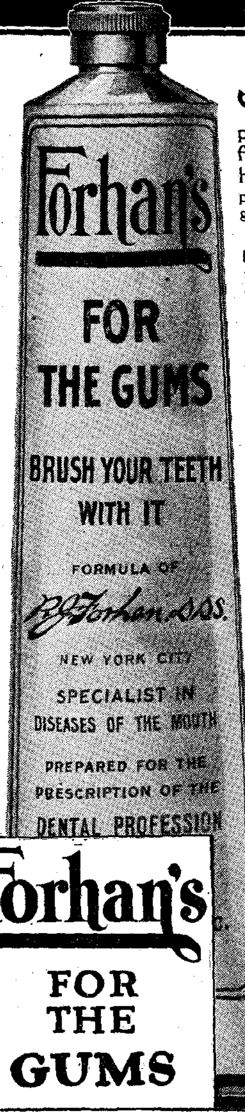
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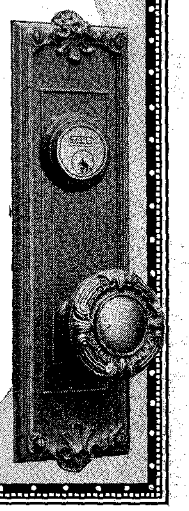

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fighting is noted as far as Nouvron and Fontenoy. Bitter fighting between the Germans and French fresh divisions advancing across the Soissons-Hartennes road is stated to have resulted in favor of the Germans who pursued the Allies to the heights of Chaudun, Vierzy, and Blanzy. Breaking the Allied resistance on both sides of the Ourcq River, the Germans reach the heights of Neuilly and north of Château Thierry. The day's fighting is said to have resulted in several thousand prisoners and rich booty.

une 2.—London states that the enemy in a dangerous thrust has reached the outskirts of the Forest of Retz, surrounding Villers-Cotterêts, forming one of the principal defenses on the approach to Paris by the Ourcq Valley.

The French report that the battle continued with the enemy's principal effort in the region to the north and between the Ourcq and the Marne. The French withstood the shock well. The Germans retake Faverolles, but their attacks on Corcy and Troesnes fail. The enemy was driven back on Passy-en-Valois and the French capture Hill 163. Two enemy attacks were broken up and the French recapture Champlat and gain ground in the direction of Ville-en-Tardenois.

The German report states that British local attacks south of the Lys and north of Albert fail with heavy losses. In an attack on both sides of the Ourcq River the Allied forces were thrown back and the heights of Passy and Courchamps captured. On the Marne the situation is reported to be unchanged. Counter-attacks by the French on both sides of the Ancre north of Verneuil were repulsed with sanguinary losses.

June 3.—London dispatches state that the reports from the Front are more hopeful than at any time since the beginning of the battle. It would appear that General Foch has brought his reserve force into the field and that their presence was manifested with telling force. It was the first day that the enemy failed to gain ground.

The British report hostile raids repulsed and 288 prisoners captured southeast of Strazeele. An antitank gun, 30 machine guns, and several trench-mortars were also taken. Prisoners numbering 193, machine guns, and trench-mortars were captured in the neighborhood of Vieux Berquin.

The French report that the enemy with fresh troops attacked between the Oise and Ourcq with redoubled violence. To the north of the Aisne Mont Choisy was recaptured for the fifth time by the French. Desperate attempts to penetrate the Forest of Villers-Cotterêts were repulsed. Faverolles is won back by the French and to the west of Soissons the Germans have been stopt. Franco-British troops have maintained all their gains to the north of Champlat.

The German night report states that fresh progress was made south and west of Soissons. French counter-attacks on both sides of the Ourcq are noted.

June 4.—London reports that the German offensive has been checked by American, French, and British reserves. Altho sporadic gains are noted, at no point was the enemy advance regarded seriously.

The British official report states that an attack on a new British post west of Vieux Berquin was repulsed, prisoners remaining in the hands of the British. Raids were also repulsed during the night near Beaumont-Hamel, Boyelles, and northwest of Kemmel Hill.

The French report that during the day the enemy slackened his action, which was limited to a few local attempts. Enemy artillery, however, displayed activity north of the Aisne and between the Aisne and the Ourcq Rivers, near Reims.

Berlin reports artillery-duels of considerable intensity, and the Allies are admitted to have made strong advances at several points. North of the Aisne a few trenches are reported to have been wrested from the Allies, while a German advance is claimed on the Soulier-Dommiers line, where "a few thousand" prisoners are reported to have been brought in with several batteries. On the Marne, and between the Marne and Reims, the situation is reported to be unchanged. The heights around Vauxbuin and west of Chaudun are reported to have been taken in the face of stubborn resistance.

AMERICA AT THE FRONT

May 29.—A dispatch from the American Army in France states that the enemy launched a heavy gas-attack at three places in the Lunéville sector which were repulsed. Fourteen Germans who penetrated the American trenches were met in hand-to-hand fighting by the Americans with bayonets and knives. Ten were killed and four made prisoners.

Three attempts made by the Germans to retake terrane which they lost in Picardy on May 27 were broken down by American artillery-fire.

General Pershing reports the consolidation of the positions taken in the Cantigny salient in spite of heavy artillery and machine-gun fire. Renewed counter-attacks broke down under the American fire. Three raids were repulsed during the night in Lorraine and several prisoners taken.

May 30.—Another attack on the American positions at Cantigny is hurled back by artillery-fire. German prisoners taken in three unsuccessful enemy raids now number 242. A score were captured hidden in deep caves.

May 31.—General Pershing reports that the enemy's advance positions in the Woevre are destroyed and losses inflicted on the enemy in killed, wounded, and prisoners. In Lorraine the artillery-fighting is reported to be diminishing. Northwest of Toul American troops raid the German lines on a 500-yard front, penetrating the positions for 500 yards. Defensive works and dugouts were destroyed. The American casualties were insignificant.

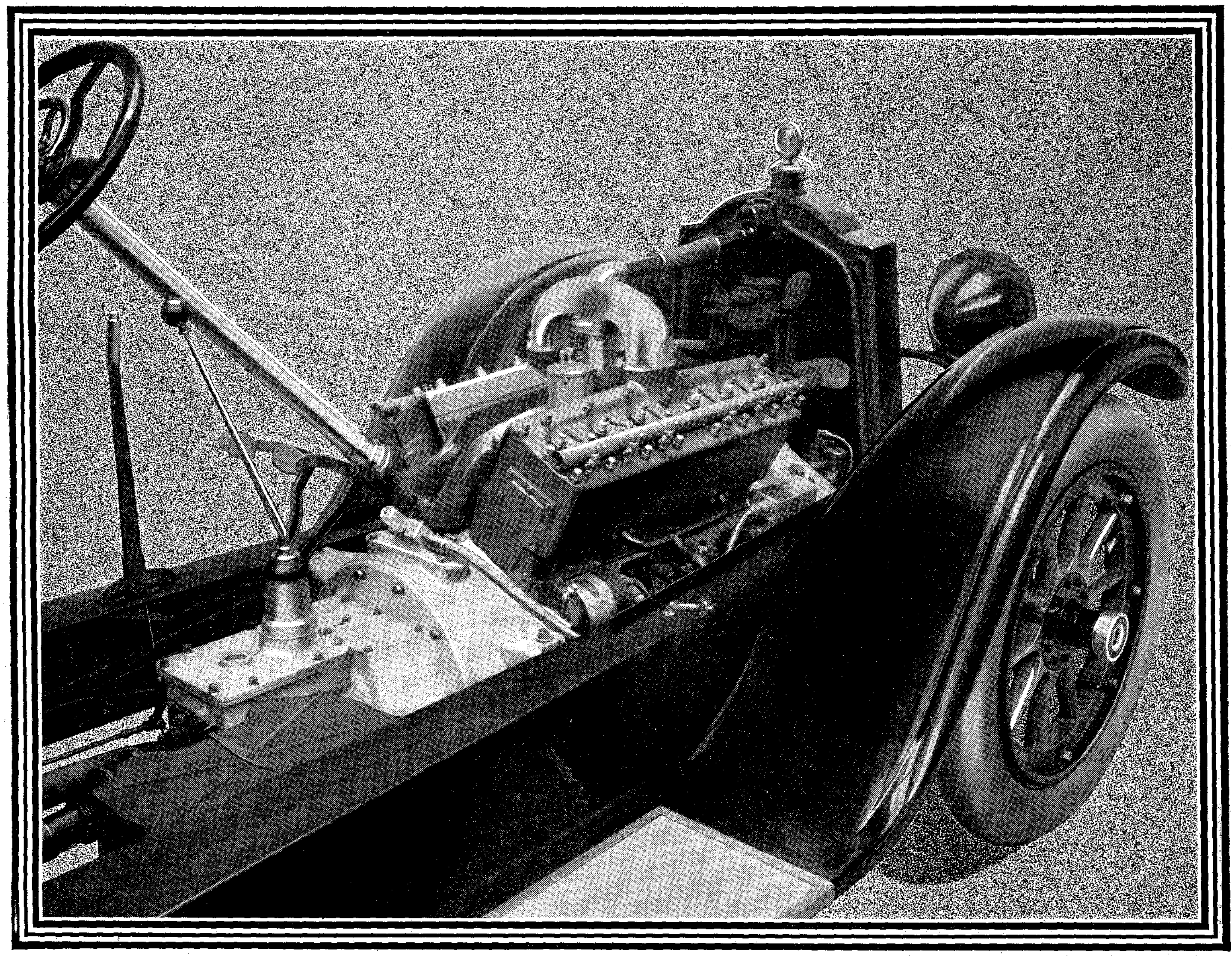
June 1.—The Germans abandon the attempt to retake the ground captured by the Americans at Cantigny. General Pershing reports the day was quiet at all points occupied by the American troops.

June 2.—Thirty-eight officers and men of the American Expeditionary Forces are cited for gallantry in action.

June 4.—General Pershing reports that in the fighting northwest of Château Thierry the American troops broke up an attempt of the enemy to advance through Neuilly Woods. A German battalion that had crossed the Marne at Jaulgonne was forced to retreat, sustaining severe losses. In Washington the news of the American action in the Champagne salient is regarded as the beginning of American cooperation with the Allies on a major scale.

NAVAL OPERATIONS

May 29.—London reports that the transport *Leasowe Castle* was sunk in the Mediterranean by an enemy submarine on May 26, and that 13 officers, 79 men, the captain, two wireless



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operators, and six others of the crew are missing.

May 30.—News of the sinking of the steamship *Cheviot Range,* of the Furness Line, by a submarine is received in Boston. She was attacked off Fastnet, England, and only ten of her crew are believed to have been saved.

May 31.—Washington reports that the United States transport *President Lincoln* has been sunk by a German *U*-boat on her way to this country.

A dispatch from an Atlantic port states that there are indications that German *U*-boats are operating in an area extending to the westward, according to the report of officers on a British freighter arriving to-day.

June 1.—An American ship arriving at an Atlantic port reports the destruction of two enemy submarines off the coast of France by an American destroyer.

June 2.—Secretary of the Navy Daniels announces the launching of the United States destroyer *Ward* at Mare Island yard seventeen and one-half days from the laying of her keel.

June 3.—The first details of the *U*-boat attack on the transport *President Lincoln* are received by the Navy Department from Vice-Admiral Sims. The report shows that the vessel was struck by three torpedoes and remained afloat only eighteen minutes. Twenty-three of the crew, including three officers, are missing.

Definite information that German *U*-boats had been operating off the coast of the United States was received when 48 survivors from four schooners and a steamship that had been sunk reach New York. As yet only conflicting reports of the raid have been gathered. The vessels destroyed are said to be the steamship *Carolina,* of the Porto Rico Steamship Company, with a crew of 130 and 224 passengers; the steamer *Texel,* crew of 36, landed at Atlantic City, N. J.; the steamship *Winneconne,* fate of crew unknown; schooner *Edward H. Cole,* of Boston, captain and crew of ten rescued; Atlantic Refining Company tanker *Herbert L. Pratt,* crew landed at Lewes, Del.; schooners *Jacob M. Haskell,* Boston; *Isabel B. Wiley,* Bath, Me.; *Hattie Dunn,* Thomaston, Me.; the *Edna, Hauppauge,* and *Samuel W. Hathway.* The crew of the *Haskell* was rescued. Within twenty minutes after the sinking of the *Pratt* naval vessels were in pursuit of the raiders, the reports of the number of submarines varying from two to five. A government hydroplane alighting near Beach Haven, N. J., reported that it had sighted three life-boats filled with people who were pulling toward the shore. Other empty boats had been seen. Washington dispatches state that the Navy Department regards the raid as an attempt to frighten the United States, and that no serious drive of German *U*-boats on this side of the Atlantic has been organized.

June 4.—Washington dispatches state that submarine sinkings for the first quarter of 1918 were 1,800,000 dead-weight tons, of which the British lost 60 per cent.

London reports that 12 of a fleet of 30 or 40 fishing-vessels, which left Irish ports on May 30, were sunk by a German submarine. There were no casualties.

Reports reaching the Navy Department in Washington state that an American destroyer, 65 miles off the Maryland coast, interrupted an attack by an enemy submarine on the French steamer *Radioleine.* The destroyer also took on board two men from the *Edward Baird,* which had been bombed and was sinking. Nineteen survivors of the

Carolina who were landed at Lewes, Del., state that 16 of those who left the steamship in their company perished on the night of June 2, when the lifeboat capsized. So far 298 persons have been accounted for out of a ship's company of 338. The *City of Columbus* arrives at an Atlantic port with all on board. A suggestion that the German submarines were of the super *U*-boat type and that they might carry hydroplanes caused a general darkening order in New York City at night. Washington, however, scoffed at the idea, stating that the fear of aerial bombardment was ridiculous. Official investigation of the facts of the raid lead to the conclusion that there were at least two submarines operating; that they had been lurking off the coast for at least ten days and that having no base they depended upon obtaining their needed supplies of food and fuel from such ships as they could sink. A Navy mine-sweeper operating off the Delaware Capes reports picking up a mine at a point near where the tanker *Pratt* was sunk.

THE WAR IN THE AIR

May 29.—Washington announces that during the week ending May 23, 252 German airplanes were brought down by Allied aviators in France and Flanders, according to reports received by the British Military Mission.

An official communication issued in London states that during the day British machines dropt bombs on billets, dumps, and railways behind the enemy lines on all parts of the front. Thirteen German machines were destroyed in air-fighting and four others were brought down out of control. Five British machines are missing. In response to a request made through the Vatican the British Government agrees that there shall be no British air-raids on cities not in the vicinity of the battle-front during the daytime on May 30, the Feast of Corpus Christi.

May 30.—A dispatch from the American Army in France states that in a fight between five American machines and a German aerial squadron two enemy planes were shot down and one forced to land out of control An American machine was brought down back of the enemy lines and the aviator captured.

The French official report states that the enemy air-forces have been very aggressive on the battle-front. French airmen destroy 19 German machines, bring down 2 balloons, and compel 23 enemy planes to land in a damaged condition.

The German official report states that during the last three days German aviators brought down 38 Allied planes south of Ypres, and five captive balloons are said to have been brought down in flames.

May 31.—A dispatch from the British Army in France states that early in the morning of May 30, German airmen bombed a Canadian hospital. Among those reported killed was an American medical officer.

The report on British aviation made public to-day states that on May 30 British planes destroyed 28 German machines and two balloons, and sent down six airplanes out of control.

An official communication from Rome states that Italian airmen have been active on the Asiago and Lavarone plateaux. Troops and transports were attacked and three hostile machines were downed.

June 1.—The London *Times* states that on all the battle-fronts during May 1137 enemy airplanes were reported downed, the total exceeding by 67 the number

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By MARY GREER CONKLIN

"Not only points out conversational pitfalls, and breaches of propriety, but suggests pleasant and profitable paths to be followed."—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

12mo, cloth, 75c net; average carriage charges 8c

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY New York

destroyed in March, the record month. Eleven German observation-balloons were also destroyed during the month. The number of British planes reported missing for the same period is 126. In March 155 British planes were reported missing. The French airmen in May destroyed 234 German planes and 13 balloons. On the Italian front the British destroyed 48 enemy planes and two balloons. They have destroyed 157 Austrian planes since they went to Italy at the end of November and lost only 15. The Italians accounted for 68 German planes in May while the Austrians claim to have destroyed four Allied planes. Seventeen enemy planes and eight Allied planes are reported to have been destroyed in Macedonia in May.

The British War-Office in an official statement announces that British air-squadrons again bombard Karlsruhe, dropping a ton of bombs on the station and workshops. One British machine failed to return. During the day 31 tons of bombs were dropt on different targets behind the enemy lines. Twenty-one German machines were destroyed in air fighting. Six were driven down out of control and four balloons were destroyed. Four British machines are reported missing. During the night 16 tons of bombs were dropt on railway-stations and junctions at Metz-Sablons, Karthaus, and Thionville. One German light bombing plane was brought down in flames. All the British machines returned.

Berlin reports that in two days 36 Allied airplanes have been shot down.

The French official report states that on May 31, 23 enemy planes were brought down in air fighting.

A dispatch from the American Army in France states that an American pilot brought down a German airplane in a battle near St. Mihiel. Another airman reported having shot down an enemy plane inside the German lines. Lieutenant Douglas Campbell, of California, is credited with his fifth air victory and becomes the first "ace" in the American Flying Corps.

June 2.—A dispatch from the British Army in France states that the Germans again bomb the group of hospitals that were attacked on May 19. The raid lasted two hours. One hospital was almost demolished, one nurse being killed and several wounded. Several patients in other hospitals were killed or wounded. In another hospital several attendants were killed, and the operating-theater of another was demolished.

In a battle between four American planes and six German machines one enemy biplane was brought down. An American machine struck by an incendiary bullet burst into flame and crashed to the ground.

Paris reports that on the first day of the present offensive, C. L. Ovington, of Louisville, Ky., and another American aviator were killed by a fall, the result of a collision in the clouds.

Rome reports that five hostile planes were brought down in aerial fighting and one by artillery-fire on the bank of the Piave.

June 3.—The official British aerial report states that eighteen tons of bombs were dropt on various targets inside the enemy lines. Eight German planes were destroyed in air-fighting and fourteen were driven down out of control. Three British machines are missing.

Italian aviators on the French front drop forty-seven tons of explosives over St. Quentin, Noyon, Péronne, Roscueres, and Nesle, according to a dispatch received at the Italian Embassy in Washington.

June 4.—London reports less aerial activity. Three hostile machines were brought down in air fighting and one driven out of control. No British machines are missing.

OPERATIONS IN AMERICA

May 29.—Washington reports that government war-expenses, including loans to Allies, reached a sum exceeding $1,500,000,000 in May.

President Wilson in an executive order formally creates the War-Industries Board as a separate administrative agency to act under his direction.

May 30.—The *Agawam*, the first of the fabricated ships to be built by the United States, is launched at the yards of the builders on Newark Bay.

May 31.—The House passes the $12,000,000,000 Army Appropriation Bill on a rising vote. The measure now goes to the Senate.

June 1.—Mrs. Rose Pastor Stokes is sentenced to serve a term of ten years in the Missouri State Penitentiary for violation of the Espionage Act. Sixty days is granted to file a bill of exceptions.

June 2.—Henry P. Davison, chairman of the Red-Cross War Council, announces that the total of the second Red-Cross drive will reach $170,000,000.

Capt. Edwin P. Webb, adjutant of an aviation camp at Indianapolis, is instantly killed, and Maj. Guy Gerhart, commandant of the camp, is injured when the machine in which they are making a flight falls.

DOMESTIC

June 1.—A warehouse of the United States Arsenal in St. Louis is destroyed by fire and $6,000,000 worth of army equipment is lost. The police arrest an Austrian enemy alien.

June 4.—Charles Warren Fairbanks, former Vice-President of the United States, dies at his home in Indianapolis, Ind. He was sixty-six years of age.

Keeping Up with Teacher.—The teacher was instructing his class in a very interesting course of experiments, and noticing some of the pupils not paying proper attention, he said:

"Now, you know, I can not attend to you and my experiments at the same time. If anything goes wrong the whole laboratory, and we with it, will be blown into the air. Come a little closer, boys, so that you may follow me better."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

WARNING!

BEWARE OF SUBSCRIPTION SWINDLERS!

Swindlers are at work throughout the country soliciting subscriptions for popular periodicals. We urge that no money be paid to strangers even tho they exhibit printed matter apparently authorizing them to represent us, and especially when they offer cut rates or a bonus. THE LITERARY DIGEST mailing list showing dates of expiration of subscriptions is never given out to any one for collection of renewals. Better send subscriptions direct, or postpone giving your order until you can make inquiry. If you have reason to suspect that the members of your community are being swindled, notify your chief of police or sheriff, and the publishers, and arrange another interview with the agent at which you can take such action jointly as may seem proper.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY,
354–360 Fourth Avenue,
New York City.

(From a Staff Correspondent.)

Calgary, March 25.—"It will be an avalanche!" This was the answer I received on inquiring this morning as to the prospects for immigration in Alberta in the present season. The experience of the last two seasons, and what is already seen this year, would appear to justify the optimism expressed. In 1916 C. P. R. land sales exceeded those of 1915 by 3,000,000 acres. Those of 1917 exceeded the 1916 record by 6,000,000. The C. P. R. land office was so thronged this morning with prospective buyers that the place looked like a section of the Union Station at Toronto at Exhibition time.

Immigration From United States.

"Who is buying the land?"

The answer to this question was in line with what I had previously been told at Winnipeg by Mr. Vere C. Brown of the Bank of Commerce. A large number of people already established in the West are increasing their holdings. Most of the newcomers are Americans. All those seen this morning were from across the lines—California, the Middle West and New England. And a mighty fine-looking lot they were. Not a man among them that could not look you in the eye, and not a droopy shoulder in the lot. They actually "smelt of money," and their whole appearance indicated ability to produce largely, and produce at once.

Follow these Americans to CANADA

Trainloads of "Americans" are moving to Canada. They are bringing their families, their money, their "household gods" and a penchant for the things they bought and used "back home." So the United States Manufacturer marketing his goods in Canada finds a large body of people who only require to be reminded that, although now living in Canada, they can still buy his goods. That is one reason why you should advertise in

The Newspapers of Canada

THESE Americans will be better off financially than they were at home, because they are moving into the cheapest and most fertile grain land in the world. They will get enormous yields and high prices. Like every other class of Canadian from coast to coast, they will have abundant money to spend. They will immediately read one or more Canadian Newspapers published near them. If they see your advertisement therein—they will buy your goods.

Newspapers form the backbone of advertising in Canada. Just glance at the names of the cities below—14 cities with populations ranging from three-quarters of a million to twenty-one thousand, a total of over two million. They can be reached thoroughly through the twenty-six papers here shown, which have an aggregate line rate (based on 5,000 lines) of $1.50 per line. No better or more concentrated media anywhere in the world. The aggregate buying power of this two million circulation can be harnessed for $1.50 per line.

Do it NOW because the best service you can render your country is to do more business.

Any newspaper in the list below will be pleased to receive and answer fully, your inquiries regarding the actual and potential market for your goods among their readers.

City	Population	Publication	City	Population	Publication	City	Population	Publication
Halifax	53,000	HERALD & MAIL	Toronto	525,000	GLOBE MAIL & EMPIRE NEWS STAR	Regina	26,105	LEADER
St. John	55,000	STANDARD TELEGRAPH & TIMES				Saskatoon	21,054	PHOENIX STAR
Quebec	100,000	TELEGRAPH	London	60,000	ADVERTISER FREE PRESS	Calgary	56,302	ALBERTAN HERALD
Montreal	750,000	GAZETTE STAR				Edmonton	53,794	BULLETIN JOURNAL
Ottawa	101,795	CITIZEN JOURNAL DAILIES(M&E)	Winnipeg	225,000	FREE PRESS TELEGRAM TRIBUNE	Vancouver	102,550	SUN
						Victoria	45,000	COLONIST

NOTE—This advertisement is one of a series of twelve, all of which contain valuable information and data on Canada under war conditions. They have been prepared in portfolio form. Any of the newspapers named above will send you a portfolio free upon application. Write for it.

Prepared by SMITH, DENNE & MOORE, Limited, Advertising Agency, Toronto and Montreal

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Security located in well known prosperous farming country.

Value over twice loan.

Income from farm products five times interest.

First serial instalment of principal already paid off.

Denomination $500. Maturities one to nine years.

Farm land of this character forms ideal security for investment and is of utmost importance to our country at this time.

Ask for Circular 985-R

Peabody, Houghteling & Co.
(ESTABLISHED 1865)
10 South La Salle St.
Chicago

(B144)

ESTABLISHED 1865

INFLUENCE OF THE MIND ON THE BODY
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FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Pubs., NEW YORK

6% NET

For 36 years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservative methods. First mortgage loans of $200 and up which we can recommend after the most thorough personal investigation. Please ask for Loan List No. 77. $25 Certificates of Deposit also for saving investors.

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True Thrift

Thrift is hoarding unless you make your savings work while you save.

When you buy good securities on the Partial Payment Plan, they earn an income for you while you are paying for them.

Send for Booklet B-9
"The Partial Payment Plan."

John Muir & Co.
SPECIALISTS IN
Odd Lots

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Members N. Y. Stock Exchange.

INVESTMENTS - AND - FINANCE

PRICE ADVANCES WORLD-WIDE WITH A FEW DECLINES

IT is not alone countries active as belligerents in the war that suffer from high prices, but, according to a compilation made by the National City Bank, practically the whole world has participated in the advances. "From the peaceful banana-plantations of Central America," says this compilation, "from the rice-fields of the Orient, the sheep-ranges of Australia, the silk-worm establishments of Japan, the sugar-plantations of Cuba, the tin-mines of the Malayan Peninsula, the olive-fields of Spain, the swine-ranges of China, and the bean-plantations of South America and Manchuria, the advance in prices has been general, and in nearly all important articles of commerce." Prices of merchandise exported from all parts of the world have increased in most cases, "from 50 to 100 per cent. above those prevailing before the war, and are materially higher than those of one year ago." The compilation contains two tables, one giving average prices of imported articles for six years, the other averages export prices, which are followed by interesting comments:

"Take the humble banana as an example, imported from the peaceful countries of Central America, Cuba, Jamaica, British Honduras, Colombia, and the Dominican Republic; the average price in the countries exported from to the United States was in January, 1918, 46.6 cents per bunch against 36 cents in January, 1917, and 31.3 cents per bunch in January, 1914, an advance of about 50 per cent. since the January preceding the beginning of the war. The pig-growers of China have apparently also heard the news of the world advance in prices, since bristles, chiefly imported from China, jumped in price from 88 cents per pound in the country of production in February, 1914, to $1.96 in February, 1918, an increase of 123 per cent. Horse-skins, brought chiefly from Argentina, were exported from that country in February, 1914, at 18.6 cents per pound, and in February, 1918, at 37 cents per pound, an increase of practically 100 per cent. Edible olive-oil, chiefly from Spain and Italy, was imported in February, 1914, at an average of $1.25 per gallon, and in February, 1918, the average import price was $3.05 per gallon. Rice flour from Siam, Hongkong, Japan, China, and other oriental countries was imported February, 1914, at an average of 1.7 cents per pound; in February, 1918, at 4 cents per pound. The cotton-growers of Egypt evidently realized the world advance in prices, for the average import price of the cotton entering the United States, coming chiefly from Egypt, was in February,

PRICES OF PRINCIPAL COMMODITIES IMPORTED INTO AND EXPORTED FROM THE UNITED STATES, 1913-1918

AVERAGE IMPORT PRICES: PRINCIPAL ARTICLES

	Fiscal Year 1913	*Fiscal Year 1914*	*Fiscal Year 1915*	*Fiscal Year 1916*	*Fiscal Year 1917*	*Month of February, 1918*
Copper pigs, etc.	15.3c	14.4c	13.4c	19.4c	26.1c	123.2c
Coffee, per lb.	13.8	11.1	9.5	9.6	10.1	8.1
Cheese, per lb.	18.6	17.3	18.7	23.5	30.8	36.0
Flax, per ton	$318.01	$290.37	$399.60	$505.59	$535.00	$1.187.79
Hemp, per ton	193.67	177.34	217.73	252.45	258.02	401.93
Jute and jute butts, per ton	74.01	105.38	56.26	73.07	87.50	72.00
Manila, per ton	171.08	196.82	180.12	178.31	225.00	299.46
Sisal grass, per ton	115.61	119.72	110.60	112.33	181.33	332.58
India-rubber, per lb.	79.5c	54.0c	48.3c	57.9c	56.8c	47.8c
Bar iron, per lb.	2.0	2.0	1.9	2.8	4.1	4.0
Pig iron, per ton	$41.30	$35.87	$38.47	$62.82	$84.08	$144.81
Iron sheets and plates, per lb.	5.1c	6.1c	5.1c	7.6c	11.8c	11.7c
Tin-plates, per lb.	3.4	3.0	3.3	7.9	10.8	8.4
Goatskins, per lb.	25.7	26.2	24.3	27.2	52.5	44.9
Hides of cattle, per ton	17.3	18.6	18.3	20.3	25.9	24.4
Rice, per lb.	3.7	3.3	2.5	2.4	2.7	3.8
Silk, raw, per lb.	$3.15	$3.42	$3.09	$3.61	$4.61	$4.74
Sugar, raw, per lb.	2.18c	2.0c	3.21c	3.7c	4.33c	4.6c
Tin bars, etc., per lb.	46.30	39.35	32.44	35.34	39.97	56.9
Tobacco—cigar wrap., per lb.	$1.29	$1.28	$1.28	$1.43	$1.34	$1.12
Lumber, per M. ft.	17.34	19.05	18.96	18.98	20.60	26.66
Clothing wool, per lb.	23c	25c	23c	28c	36c	55.2c
Combing wool, per lb.	25	26	25	29	39	59.1
Carpet wool, per lb.	14	17	17	22	29	52.6

AVERAGE EXPORT PRICES: PRINCIPAL ARTICLES

	Fiscal Year 1913	*Fiscal Year 1914*	*Fiscal Year 1915*	*Fiscal Year 1916*	*Fiscal Year 1917*	*Month of February, 1918*
Corn, per bushel	59c	75c	81c	81c	$1.12	$1.76
Wheat, per bushel	97	95	$1.28	$1.24	$1.99	$2.31
Wheat flour, per barrel	$4.67	$4.61	5.86	5.63	7.80	11.80
Copper pigs, etc., per lb.	16.30c	14.86c	14.21c	22.41c	28.54c	27.1c
Cotton—upland, per lb.	11.99	12.81	8.54	12.33	18.11	31.7
Cotton cloths, colored, per yd.	6.55	6.72	6.74	7.70	9.40	13.0
Cotton cloths, uncolored, per lb.	7.16	7.12	7.66	9.28	8.48	13.3
Wire—iron or steel, per lb.	2.1	2.1	2.2	2.9	3.9	5.3
Cut nails, per lb.	1.9	1.9	1.9	2.3	3.4	5.2
Steam locomotives, each	$10,358	$9,640	$9,280	$15,852	$12,651	$29,374
Leather, sole, per lb.	24.0c	25.6c	29.7c	34.8c	43.6c	48.1c
Leather boots and shoes, per pair	$1.77	$1.80	$1.99	$2.32	$2.08	$2.37
Bacon and hams, per lb.	12.1c	13.1c	13.8c	13.9c	17.6c	27.0c
Lard, per lb.	11.2	11.3	11.0	11.2	17.3	25.6
Pork, salted, etc., per lb.	10.6	10.8	10.8	10.6	14.8	23.8
Beef salted, etc., per lb.	9.6	9.8	10.6	10.6	11.6	16.7
Butter, per lb.	24.3	23.8	24.3	26.6	32.6	43.2
Cheese, per lb.	17.0	17.1	15.3	16.7	23.1	30.2
Oil, illuminating, per gallon	6.3	6.4	6.0	6.4	5.4	10.9
Oil, cottonseed, per lb.	6.6	7.2	6.9	8.5	12.5	18.0
Sugar, refined, per lb.	3.8	3.6	4.7	4.9	6.0	6.6
Bituminous coal, per ton	$2.52	$2.49	$2.53	$2.43	$2.94	$4.08

Make Your Telephones *Help*—Not Hinder

SLOW connections, wrong numbers and incessant "busys" are turning the telephone system of many business plants into a hindrance.

These evils cause time-waste, money-waste, output waste, because interior calls—60 per cent or more of all calls in the average organization—are crowded onto the already over-burdened city telephone system.

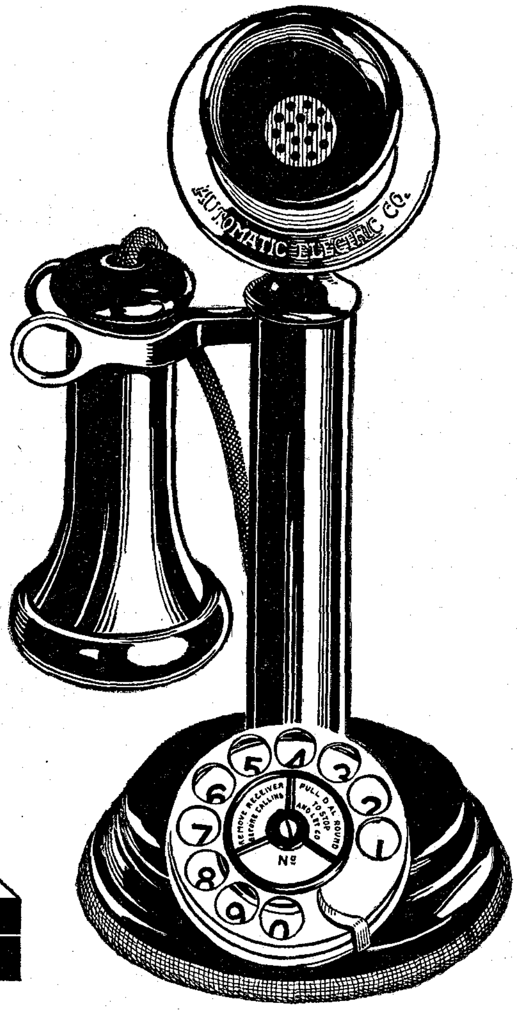
As a result both inside and outside calls become so slow and undependable that they cease to be a help.

Your men begin to walk about to talk; they are away from their desks or stations much of the time, and this makes interior telephoning still more hopeless.

To make your telephones a help—to make them save, not waste, money and time—you need a separate system—the P. A. X.—for interior calls.

The Automatic Telephone of the P. A. X.—the Private Automatic Exchange—handles all calls with lightning speed and watch-like accuracy.

The P. A. X. needs no operator and gives night service without extra cost.


AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC CO.
REMOVE RECEIVER BEFORE CALLING
PULL DIAL ROUND TO STOP AND LET GO
No
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

P. A. X.

PRIVATE AUTOMATIC EXCHANGE

In hundreds of American plants it puts every part of the establishment at the finger's end of every man in it.

The P. A. X. serves 20 telephones, 200 or 2,000 with equal efficiency; it has no complicated cables, no troublesome push-buttons.

Those who use the P. A. X. value it first of all for its efficient service; but its economy is such that many firms have arranged to buy the equipment with the money it is saving them.

For 20 years we have specialized in industrial telephony and as a result the P. A. X. is making the telephone a help, instead of a hindrance, in hundreds of leading corporations—large and small.

The governments of the United States, Great Britain, France and Italy have adopted the P. A. X. and are using it to speed up wartime activity.

Let us send you our booklet "At Your Finger's End." It tells what our industrial telephony experts have done for others—and what they can do for you.

Over 60 per cent of our 1918 output is already booked, but prompt action by you will mean prompt deliveries by us.

Automatic Electric Co.

Makers of More Than 1,500,000 Automatic Telephones in Use the World Over

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**Branches in All
Principal Cities**

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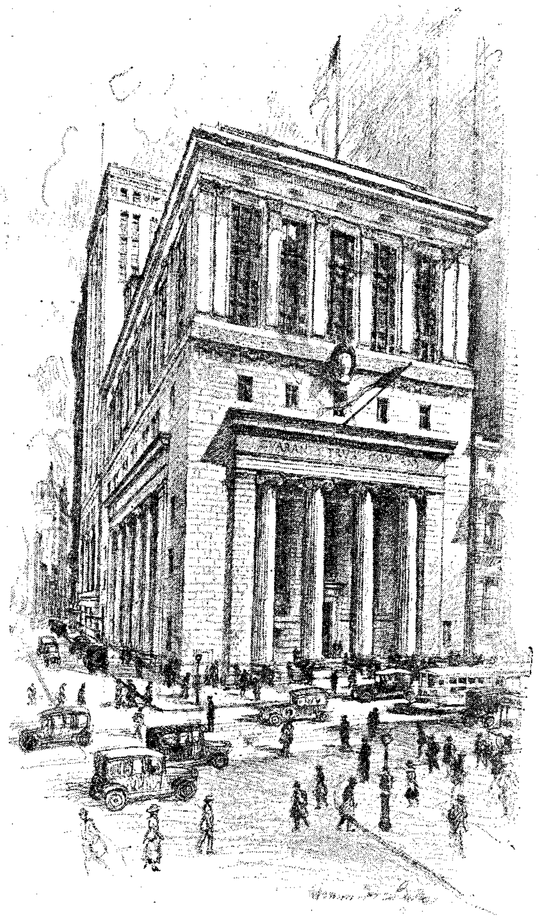
The Guaranty Trust Company of New York affords, within one organization, the facilities and services of a commercial bank, a trust company, a foreign exchange bank, an investment institution, and a safekeeping depositary.

Its organization numbers some two thousand people, in thirty-eight departments. In connection with its foreign service, the Company maintains completely equipped offices in London and Paris, and has its representatives in important centers throughout the world.

The inquiries of banks, business houses and individuals, as to how we can meet their particular requirements, are invited. We publish a number of booklets descriptive of our services, which will be sent on request.



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LONDON OFFICE
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Capital and Surplus $50,000,000 Resources more than $600,000,000

1914, but 18.3 cents per pound and averaged in January and February, 1918, 35 cents per pound. Raw silk, chiefly from Japan and China, averaged $3.63 per pound in February, 1915, and $5.50 in the closing months of 1917. Beans, imported largely from South America, Manchuria, India, Japan, and China, averaged in February, 1914, $1.66 per bushel and in February, 1918, $3.93 per bushel. Flax, imported normally from Russia, Scotland, and Ireland, averaged in February, 1914, in the country from which exported, $269 per ton, and in February, 1918, $1,188, or more than four times as much in 1918 as in 1914. Sisal, an important fiber, coming from our near neighbor Mexico, was at the place of exportation in 1914 $116 per ton, and at the same place in January, 1918, $359 per ton. Even the inoffensive 'goober,' from West Africa and the Orient, seems to have awakened to the situation, for the average market price of peanuts coming to the United States, chiefly from West Africa, China, and Japan, is officially quoted at 4 cents per pound in February, 1914, and 6.6 per pound in February, 1918."

A few grains of comfort only are obtainable from the compilation, and these show actual declines in several cases. Coffee, which comes to us from forty different countries, chiefly from Latin America and the Orient, showed an average market price in February, 1914, of 11.2 cents per pound, and in February, 1918, an average price of only 8.1 cents per pound. Cocoa, coming from a score of countries and colonies, averaged in February, 1914, 11.7 cents per pound, and in February, 1918, 10.8 cents per pound. Even India-rubber, in which the world output has more than kept pace with the greatly increased world-demand, shows a slight decline, the average market price having been in February, 1914, 52.2 cents per pound, and in February, 1918, 47.8 cents per pound.

HOW POTATOES INCREASE AS A WORLD FOOD CROP

In order to emphasize, if not to help along, the present spring drive for a larger potato crop this year, a lecture was recently given to a class in economics at the National City Bank. The war and other economic forces have greatly increased the importance of the potato as a food crop. Altho it has long been valued for producing more starch food per acre than almost any other crop, it has been until recently of comparatively small importance in international trade, or as a food which could be stored for permanent use and widely distributed. Since the war began, however, it has been found practicable so to preserve the potato by grinding and drying that it has been "transferred from the list of local and perishable crops to one which may be produced in almost unlimited quantities in certain areas and distributed to any part of the world." The potato can be grown in almost any temperate-zone area, but heretofore nine-tenths of the world's crop of 6,000,000,000 bushels is grown in a half-dozen countries, and almost exclusively in Europe and North America. Germany, Russia, Austria-Hungary, France, Great Britain, and the United States have produced in favorable years about 5,000,000,000 bushels, while the remainder of the world produced only 1,000,000,000. These six countries that produced five-tenths of the world's potato crop have only 450,000,000 peoples, while the potatoless world has a population of over 1,200,000,000, from which it appears that "fully two-thirds of the population of the world live outside of the area

WOMAN :: MARRIAGE AND MOTHERHOOD

A big new book by Elizabeth Sloan Chesser, M.B. With an Introduction by Mrs. Frederic Schoff, President of National Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teachers Associations, U. S. A. Every thinking woman and every man of public spirit should read and heed this most comprehensive volume. It deals with the woman's sphere—the evolution of motherhood—marriage and customs—the legal position of the wife and mother—the unmarried mother—woman and divorce—health and maternity—the sweated mother in the home—the factory mother—the world's crop of human babies—the waste of mother energy—the world's work for mother protection—women prisoners—motherhood and eugenics—motherhood and the social evil—training for motherhood—motherhood and the woman movement—the mothers of the future. *"A sane, practical and scientific presentation of the woman movement," says the SURVEY, N. Y.* Large 12mo, cloth, 287 pp., $1.50 net. By mail, $1.62. **Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354-60 Fourth Ave., N.Y. City.**

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Denominations $100, $500, $1000. Your money secured by a First Mortgage on new, metropolitan apartment building centrally located. A host of clients living in more than 40 states have bought bonds and mortgages, pronouncing bonds issued under efficient **MILLER SERVICE** protective safeguards, "prompt paying and superior." **MILLER SERVICE** protected bonds, acid test investments. No investor has ever foreclosed or lost a dollar in a **MILLER SERVICE** bond or mortgage. Ask for booklet "Miller Service—How This Insures the Bond and Mortgage Buyer" and "Circular No. 154" **Free.**

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1,400 vocations with the qualifications for success in each, are classified in the new book,

How to Choose the Right Vocation

By HOLMES W. MERTON, Vocational Counselor. You and your sons and daughters can decide with its aid where their qualifications will bring them the greatest success and satisfaction in business. Help them find out what they are best suited for. $1.50; by mail $1.62.
Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354-60 Fourth Ave., New York

growing that extremely important food plant." In an abstract of the lecture sent out by the bank, it is further stated:

"The people of that section producing the world's potato crop have at last learned how to put it into condition in which it can be readily distributed in condensed form and available for food at any time or place, and so taken a great forward step in supplying the food requirements of the rapidly increasing population of the world—for the world's population has more than doubled in the century in which the application of steam to transportation developed new producing areas and power to interchange their products with the already densely populated sections of the Old World.

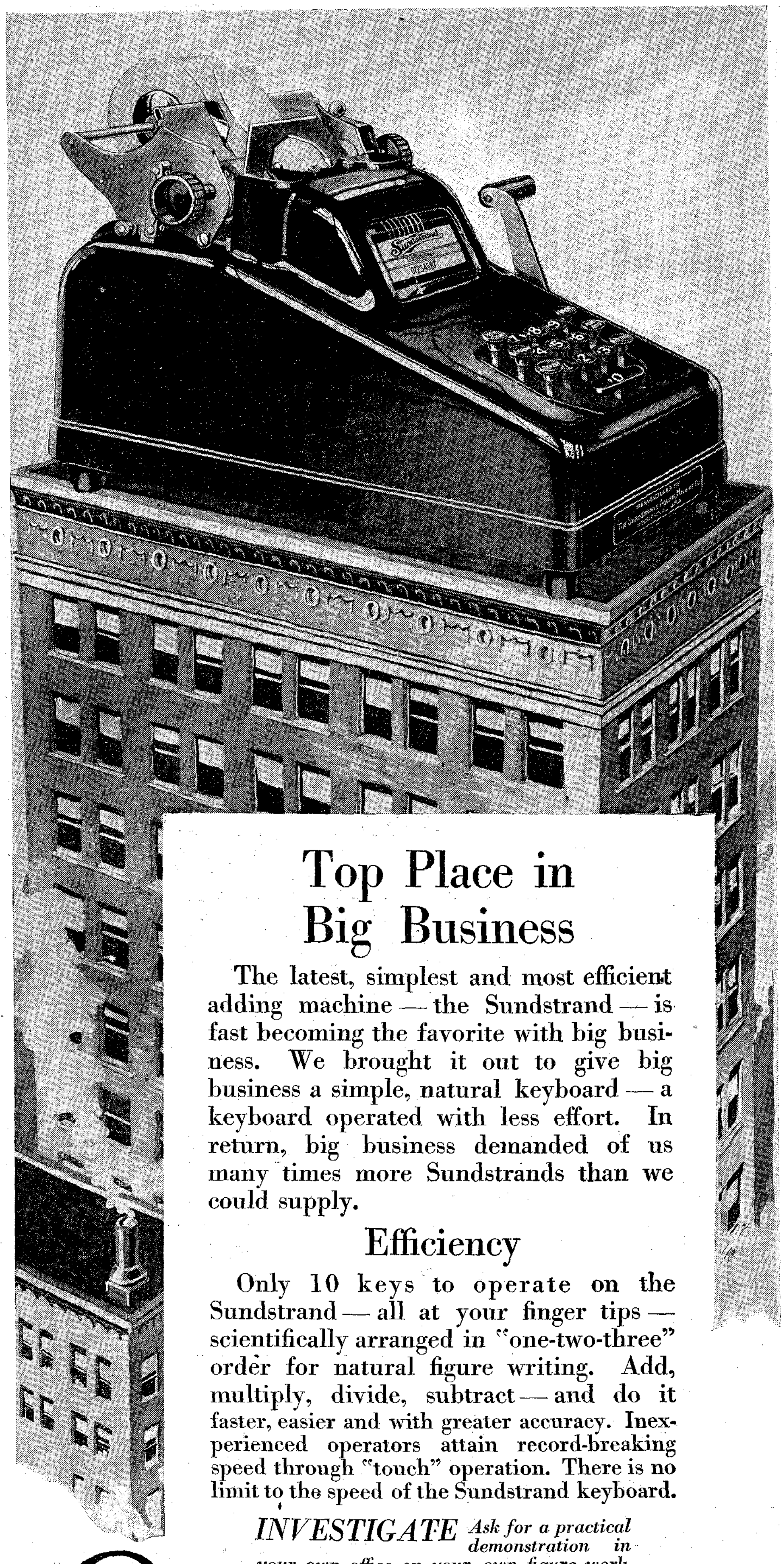
"This new system of turning the potato into a condition in which it can be readily distributed has, quite naturally, developed in the country which has the largest potato production of the world, Germany. Factories for the crushing and drying of the potato and turning the product into flour for man, flakes and cubes for animals, or alcohol for the chemical industry and also as a substitute for petrol, have grown from about a dozen a few years ago to over 400 in 1914 and 840 in 1916, with a capacity to turn into this condensed form more than 1,000,000,000 bushels of potatoes a year. The reduction in weight is about 60 per cent., while the product can be preserved almost indefinitely.

"Germany is by far the largest potato-grower of the world, producing about 2,000,000,000 out of a world crop of 6,000,000,000 bushels, using them as a food for man and animals and the production of alcohol for use in her industries, and for the production of heat and power when necessary. Next in line is European Russia, with an annual crop of about 1,000,000,000 bushels; Austria-Hungary, 600,000,000; France, 500,000,000; United States, 450,000,000, and Great Britain, 300,000,000 bushels.

"The value of our own potato crop in the United States last year was approximately $540,000,000 at the place of production, and yet the amount entering international trade was only $4,000,000. Our potato crop averages about 90 bushels per acre, that of European Russia 100 bushels; France 135 bushels; Austria 150 bushels; United Kingdom 124 bushels, and Germany 200 bushels and upward per acre, her large flavorless potato, grown chiefly or alcohol, having reached and sometimes xceeded 500 bushels per acre."

EATHER SUBSTITUTES AND THINNER SOLES PROMISED

Because of the growing military demands estrictions have been imposed on public onsumption of heavier grades of leather nd greater ones are likely in the near uture. *The Wall Street Journal* predicts hat "civilians must hereafter go thinner-oled." Because of a relatively scarce upply, ordinary requirements "must stay artly unmet or be wholly set aside." lready the Government has forbidden ivilian use of heavier grades than "No. 8 on." What are called "thickness sizes" ange from about No. 6 to No. 12; for en's shoes they have hitherto averaged os. 9 and 10, and soles for women's wear bout 7 to 9. Hereafter civilian shoes are be confined mainly to Nos. 6 and No. 7 on. For soles and taps the Army now eeds each month fully 750,000 "bends" choice heavy leather, *i.e.*, the paralleloam section of the side after trimming backs, shoulders, and bellies; "and it is oubtful if this total can be wholly supied." What is known as the new ershing shoe, in particular, calls for top ality of heavy leather. It is anticipated at it may become necessary to "eke out



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TALE OF A FEW CITIES

GLIMPSES OF INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS MADE IN SOUTHERN STATES IN LAST FEW MONTHS

MONTGOMERY, ALA.—War work has brought in more than 30,000 new citizens. Created permanent army city, Camp Sheridan, with 26,000 soldiers, involving building investment of Two Million Dollars. Army Remount Station, capacity 5,000 horses and mules; investment, One Million Dollars. Taylor Aviation Field, population 1,000; investment, Seventeen Hundred Thousand Dollars. Assembly Field and Aviation Machine Shops; 1,000 skilled workmen; investment, Three Million Dollars. New Stock Yards; cost, Hundred Thousand Dollars.

NASHVILLE, TENN.—Government spending Sixty Million Dollars on Smokeless Powder Plant; to employ 25,000 men.

RICHMOND, VA.—Three Million Dollars appropriated by Government for Powder Packing Plant; 3,000 operatives.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—As result of Government appropriating Three Million Dollars to build barges for Mississippi river, business men to double that sum to push project.

MUSCLE SHOALS, ALA.—Sixty Million Dollars being spent by Government for Nitrate Plant and Power Dam.

MARYVILLE, TENN.—Government spending Three Million Dollars for Nitrate Plant.

SAVANNAH, GA.—Ships under construction in Savannah yards will exceed Forty-Five Million Dollars' value. One plant building 36 mine sweepers for France. Three to be launched July 25 and three every ten days. Approximately 3,000 men employed. Million Dollar Match Factory established.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.—Construction started on 200 *additional* buildings at Camp Joseph E. Johnston to take extra troops. Extensive shipbuilding in progress.

BON AIR AND EASTLAND, TENN.—Ten Million Dollars appropriated by Bon Air Coal & Coke Corporation for coal mining development.

LEXINGTON, KY.—Twelve Million Dollars paid by Northern and Eastern buyers for loose tobacco in Lexington market this year.

ATLANTA, GA.—Increase in population of 15,000 skilled workers and laborers. Permanent Cantonment, Camp Gordon, to be enlarged to accommodate 20,000 extra men, and "Reconstruction" Hospital for wounded soldiers at Fort McPherson; expenditure involved, Three Million Dollars. Internment Camp for Germans. Base Hospital, Quartermaster's Supply Depot for Army Camps in North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama.

JACKSON, MISS.—Three Million Dollars invested in shipbuilding and 21 companies chartered to operate shipyards along Mississippi coast. Pascagoula alone has contracts for 45 ships.

HAMPTON ROADS DISTRICT, VA.—Norfolk, Portsmouth, Newport News and Hampton have more than One Hundred Million Dollars' worth shipbuilding contracts.

MOBILE, ALA.—United States Steel Corporation appropriated Twenty Million Dollars for shipbuilding plant. Government building largest dry dock on Gulf. Mobile bids fair to be largest shipbuilding port of the South and estimates 100,000 new residents as increase in her population.

CHARLESTON, S. C.—Government spending Twenty-Five Million Dollars for Remount Station, Terminal and Warehouse to accommodate 20,000 horses and mules at North Charleston. Government also to build Dry Dock; cost Four Million Dollars; 15,000 operatives.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—United States Steel Corporation spending Thirty-Five Million Dollars on giant Steel Plant; will employ 10,000 men.

HOUSTON, TEX.—Thirty ships building—to cost Ten Million Dollars.

WILMINGTON, N. C.—Million Dollars' worth of ships under way. Payroll, 6,000 men; Fifty Thousand Dollars week.

CHARLESTON, W. VA.—Forty-Five Million Dollars to be spent on Ordnance Powder Plant for Government.

TAMPA, FLA.—Nineteen Million Dollars' worth ships constructing here.

BRUNSWICK, GA.—Government spending Five Million Dollars on permanent Picric Acid Plant, and Two Million more for housing the 4,000 employees.

KINGSPORT, TENN.—Twelve Hundred and Fifty Thousand Dollars appropriated by Tennessee Valley Iron & Railroad Co. to build chemical plant for Government. Eight Hundred Thousand additional at Collingwood for similar plant.

ORANGE, TEX.—Consid red largest wooden shipbuilding point in South. Ways and keels laid for 28 hulls.

BROMPTON, ALA.—Vast sums of money to be expended in making mammoth "Movie" city, with film-making plant, film-range, hotel for 1,000 guests, sanitarium, golf course, club house and park

RINGLING, OKLA.—Three Million Barrels of Oil *daily* is expected capacity of refinery to be built in Stephens county oil field near here.

PENSACOLA, FLA.—Shipyards have Government contracts fo Fourteen Million Dollars' worth steel vessels; 1,000 operatives employed.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.—Government spending Two and a Half Million Dollars for Tubercular Hospital for Soldiers at Azalea, si miles from here.

BALTIMORE, MD.—Contracts in hand for Seventy-Five Millio Dollars' worth shipbuilding.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—Government locating Twelve Million Dollar Picric Acid Plant; to employ several thousand operatives National Cantonment, Camp Pike, has added much to the life an prosperity of this city.

SHELBY, ALA.—Million Dollars being spent on construction c Hardwood By-Product Plant.

FAIRFIELD-ENSLEY DISTRICT, ALA.—One Million Dolla being invested in 1,000 Duplex Modern Workingmen's Home like amount being spent by Tennessee Coal, Iron & Railroad Co. o Base Hospital, under construction.

THESE are colossal figures and should be borne in mind in all the immensity to get a glimpse of the mighty industrial forces at wo in the South. Of course, the list is by no means complete. Only tl "high lights" are mentioned. Nothing under a million.

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growing requirements by use of double soles." The writer continues:

"Men's shoes of higher quality and price will be affected chiefly by the requirement to carry soles as light as women's wear. This will involve either more frequent buying or more resort to tapping. Cheapest grades of shoes will be least affected, being almost wholly outside the military scope. In fact, some manufacturers of low-priced shoes have lately been enabled to use better material than usual, thanks to army 'leavings.' It is the urgent advice of the Government and tanners that shoe manufacturers promptly conform to the new program and that consumers cheerfully accept it. Meanwhile, experiments are continuing under government direction as to further extension of the use of composition or even of wooden soles to help meet the increased demand and short-supply equation in leather.

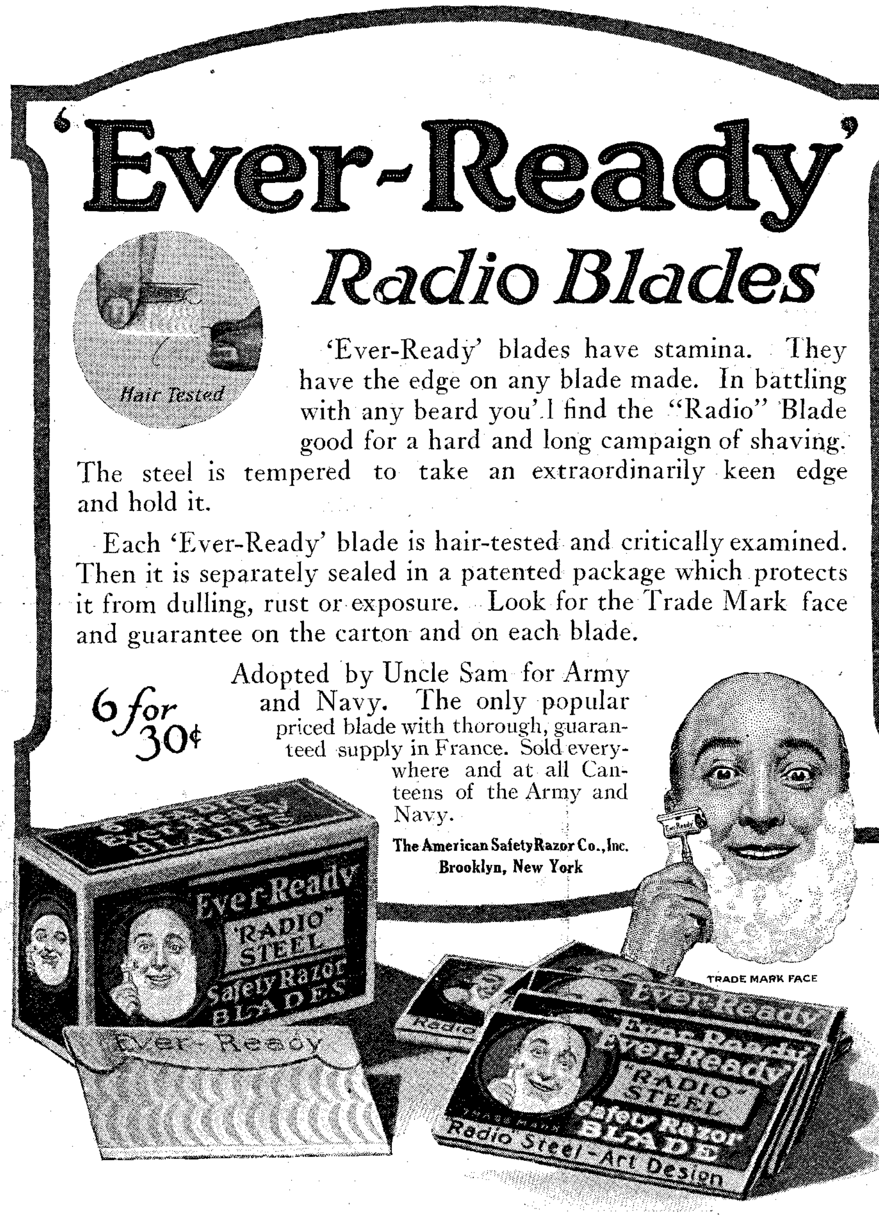
"Price-fixing on leather is still 'in the air.' It is not an easy proposition, in view of the complexity of grades and the variations in quality. The most practicable arrangement would be a series of general price standards, with allowance for deviations. Unlike other commodities, leather trading is a very flexible affair. The trade is confident of fair price maxima in relation to recently fixt hide quotations; possibly, in view of higher labor and other costs, of somewhat more liberal rates than hide prices, which have just been modified upward somewhat.

"Leather prices have been tending upward all round. Heavy sole leather, which did not recede nearly as much as lighter grades in the slump of last winter, are now nearly back to the high point of early last fall. Union sole has advanced four cents since May 1, and for some varieties of leather above No. 9 iron the market is around eighty cents, against sixty-five cents earlier this spring.

"In leather it is a case of all-round conservation, plus intensive effort for maximum output with government aid. Export license-restrictions have just been tightened, and most of what is shipped now goes to England. Neutrals must wait. In nine months to April 1 we exported but 20,342,101 pounds of sole leather, against 84,267,573 a year before. In March we shipped only 490,000 pounds to other countries than England, against 1,945,000 a year earlier. Hardly any is now moving save on British government order."

OUR DWINDLING IMMIGRATION

From the returns published by the Bureau of Immigration, it appears that during January of this year immigration to this country dwindled to the lowest monthly level of which there is any recent record. Only 6,356 persons arrived, which was a loss of 9 per cent. from December, 1917, of 78 per cent. from January, 1917, and of 86 per cent. from January, 1913. Allowing for an influx of 2,818 non-immigrant aliens, "those who presumably came here for a visit only," the total inflow for the month was 9,174. At the same time 13,302 foreigners went out during January as against 11,675 in December. The departures, however, in the judgment of *Bradstreet's*, "do not create any impression of a voluminous hegira of foreigners, the outward movement being still far below that experienced in peace times." What that paper regards as "vastly more important" is the fact that 24,320 United States citizens, males and females, departed during January, this movement being larger than that for any recent month save November, 1917, when only 5,649 United States citizens arrived here. Therefore, the total of all arrivals for January this year being 14,823, whereas departures aggregated 37,622,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the net theoretical loss to the country's population from the tides indicated was 22,799.

The immigration of Japanese exceeded that of any other nationality, 1,112 having come in during January. The English with arrivals of 979 were next in order, and the Spanish with 447 held third place. With our country at war with Germans, 223 persons of that race were among the immigrants arriving in January. The following table, given by *Bradstreet's*, shows arrivals of immigrant aliens during the months of the years named:

	1918	*1917*	*1916*	*1915*	*1913*
January.......	6,356	24,745	17,293	15,481	46,441
February......	....	19,238	24,740	13,873	59,156
March.........	....	15,512	27,586	19,263	96,958
April..........	....	20,523	30,560	24,532	136,371
May..........	....	10,487	31,021	26,069	137,262
June..........	....	11,095	30,764	22,598	176,261
July...........	....	9,367	25,035	21,504	138,244
August........	....	10,047	29,795	21,949	126,180
September.....	....	9,228	36,398	24,513	136,247
October........	....	9,284	37,056	25,450	134,140
November.....	....	6,446	34,437	24,545	104,671
December......	....	6,987	30,902	18,901	95,387
Total........	6,356	152,959	355,587	258,678	1,387,318

Another table is given to show the arrivals of non-immigrant aliens:

	1918	*1917*	*1916*	*1915*	*1913*
January.......	2,818	5,002	4,015	5,203	8,794
February......	....	4,453	5,504	4,831	12,199
March.........	....	4,618	6,099	7,072	24,283
April..........	....	5,406	6,439	7,233	38,808
May..........	....	5,535	6,904	6,294	27,430
June..........	....	5,049	6,532	5,901	22,196
July...........	....	7,824	5,932	5,593	16,358
August........	....	5,221	6,372	5,464	16,475
September.....	....	5,130	6,900	6,583	20,441
October........	....	4,388	7,006	5,765	18,927
November.....	....	3,099	6,139	4,752	12,360
December......	....	3,201	5,062	4,272	11,314
Total........	2,818	58,926	72,904	68,963	229,585
Gd. Total......	9,174	211,885	428,491	327,641	1,616,903

The figures for alien and non-alien emigration are given in a third table:

	1918	*1917*	*1916*	*1915*	*1913*
January.......	13,302	10,184	14,005	31,556	69,218
February......	....	8,946	10,824	14,188	34,722
March.........	....	6,005	9,894	15,167	28,777
April..........	....	7,108	10,856	17,670	50,234
May..........	....	10,709	13,217	17,624	57,783
June..........	....	12,551	15,112	21,532	78,207
July...........	....	14,359	12,723	16,015	54,885
August........	....	13,063	14,934	41,737	54,112
September.....	....	12,643	13,988	33,061	34,757
October........	....	9,898	15,723	26,338	39,410
November.....	....	14,042	16,335	26,005	40,748
December......	....	11,675	17,173	23,743	45,525
Total........	13,302	131,183	164,784	284,636	588,378

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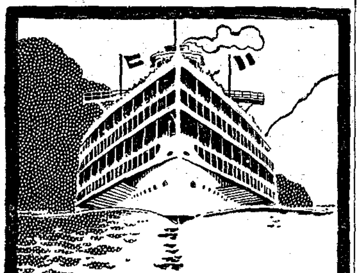

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